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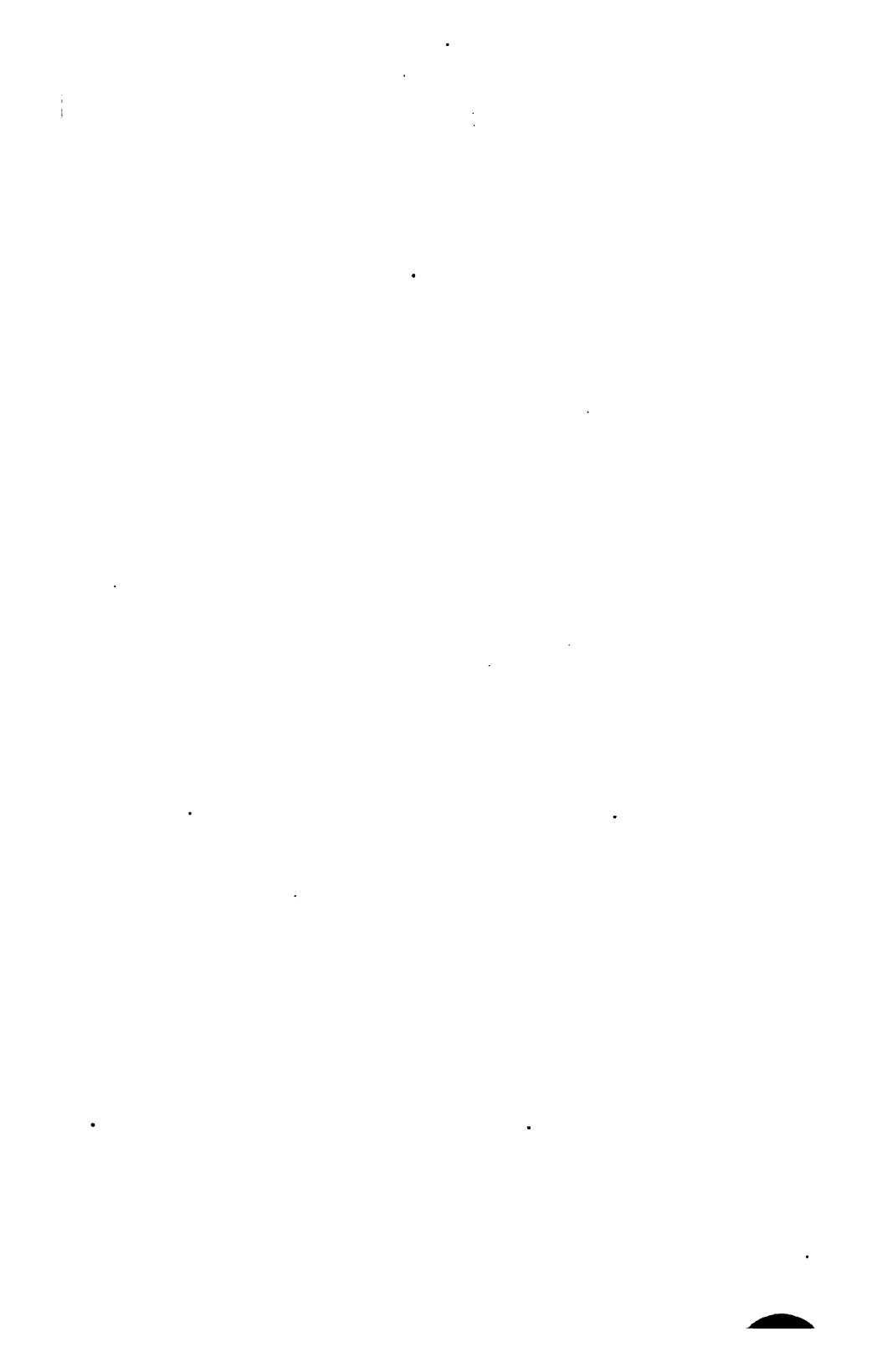
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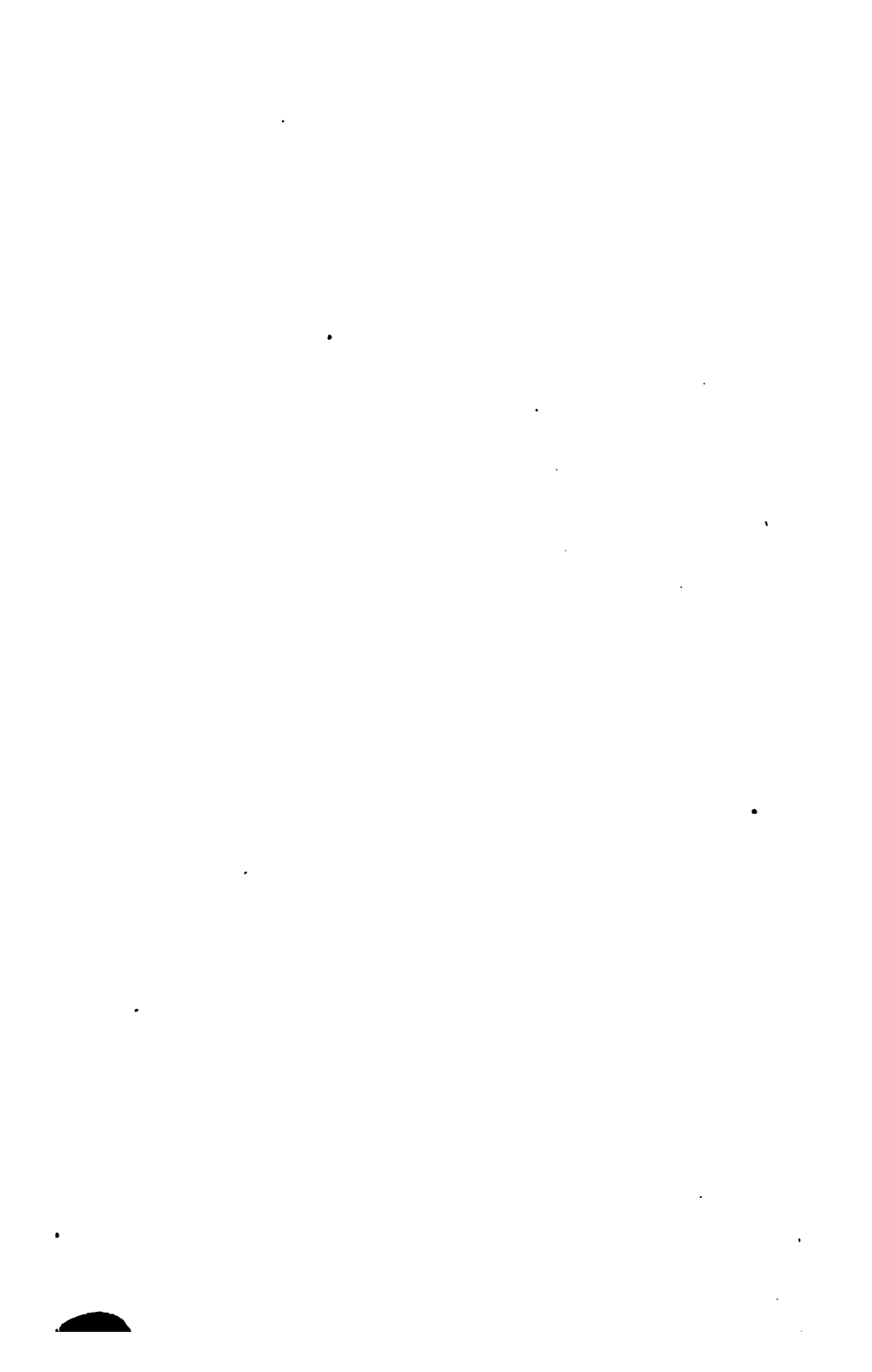
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THE

39129

CORSAIRS OF FRANCE

BY

C. B. NORMAN

(Late 90th Light Infantry),

AUTHOR OF "TONKIN; OR, FRANCE IN THE FAR EAST;" "COLONIAL FRANCE,"

"ARMENIA, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1877,"

ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS AND A MAP

London

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PREFACE.

A LONG period of peace necessarily gives rise to a forgetfulness of the dangers of war, and we in England are happily so ignorant of war's horrors, that it is well-nigh impossible to rouse either the classes or the masses to a true sense of our insecurity. Within the last few years the most strenuous efforts have been made to lay before the people a faithful exposure of England's weakness, and to compel the Government to place our navy on a footing commensurate with the wealth and greatness of the Empire. It would seem that not all the trumpet blasts of the press, not all the straightforward warnings of our greatest commanders have sufficed to stir the dormant patriotism of Treasury officials. It needs a disaster to effect this.

It is true that the defence of our coaling-stations and the formation of a Colonial Squadron are steps in the right direction. They are but steps only.

Were our swift cruisers multiplied by five, and our torpedo-boats by ten, they would yet be none too numerous for the efficient protection of our merchant fleet. France, with a trade just one-third of that of the British Empire, and with a mercantile marine numbering but 2600 ships against 19,500 flying our flag, can boast of a navy little if at all inferior to our own. The havoc she might play with our commerce is self-evident. The havoc she wrought in bygone days is long since forgotten. In the following pages I have disentombed from the dry details of ancient history, facts which I trust may prove of pregnant interest;—facts which prove that, despite our boasted maritime superiority, France was always able to inflict upon us crushing damage.

Treaties are still made to be broken, and I presume no sane man in the United Kingdom harbours the most distant hope that Privateering will not be vigorously resumed in the next great war in which England is engaged. These pages show how grievously we suffered at the hands of our hereditary foes in earlier days; the map which heads the volume shows how easy it would be for France to inflict a like damage in future years. Her naval stations dominate every commercial

route we possess, and as yet our coaling-stations are unfortified and our swift cruisers unbuilt.

For the last three years the French press has teemed with articles discussing the best means for carrying out the ideas of Duguay Trouin and of Surcouf. Admiral Aube's inhuman proposal to bombard defenceless watering-places, and to torpedo our large merchant steamers with their living freight of hundreds of souls, met with no reprobation in France,—on the contrary they led to his appointment as Minister of Marine. We are fully warned as to what we may expect in the future.

In the last great war, 1793—1815, our Admiralty issued 10,000 letters of marque, yet despite that vast addition to our naval strength we lost close on 11,000 merchant vessels, and we captured but 1000 of the enemy's privateers. Need more be said to show where our danger lies? It lies in the inadequate defence of British commerce, in the numerical weakness of England's navy. This is a threadbare subject. The press is never weary of warning the public, officers high in authority day after day make the most damning statements, yet successive Governments sit with their hands folded, and refuse

to provide the necessary means for the efficient defence of the Empire. They do more, they shelter themselves behind the PEOPLE, and plead that fifty million English subjects of our Queen would rather see the Empire ruined than provide the few necessary millions demanded for the reorganization of our navy, and the placing of our maritime highways beyond all power of harm.

It is with diffidence that I, bred in the sister service, have ventured to trench on the province of the naval historian. The importance of the subject and the fact that no attempt has yet been made to lay before the British public the lives of those daring men who well-nigh drove our commerce from the seas, must be my excuse. If a perusal of this work, all imperfect though I know it to be, tends to call renewed attention to the question of England's weakness at sea, I shall be more than repaid for the adverse criticisms I feel my professional ignorance must assuredly call forth.

C. B. NORMAN.

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THE CORSAIRS OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE RISE OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

Exploits of French Corsairs generally unknown in England—Sketch of the French Navy from the Crusades to the accession of Louis XIV.—French armies transported to the Holy Land in vessels hired from Italian Republics—Louis IX. turns to his own subjects for transports—Philip le Bel collects ships from seaports of Brittany and Normandy—Charles VI. meditates invasion of England—Large ships built by Louis XII., the Duchess Anne of Brittany, and Francis I.—The *Charente*, *Belle Cordelière*, and *Caraqon*—Francis I. founds Le Havre and makes efforts to create a Navy—At his death neglect once more supervenes—Richelieu continues Francis I.'s policy—Creates arsenals and constructs ships—Mazarin in his turn allows Richelieu's efforts to be forgotten—Colbert takes the Navy under his especial protection—Vast strides made by France as a maritime power in Colbert's day—List of ships of war, 1666—*Inscription Maritime*—Letters of marque—War by Corsairs legal and carried on under regular recognized rules—Regulations of De Valincourt—Ships considered good and lawful prizes—Formalities to be observed by Corsairs on capture of a ship—Damage inflicted by French Corsairs in 1689—Prizes made by Dunkirk Corsairs from 1689-1815—Value of colonial possessions to French Corsairs—England compelled to capture French colonies in order to stop depredation of their craft.

It may be well before entering upon the biographies of the Corsairs of France to devote a few pages to the discussion of the rules which governed their profession, and to the immense damage they caused

to the commerce of hostile nations. The praises of our own Privateers have been sung in many a portly volume, and the plot of many a novel has been based on these heroes of a bygone age. What Lever has done towards providing our army with officers of go and spirit, that has Marryatt done for the Navy; but in our English books scant credit has been adjudged to the brave men who, hailing from the ports of Northern France, inflicted loss amounting to hundreds of millions sterling on England's fleets, and carried tens of thousands of our sailors prisoners into French ports. The old fable that, had the lion painted the picture of the lion-hunt, the king of beasts, not man, would have been depicted as slaying his victim, is equally applicable here, and though an Englishman, I trust I may be able to impress upon my fellow-countrymen that even in our naval wars with France our sailors did not have it entirely their own way, that many an English ship was captured in the face of fearful odds by our brave neighbours, who possessed Corsairs as bold as any that ever sailed from British ports, Corsairs who never stayed to count the odds against them, and whose names were justly dreaded from the Thames to the Shannon. In privateering the French certainly have proved themselves our equals, if not our superiors, despite the lessons taught our youth by Marryatt and the more sober James.

To the average Englishman the performances of the Corsairs of old have ever possessed a striking fascination, the daring conception, and still more gallant execution of many of their most successful

exploits, goes straight home to the hearts of those amongst us who still value personal bravery as one of the cardinal virtues. There are many, however, clad in the sombre broadcloth of respectable Quakerism, who, fondly imagining the time has arrived when our swords may be turned into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, misquote the words that force is no remedy, class the Corsair with the pirate, and brand him with the most ignoble epithets. Indeed, very general ignorance prevails as to the precise footing on which the Corsair stood, and the precise nature of the warfare he waged. He is generally depicted as a rollicking dare-devil whose waistbelt was a perfect armoury and whose pockets were full of doubloons. Eschewing nearer seas he sailed the Spanish main, seized all craft that came within his reach, treated his prisoners sometimes with the utmost generosity, sometimes with the most refined cruelty, and generally ended his career by being compelled to "walk the plank" after falling a victim to a ship of war, which disguised as a "Quaker" enticed the unsuspecting Corsair alongside her well-manned decks.

Nothing can be more erroneous. The Corsair was a recognized and important factor in the wars of the past centuries, when naval estimates assumed more modest proportions than they do in this the later quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The rules which governed his conduct were clear and well defined. He fought for profit it is true, but he was not insensible to glory, and I take it in this respect the meanest Corsair that ever cruised the Channel

is removed but in degree from John, Duke of Marlborough, or Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Eliminate brevets and good-service rewards, peerages, pensions, and money-grants from the prospective honours attainable by our army and navy, and the competition for entrance to these services will die away very rapidly.

In dealing with the Corsairs of France, one must glance briefly at the condition of the French navy at the period when the men of whom I write performed their gallant exploits, and in so doing it is impossible to avoid expressing surprise at the fact that France, with its vast extent of seaboard in the Channel, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean, should have been practically without a navy until the latter half of the seventeenth century. Up to that time she was inferior, not only to England and to Holland, but to Spain, Turkey, and even to the Maritime Republics of the Mediterranean. In times of peace the French flag was rarely seen outside her own ports, and when, on the outbreak of war, it became necessary to raise a fleet, the monarchs of France were compelled to borrow vessels of war from neighbouring states, or to hire merchant-vessels from their own subjects and to convert them hurriedly into fighting-ships.

In the earlier crusades the forces of the western powers moved to the eastward by land; but, later on, the efflux of people to the Holy Land led to a development of the maritime power of countries bordering the Mediterranean. The Italians were the first to profit by this. Venice shortly mono-

polized the trade of the East, and other cities, such as Genoa and Pisa, entered into rivalry with her. It was in ships belonging to these republics that Philip Augustus transported his crusaders to Palestine. Louis IX. made strenuous efforts to convey his own contingent on his own vessels, and a goodly number of craft were hired from the merchants of Provence and Languedoc; but he, too, was obliged to have recourse to the ports of Italy. To this king, however, is due the birth of the French navy, for under him De Varrennes was created First Admiral of France. The crusades over, French merchants whose ships had visited eastern ports, determined on partaking with Venice and Genoa the risks and profits of Oriental trade, and Marseilles soon became one of the principal ports of the Mediterranean.

Under Philip le Bel commenced the long, long story of the struggle for naval supremacy between France and England. There were, however, no king's ships at the king's disposal, and the sovereign was compelled to turn to his shipowners and merchants for assistance. Saint Malo, Rouen, Caen, Honfleur, Havre, Dieppe, Etretat, Cherbourg, and Dunkirk, each furnished a contingent, and the admirals of Brittany and Normandy—for each province had its own admiral—lowered their flags in homage to the Admiral of France, who, by the king's order, assumed command of the whole.

Under Charles V. the French fleet, composed of squadrons from Normandy, Brittany, and Castille, under Ambrosio Boccanera, admiral of this latter

province, gained a brilliant victory over the English off Rochelle, and in the following reign, Charles VI. projected one of the many projected descents upon our shores. The flag of France flew over thirteen hundred vessels of all sizes and all nationalities destined to aid in this vast undertaking. France exulted in her coming triumph; but, as in the case of the Invincible Armada, and the still more recent attempted invasion of Ireland by Hoche, the elements came to our aid, and destroyed the frail craft that the French monarch had so carefully collected.

And now vessels of considerable size replaced the open ships which hitherto had formed the major part of the French squadrons. In the reign of Louis XII. a large ship of war, the *Charente*, was constructed; she was armed with 200 guns, and carried 1200 men. The Duchess Anne of Brittany in her turn launched a monster named the *Belle Cordelière*, and Francis I. a large two-decked ship, the *Caraquon*. Neither of these vessels fulfilled the expectations formed of them. The *Belle Cordelière* was sunk by an English squadron off Morlaix, the *Caraquon* was burnt in Havre. Such vessels were unsuited to the requirements and beyond the means of private individuals, and their construction devolved, as a matter of course, on the state. To attempt to oppose the fine ships of England and of Holland with the small merchant-craft of Normandy and Bretagne was to court inevitable defeat, and it therefore became necessary that the sovereign should possess a certain number of large vessels of war for

the defence of his maritime ports; their size and draught of water altered the whole condition of naval warfare, and in order to provide suitable ports of refuge for those vessels which were unable to enter the small ports into which smaller craft would run for safety, Francis I. occupied himself with the improvement of Havre. Up to his reign, Le Havre had been a mere fishing-village, now its entrance was defended by towers. Basins were constructed, privileges and exemptions showered on the port, and by this means the commerce of the Channel was attracted to the mouth of the Seine. It soon became the headquarters of his northern navies. But Francis I. did not confine his views on the reorganization of his navy to this one port of Havre, Fleets were massed in the Mediterranean, and for the first time in history, a French squadron, passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, defeated an English fleet off Brest, and then, moving round to the eastward, drove off the blockading squadrons of Henry VIII. from Boulogne.

Unfortunately the successors of Francis I. made no efforts to carry out his views as to the necessity of a powerful navy. Old ships were allowed to rot in harbour, no new vessels built to replace them, and during the sixty years that elapsed between the death of Francis I. and the accession of Louis XIII. the navy of France may be said to have ceased to exist. Then Richelieu arose, and once more a monarch of France seconded the efforts of his minister to create a fleet commensurate with the prestige and prosperity of the kingdom.

The religious troubles which harassed France in the reign of Louis XIII. showed up in all its nakedness the feebleness of the French navy. When, in 1626, Richelieu wished to close Rochelle to English aid, he was compelled to hire twenty vessels from the Dutch. This fact made such a profound impression on him, that he at once determined to throw all his energies and all his abilities into the grave question of the constitution of a navy for France. He persuaded the king to suppress that useless sinecure, the High Admiral of France, and was himself appointed "Grand Master of the Navy, and Superintendent-General of Navigation and of Commerce," a title long enough to warrant any result. His first act was to insist on a certain annual sum being set apart in the Budget for the construction of ships of war and for the purchase of material to keep those already existent in proper repair. Not only did he build large ships of war as well as the almost defunct galley, but he spent vast sums in improving the harbours of Brest and Toulon. To him, also, France owes her maritime arsenals. Up to this period all vessels belonging to the king were paid off at the end of a war, the captain of each still remaining responsible for her being kept fit for commission. Having no funds for such a purpose, these duties were performed negligently enough by the majority of captains, and it almost invariably happened that when a vessel was brought forward for re-commission, she was found in such a state of disrepair that much valuable time was wasted, and large sums were spent ere she was fit for sea.

Havre, Brest, Brouage, and Toulon were the ports selected as the first arsenals of France, and all ships of war were paid off in one of these places. The Admiralty official in command at the arsenal was held responsible not only for the stores within its walls, but for the condition of the ships lying up in its harbour. Amongst other naval improvements, due to Richelieu, we should not omit the reduction of the number of guns carried by men-of-war, and the increase in the metal fired by these guns. Thus, in the days of Louis XII., we find the *Charente* carrying 200 guns and 1200 men, whereas, in the reign of Louis XIII., the vessel which struck wonder into the hearts of Frenchmen was the *Couronne*, 74, but her dimensions were far larger than the long-forgotten *Charente*. Her length was 207 ft., beam 49 ft., tonnage 2000, with a crew of 500 men. In addition to the *Couronne*, Richelieu added to the French navy two vessels of 1200 tons, and twenty ranging from 500 to 1000. In all these, in order to ensure accuracy of aim, he insisted that the gun-ports should be at least twelve feet apart. This, too, was a great and valuable innovation. "At the death of Louis XIII.," writes a French historian on this subject, "the condition of the French navy bore striking testimony to the success of the Cardinal's efforts. The French flag flew in every sea. We had ports, arsenals, foundries, and a *personnel* specially trained not merely to fight, but to navigate our ships. The mercantile marine, which also had been the object of the Cardinal's particular solicitude, had made great progress. France pos-

essed naval establishments in the West Indies, Florida, Canada, on the West Coast of Africa, and in Madagascar. The Cardinal died before his great work was finished, but it is easy to recognize, from what he had completed, whence were derived the principles that formed the foundation of Colbert's policy."

On Richelieu's death another long period of neglect arose. Mazarin allowed the arsenals to fall into ruin. No new vessels were constructed, and no efforts made to keep up the effective condition of the ships built by the late Cardinal. In the Mediterranean just enough ships were kept in commission to hold in check the pirates of the Barbary coast, whilst for operations on the shores of the Atlantic or the Mediterranean recourse was had to the fleets of Holland. The wars of the Fronde brought home to France the error of such a proceeding, for when the services of a fleet were necessary for the pacification of Guienne only eight small ships and three convict galleys were available. The inestimable advantages to be derived from the possession of a powerful navy, were further pressed home by the brilliant successes gained by Duquesne and Tourville. With but the small forces they were able to muster—collected chiefly, it must be remembered, from private shipowners—these two admirals, using the scanty materials placed at their disposal by the State as the foundation of their armament, hired other craft from private individuals, and by this means were enabled to hold aloft the white flag of France on seas in which, but for their forethought and gallantry, that flag would never have flown. In

the last year of Mazarin's administration the French Naval Budget amounted to but 300,000*l.*!!

Under Colbert the French navy took a new lease of life. His maxim, as I shall often have occasion to repeat, was, "*Commerce is the source of wealth, and wealth the nerves of war.*" Under his fostering care the two great trading companies, the French East India and French West India Company, sprang into existence and rose to wealth. In order to foster these enterprises, which he foresaw would bring the riches of the unknown world to the markets of France, he promised liberal advantages to the importers of merchandise, and escorts for the merchant fleets in times of war. These escorts necessitated a vast increase to the navy. Colbert at once set to work to resuscitate the dying glories of Richelieu's policy. Shipbuilders were engaged in England and Holland; cargoes of wood purchased in Norway and Russia. The arsenals of Brest and Toulon were ringing with the music of thousands of workmen, and the most energetic measures everywhere taken to raise France to the position of a First-class Maritime Power.¹

¹ On Colbert's accession to office in 1661 the French navy consisted of 3 line-of-battle ships carrying from 60—70 guns; 8 ships of the second class carrying from 40—50; 7 of the third class carrying from 30—40; 4 sloops and 8 fire-ships, or 30 vessels in all.

At his death in 1683 the navy comprised :—

12	Line-of-battle ships of the First Class	carrying from 74—120 guns.	
20	"	"	Second " " 60—74 "
39	"	"	Third " " 50—60 "
25	Frigates of the First Class	"	" 40—50 "
21	"	Second "	" " 24—40 "
25	Brigs or Brigantines	"	" 6—24 "
20	Sloops and 7 fire-ships,	or 169 vessels of all sorts.	

To induce the king to take an interest in the undertaking was no easy matter—kings of France hitherto had looked only to fighting on land; however, Colbert succeeded even in this his most difficult task, and by continually submitting to Louis XIV. high flowing accounts of the gallant deeds of French seamen and the pecuniary value of the captures they had made, he at last persuaded the Grand Monarch to bestow some of his royal patronage on his naval forces. In the year 1666, so successful had Colbert's policy been, that he was able to submit to the king an elaborately illuminated parchment work, bound in red morocco, stamped with the arms of France, and fastened with golden clasps, in which were inscribed the names of the vessels of his Majesty's navy.

A copy of this first Navy List² still exists, and it may interest some to note the names of the ships which two centuries ago bore the flag of the Bourbons in their wars against the States-General, and against England. Some few of these names are still found in the *Annuaire de la Marine*, but, alas! the dynastic and revolutionary changes which have so altered the character of France have swept away many names which had become dear to the hearts of her sailors.

Six years later we find no fewer than sixty ships of sixty guns and upwards, and more than forty frigates borne on the rolls of the French Navy. Ten years later the king could dispose of over 200 large ships, and, through the operations of the

² See Appendix, No. I.



Inscription Maritime (Colbert's lasting legacy), could secure the services of 50,000 hardy sailors.

A few words are necessary on the *Inscription Maritime*. Colbert, recognizing that ships without crews were useless, and seeing the long coast-line of France teeming with its seafaring population, determined to utilize the services of these trained seamen. "Your life," he said, "is one of peril. Your calling is one which, more than any other, brings you face to face with death, and in no other professions have the families of the bread-winners more frequent need of charitable help than yours. Every year the storms which sweep our coasts leave your wives desolate and your children fatherless. You shall have the protection of the State, but in return you shall hold your services at the disposal of that State when it has need of you. Your own calling will be little interfered with, for the time when your Sovereign has need of you will be just the time when you will be unable to pursue your own avocations in peace, and in return for these services the State will give you a pension when you are no longer able to work, and at your death it will support your families, and provide employment for your sons."

With this end in view all men and boys employed in navigation, whether in long sea or in coasting voyages, or even as fishermen and boatmen, were enrolled in the *Inscription Maritime*: all had to make a fixed subscription to the *Caisse des Invalides*, a sort of Greenwich Hospital and pensioner fund, and in return for this they received

a pension on attaining the age of fifty years, and their wives and families were similarly provided for on the death of the bread-winner of the family. All members of the *Inscription* were bound to serve in king's ships when called upon, were forbidden to serve on ships flying a foreign flag, or in a ship carrying letters of marque without the special permission of the naval commandant at the port of register.

And now we come to the question of *Letters of Marque*. For the better security against the action of pirates and privateers, it had become the custom in those days for merchant-vessels to prolong their stay in distant ports until a considerable number of ships had collected and then to make the homeward voyage in company. In times of war these large convoys offered a tempting bait to an enemy's squadrons, and it became necessary then to provide suitable escorts for these fleets. Many of the merchant-vessels were powerful ships and well-armed, but they were not often able to withstand the attack even of a single man-of-war; we have indeed instances of Indiamen beating off a French squadron, but these were exceptional. The pursuit and capture of these rich convoys became the principal object of all minor naval operations, and especially of privately armed ships, which by the written authority of their respective Sovereigns were permitted to transfer themselves into veritable vessels of war, and to act sometimes on their own account against an enemy's commerce, and sometimes in company with the fleet of the State in more extended operations.

These Corsairs or privateers were as a rule commanded by officers of the merchant service, in exceptional cases by officers of the Royal Navy, and we will find in the following pages, Corsair captains who, for their services, had been granted commissions by the Grand Monarch, still continuing their authorized irregular warfare in the king's own ships; these ships now being fitted out at the expense of the State, now at the private charge of the king's Ministers, now by speculating merchants and ship-owners. In fine, Corsairs were ships fitted out by private enterprise to reinforce the fleets of the State, and to undertake duties which the king's ships were not numerous enough to perform. Although Mr. John Bright in the House of Commons once candidly owned he could see no difference between a Corsair and a pirate, I humbly submit that there does exist as broad a distinction between the two as between the murderous rioter and the special constable who apprehends him. The one acts in defiance of the law, the other is specially enrolled to carry out the law. To class as pirates brave old John Whitbourne and the gallant Devon merchants who, arming their staunch craft, dashed out of Torbay and threw disorder into the heart of the Invincible Armada, is indeed to cast a slur on the honour and patriotism of our best and bravest sailors.

In an able memorandum drawn up by M. De Valincourt, Secretary to the French Navy, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, for the guidance of the Count of Toulouse, Lord High Admiral of France, the question of Corsairs was very fully discussed,

and rules were then formulated by Colbert for the governance of merchants and captains engaged in this style of warfare.

The merchants or other individuals wishing to fit out a ship for this service were compelled first to obtain the sanction of the Ministers, and to deposit a sum as caution-money, amounting sometimes to 5000*l.*: then, a commission being granted to the captain named by the charterer or owner, a crew was shipped consisting of a certain proportion of men borne on the roll of the *Inscription Maritime*. The commission contained the name of the vessel, her tonnage, number of guns and crew, the port she hailed from, the seas she was about to cruise in, and her owner's name and residence.

Any artifice was considered justifiable in order to arrive within range of a strange sail, thus it was common enough to sail under false colours, but immediately after firing the summoning gun—that is the blank shot fired to signal a vessel to heave to—it was obligatory that the Corsair should hoist her own colours before commencing an attack. Later on in these pages it will be seen that Duguay Trouin opened fire on a British man-of-war before showing the white flag of France, and that the captain of the *Prince of Orange* applied to the British Admiralty that the usual law of nations might be set in motion against him, and that he be treated as a pirate.

Four classes of vessels were considered lawful prizes and liable to capture by French privateers in accordance with the terms of De Valincourt's memorandum:—

1. Vessels which refused to lower their flags, whether belonging to a hostile or to a friendly power.

2. Vessels which by their papers proved to belong to a hostile State.

3. Vessels which, carrying no papers, sought to hide their nationality.

4. Neutral vessels carrying an enemy's goods.

As regards ships in the first category, M. de Valincourt laid down that on the summoning gun the master of a merchant-ship was bound to heave to, and lower his boat and proceed with all papers justificatory of his nationality to the ship-of-war or Corsair firing that gun. Should he take no notice of the blank shot, "*l'armateur est en droit de l'y contraindre par artillerie ou autrement ; et en cas qu'il soit pris dans le combat il est déclaré de bonne prise, de quelque nation qu'il puisse être.*"

Vessels coming under the second class were necessarily good and lawful prizes.

The third clause was of course intended to prevent enemies' vessels escaping by sailing under false colours, and to bring within its scope privateers and pirates holding no recognized commissions.

Under the fourth heading the task of carrying the goods of a nation then conducting hostilities with another power became a dangerous and unprofitable one ; now the vessel herself is free from capture, and only contraband of war on neutral ships is liable to confiscation ; but Colbert, esteeming commerce to be the secret of wealth, and wealth the sinews of war, struck hard, as Napoleon did after him, at the commerce of hostile nations.

Having captured his prize, the Corsair captain had certain formalities to go through which still further proved him to have been acting in an authorized way. He was not permitted, like the pirates of old, or Captain Semmes of more modern days, to sink his prizes, or to permit his men to pillage them; or even to admit them to ransom, though we find many Corsairs evading this rule. He was bound at once to close the hatches and to seal them, to take on board his own craft the captain and officers of the prize, to place a prize crew on board her, and to work her into the port whence he himself sailed. He was enjoined to be most careful in preserving all the papers belonging to the prize, and was held personally responsible that no plunder was permitted.

On reaching port the Corsair captain remitted his prize into the hands of the naval commandant, together with her papers, her officers and crew. Documents were then attested giving full particulars as to her capture, to which the captain of the Corsair as well as of the captured ship subscribed their names. Evidence was taken on all points that the Admiralty Court thought necessary.³

These formalities concluded, the vessel was put up for sale, and the proceeds of the sale divided in the following manner:—

1. The amount necessary to cover cost of all proceedings connected with the inquiry into the capture,

³ See Appendix II. and III., being proceedings in the Admiralty archives on the capture of the *Esperance*, the *Neptune*, and *Demoiselle Christine* by Jean Bart.

and to defray expenses attendant on the custody of the prize from the date of her arrival in port, and such like incidental expenses, were first deducted.

2. One-tenth of the total residue was reserved for the Lord High Admiral of France.

3. The balance was now divided into three parts, of which two-thirds went to the owner of the ship and those personally interested in the venture, according to their articles of agreement, and the remaining third to the officers and crew.

That privateering was a profitable undertaking few will deny; that it was of immense service to a state is equally certain. Whilst the mercantile marine of an enemy was being driven off the sea by the legalized action of these rovers, the regular fleets could be employed in more extended operations: in blockading coasts, in bombarding ports, in attacking powerful squadrons, for all of which tasks Corsairs, by reason of the lightness of their armament, were unfitted.

The unparalleled successes of the Corsairs who owed their existence to Colbert's system led to various modifications of that system being introduced on the outbreak of every fresh war with England. It was found that the services of men enrolled in the *Inscription Maritime* were urgently needed for king's ships, and Corsairs were for a time forbidden to ship any enrolled seamen; on this restriction being removed they were permitted to ship sailors of the *Inscription* up to one-sixth of their crew. At another period it was found that privateer captains were in the habit of overloading

their vessels with guns and men, and taking no precautions to ensure the lives of their sick and wounded. Upon this the State again stepped in and reminded Corsairs that their successes were dependent mainly on the speed of their ships and on the efficiency of their men. Rules were accordingly laid down limiting the ordnance and crews to be carried by vessels of different tonnages, and insisting that every privateer which carried eighteen hands should also carry a surgeon.

The Intendants or Commissaries of Marine at each port were strictly enjoined to inspect every privateer before leaving port, in order that they might personally satisfy themselves not only that the various regulations were being strictly complied with, but also that the captain was furnished with his own commission and blank commissions to bestow on the commanders of prize crews shipped on any vessel he might capture.

As may readily be imagined, England did not sit quietly down under these persistent efforts to ruin her commerce. Letters of marque were freely granted by the Ministry, and thousands of English privateers were put into commission to retaliate on the French.

It must by no means be supposed that England benefited to any very great extent by the action of her privateers. Some few individuals made immense fortunes, and many earned considerable sums. But it was our ships of war that were mainly instrumental in destroying the merchants-ships of France. Thus we read in Sir W. Parker's Life that that

gallant officer in nine years captured sixty vessels, his share amounting to 35,000*l.* On the other hand the archives of the French Marine prove that in the single year of 1689, *Four thousand two hundred* English and Dutch craft were captured by French Corsairs; and in the archives of Dunkirk we learn that in the space of forty years of war—viz. from 1656—1658; 1666—1667; 1688—1697; 1702—1713; 1744—1748; 1755—1767, and 1778—1783—*Four thousand three hundred and forty-four* prizes were sold by the Admiralty Courts at Dunkirk for the sum of 6,327,000*l.*, and that 34,750 prisoners during that period were detained for various terms in that town! In the single year 1751, Two hundred and fifty-one English prizes were carried into Dunkirk.

The operations of vessels carrying letters of marque were not confined to the Channel and seas near home. They scoured the Indian Ocean and the Spanish main; they had ports of refuge at those naval establishments which the forethought of Richelieu had provided in the West Indies and in Canada, in Bourbon, Mauritius, and Madagascar, off the West Coast of Africa, and on the Banks of Newfoundland. Wherever English merchant fleets were used to congregate, there, too, would be found the dashing Corsair. In the latter half of the seventeenth century Colbert recognized that England could not support a navy large enough to fight the fleets of other great powers and at the same time protect her own immense merchant navy: we recognized this fact later on, and in our turn issued

letters of marque, but our Corsairs were powerless to check the depredations committed by those of our neighbours, and it was not until we had destroyed the petty arsenals which by Richelieu's forethought dominated every trade route in the world that we were enabled to drive the French Corsair off distant seas. Until the colonies of France had passed into our possession the privateers of Brittany and of Normandy played havoc with our commerce both in the Far East and Far West, and after we had torn from them their harbours of refuge in far-off lands, they still carried on their daring excursions within sight of our own coasts, and I believe it to be an undoubted fact that for every vessel we captured from the French, five English craft at least found their way into French ports.

Of the gallant manner in which these Corsairs fought there can be no two opinions; we may prove to our own satisfaction (though we shall never shake the belief of the Frenchman in the tale) that the episode of the *Vengeur* is absolutely without foundation; but we cannot explain away, nor should we attempt to do so, the heroism displayed by the Corsairs of France in many a stubborn fight when, heavily overmatched, they fought under the absolute certainty of defeat. Duguay Trouin, in the *Diligente*, boldly awaiting the attack of Sir David Mitchell's squadron, is an instance in point—one instance in many—so many that I fear in the following pages I have omitted some of the most gallant actions of these gallant men, simply because France has not enshrined their names in her military literature, and

we in the bald accounts that still survive of such engagements have contented ourselves with retaining the bare facts of historians who have laid but little stress on the bravery shown by our foes.

What, for instance, can have been more magnificent than the manner in which the privateer *Guépe* sustained a running fight with the *Renown*, 74; *Courageux*, 74; *Defence*, 74; *Fishguard*, 50; and *Unicorn*, 30; and when, at last becalmed, she lay helplessly open to the boats of the squadron, she kept these, too, at bay until night fell, and her fire becoming less effective enabled the British to carry her by boarding? Even then she continued her desperate defence, and when at last the British Ensign flew over the Tricolour no man remained upon her decks able to strike her flag. Her captain and twenty-five of the crew were dead, and forty-seven, the sole survivors, lay sorely wounded. Our cheeks mantle with pride at the recital of how 1500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill of Albuera. We may then well spare our meed of praise for the transcendent heroism of the privateer crew who fought until their decks, crowded with dead and dying, lay at the mercy of a foe numerically vastly their superiors, and who left to their captors the task of showing that their prize was won.

The action of the *Furieuse* in the North Atlantic in July, 1809, is scarcely less heroic. After a heavy engagement with the *Intrepid*, 74, in which she was badly crippled, she fought a second fight with the *Bonne Citoyenne*, 20, a French prize converted into

an English man-of-war. In this action the English ship fired 130 broadsides, and at last compelled the sinking *Furieuse* to strike her flag. On taking possession it was found that the privateer had been hulled fourteen times twixt wind and water, that she had five feet of water in her hold, that her captain and thirty-five of her crew were killed, that all her officers and forty-seven men lay dangerously hurt, and that but eight unwounded men stood upon her decks !

Thurot's gallant fight in the *Belle-Isle* against the *Eole*, *Pallas*, and *Brilliant* is another instance worthy of record. What need to multiply such cases ? Those who wade through the following pages will find many such recounted. From them England learnt a bitter lesson ; a lesson, alas ! long since forgotten. We forget that Surcouf blockaded Calcutta and crippled our Indian trade ; that Cassard ravaged our West Indian possessions ; and that Jean Bart and Thurot landed on our own shores. We forget that English men-of-war struck their flags to French Corsairs, and that ships built in our own dockyards fought under the French flag and captured many a goodly prize. Pedants may assert that history does not repeat itself, but facts are stubborn things ; and we have seen the heroism of Jean Bart rivalled by that of Thurot, and the successes of Duguay Trouin surpassed by those of Surcouf. Have we any warranty that the next great war will not see fresh rivals for distinction springing up from amongst the seafaring population of France ? Have we not rather, in the recent writings of Admiral

Aube, the French Minister of Marine, every reason to believe that the lines on which France will conduct her future naval operations will be precisely similar to those followed by the Corsairs of old? *Groupes de combat*, consisting of swift steaming gun-vessels and torpedo craft, will supplement the *chasse-marée* and the Corsair frigate. Richelieu's arsenals in distant waters still exist to shelter the proposed mosquito fleets, and our main routes of commerce are commanded at every point. Treaties are made only to be broken. The present generation has seen the Treaty of Paris of 1856, and that of Berlin of 1878, torn into shreds by the Autocrat of all the Russias, or resolutely neglected by the Sultan of Turkey, and we have ample proof that, in the next war with France, her Ministers will not scruple to ignore the Declaration of Paris. They have already announced their intention to issue Letters of Marque, and to strike hard, as their ancestors have ever done, at English commerce.

A well-organized scheme of Imperial defence, a closer union between the mother-country and her colonies, will do much towards checking the growing aspirations of our neighbours. Federation may be but a sentimental feeling; but, when perfected, it will have practical results of the most satisfactory kind. With our Empire knit together in closer bonds no Corsair squadrons could ravage our distant possessions, no cruisers blockade our distant ports. The integrity of the Empire depends upon the manner in which we protect our commerce. If

we allow our merchant fleets and our colonial possessions to fall an easy prey to those vessels, which even now are being constructed to carry on the work of Jean Bart and of Surcouf, we must rest content with our punishment. Our salvation is in our own hands, it can only be worked out by ungrudgingly maintaining our fighting services in a state of the most complete efficiency. Let us remember Colbert's maxim, "Commerce is the source of wealth, and wealth furnishes the sinews of war," and guard our commerce inviolate, and preserve our wealth for our own military expenditure.

CHAPTER II.

JEAN BART OF DUNKIRK—1650-1702.

Bart's family of Dieppe origin—Born at Dunkirk, essentially a Corsair town—Dunkirk owned successively by Holland, Spain, England—Sold to France by Charles II.—Colbert sees its value as a maritime port—Jean Bart's Corsair ancestry—His first service under Valbué—The Judgments of Oléron—Absolute power of ship captains—Bart conveys French nobles to Ruyter's fleet—Serves on Ruyter's ship against English in 1666—Present at burning of Chatham, 1667—Leaves Dutch service and commands his first Corsair, 1674—His first prize—His successes in the *Royale*—Captures Dutch man-of-war *Neptune*, 32—Presented with a chain of gold by Colbert—The minister's views on the employment of Corsairs—Bart given a large ship, the *Dauphin*—Gallant action with and capture of *Sherdam*—Badly wounded—Granted a commission in the French navy—Commands expedition against pirates of Morocco—Serves in campaign against Genoa and Cadiz—Promoted commander in 1686—On outbreak of war with England, in 1689, commands a Corsair squadron—Captures Dutch frigate *Sea-horse*, 50—Engages and sinks an English man-of-war—Accustoms his son to the music of battle—Bart captured by the *Nonsuch*, carried to Plymouth, escapes—Daring crossing of the Channel—Is promoted captain—Present at Tourville's fight off Beachy Head—Interview with Louis XIV.—Defeats Dutch squadron and captures three large ships—Granted pension of 2000*l.* a year—Defeats a second squadron—Promoted commodore—Illness and death.

ALTHOUGH Dunkirk claims Jean Bart as its own especial hero, there is no doubt that the celebrated Corsair was of Dieppe origin; but the seamen of Dieppe have carved the arms of that ancient Norman seaport on many a distant strand, and small cause have

they for jealousy if Jean Bart's history is bound up with that of Dunkirk. Many a gallant Corsair gained his early training in Jean Bart's native town, a town over whose walls have flown the flags of Spain and France, of Holland and of England, and into whose harbours have been carried thousands of English prizes. Situated as it is within easy striking distance of the Scheldt and of the Thames, small wonder that the Corsairs of Dunkirk plied a thriving trade, or that the sailors of the port should turn to privateering more readily than to commerce. Many a name now lost to history still survives in the folklore of the good fishermen of Dunkirk, but none enjoy a greater popularity, not merely in their own town, but perhaps throughout all France, than Jean Bart. Other sailors were greater admirals, and more consummate naval tacticians. Tourville and D'Estrée occupy a higher place in history, and the victories they won were of greater public advantage than those gained by the Corsair chief, yet none of these enjoy such a popularity amongst seafaring men.

Jean Bart, the son of a well-known Corsair, Cornil Bart, was born on the 21st October, 1650. On his mother's side he had a strain of still other Corsair blood; her father, Michel Jacobsen, nicknamed *Le Renard de la Mer*, was, until his grandson rose to fame, the most renowned of all the Corsairs of the port. It is worthy of note that had Jean Bart been born four years earlier, or four years later, France could not have claimed him as her son. Originally belonging to the Counts of Flanders,

Dunkirk passed into the hands of the Spaniards, from whom it was taken in the reign of Philip II. by the English; it was retaken from them in 1558 by the French, and was ceded by them to the Spaniards just twelve months later. It was not until 1646 that Condé recaptured it, after the memorable siege of that year. The Spaniards, however, were not content to let it remain in the hands of France, and six years later it once more fell into their power, to be captured again from them in 1658 by the allied Anglo-French army, under the joint command of Turenne and Lord Lockhart. By the terms of the treaty under which France and England were then fighting side by side, the white flag of the Bourbons flew over its walls for but four-and-twenty hours, and then Cromwell's troops entered, and the town became an English possession. Its disgraceful sale to France by Charles II. in November, 1662, is not the least shameful act committed by the monarch,

Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

Colbert saw the immense natural advantages of the place, and it was at his instigation that the Count D'Estrades initiated the negotiations for its purchase. Dunkirk once acquired, Colbert promptly set to work to improve the harbour, and to foster in the breasts of its seafaring population a predilection for that predatory life, to which Dunkirk owed its riches and its inhabitants their glory.

With true Corsair blood running in his veins, and brought up amidst the sulphurous smoke of a

beleaguered city, small wonder that young Jean Bart in his early days developed a decided taste for his future calling, and acquired that contempt for danger which was his most striking characteristic. He was but eight years old when the allied French and English armies besieged the place, and oftentimes during the heavy bombardment to which the town was then subjected the lad ran risks inferior to none he courted in after years. It was in the course of this siege that his father, Cornil Bart, received a wound which incapacitated him from an active career, and the old Corsair, crippled and confined to his room, would inflame the boy's ardour with tales of his past history, tales made more realistic by reason of the warlike accompaniment of the enemy's guns. Open-mouthed the lad would listen to feats of arms in which his father had borne no ignoble part; but the salient figures of each picture would be the Renard of the Sea, Michel Jacobsen. The death of this old hero was typical of the savage warfare of those days: his *chasse-marée* had been crippled by a Dutch squadron, and after a desperate struggle had been carried by boarding: rather than fall into the hands of the enemy he fired his magazine with his own hands and perished proudly in the midst of his captors. But two men survived this gallant episode, and one of these was Luc Bart, grandfather of the little Jean. Thus doubly interested in this oft-repeated tale, for Michel Jacobsen was his grandfather on his mother's side, the future Corsair's youthful dreams were of deeds in which his ancestors had

played so brave a part, and his highest aspirations were that he might prove worthy of them. The mother saw with pain the bent of the lad's inclinations. To her the clang of battle and the shouts of victory were but the passing bell of some brave man whose wife and children were left alone to fight with toil and misery. What to her was the halo of glory that shone around her father's head? what the respect all offered to her crippled husband: did they replace the parent she had loved so well, or the strong support of the man who had been to her a tower of strength, but who now lay helpless as her youngest babe? War had been too near a neighbour for her not to know its seamy side. She had seen the shells hurtling over the besieged city, scattering their deadly fragments down the very streets in which her children all unwitting of the danger were wont to play; she had seen the dead and wounded carried in from that fatal battle of the Dunes; she had stood on the *cale* as some well-known Corsair with wounded spars and shot-torn sail and splintered sides and gory decks beat into the inner harbour, whilst she, deaf to the deafening cries which rose on all sides, with aching heart and tottering limbs strained every nerve to catch the names of those who would never pace those decks again. Did the shattered prize that followed in the Corsair's wake offer one word of consolation to hearts breaking with the void that nothing left on earth could fill?—what to them were the shouts of triumph that greeted the grimy victors as they neared the shore, or the honied words with which

the oily Intendant welcomed the men who put money into the coffers of their king? Could they bring back the unreturning brave, or tint the careworn cheek with mantling blushes of reviving love?

Catharine Bart strove her utmost to wean her boy from his woeful calling, but in vain; the stirring tales of the father, and the fond encouragement of a trusted messmate who spent his days in the Rue de l'Église, quickly bore their fruit, and in his twelfth year the wee Jean Bart embarked as boy on board a Dunkirk smuggler commanded by a well-known Corsair, Jerome Valbué. A man of brutal passions, albeit brave in action and a thorough sailor, was this Valbué, and, despite his friendship for Cornil Bart, little Jean would have fared badly had not Antoine Sauret, his father's old boatswain, shipped with him and not only shielded him from the skipper's rage, but initiated him into all the mysteries of a sailor's life. Under Sauret's able guidance Jean Bart soon learnt to knot and splice, to reef and steer, to point a rope, and to train a gun, so that, ere his four years' apprenticeship was over, he was counted the smartest lad in all Dunkirk, and had won at the hands of the Intendant the prize offered by Colbert for the best marksman at the annual artillery competition on the Dunes.

From boy, Jean Bart soon passed to man, and, though but a lad in years, was in 1666 named mate on board a smart brigantine, the *Cochon Gras*, which Valbué was appointed to command on the outbreak of war with England. But the brutal tyranny of

his first captain culminated in an act which drove Jean Bart and his faithful follower Sauret to seek their fortunes in another craft, and so opened out to our young hero a chance which permitted him to see naval warfare in its grandest aspects. The incident may well be related, typical as it is of the religious intolerance of the day, of the absolute despotism enjoyed by the masters of vessels carrying letters of marque, and of the want of any clearly defined code of maritime laws, either on board king's ships or those belonging to the French mercantile marine.

In this very year,¹ Colbert, in submitting to Louis XIV. the list of ships of war ready to be used against England, took the opportunity of pointing out to the Grand Monarch the necessity for drawing up a code of laws which should put an end to existing abuses. There was at this time a perpetual conflict between the captains of ships-of-war lying in harbour and the Admiralty officials commanding on shore. At sea the captain was an absolute autocrat, the judge of all matters, arbiter of life and death, and dispenser of an irregular code which was revolting in the cruelty of its edicts, and which, dating from the days of Richard Cœur de Lion, embraced a series of antiquated laws then known under the title of the Judgments of Oléron. The old Mosaic doctrine, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, was the basis of this code; thus, if a man drew his knife on another, he was pinned to the mast by a knife through the offending hand; if he

¹ 1666.

wounded a messmate in the arm, his own arm paid the forfeit; if he committed murder, he was tied to the corpse of the murdered man and cast into the sea. There was a charming simplicity about the Judgments of Oléron which rendered the study of naval law easy enough, and enabled the masters of ships to maintain discipline amongst the most refractory crew, and in days when master and seamen in many crafts lived on terms of the most perfect equality, and eat and drank and played together, perhaps summary justice was necessary.

On board the *Cochon Gras* there sailed a Huguenot seaman, Martin Lanoix by name. Although a brave man, and second to no man on board in sailor-like qualities, his religion drew down upon him the scoffings of his messmates and the most brutal pleasantries of his captain. Of all the crew Jean Bart and Sauret were the only members who showed the Huguenot sympathy, or who treated him as a messmate. One afternoon Valbué, more than half-seas over, had been recounting to his open-mouthed crew the miraculous aid offered to a sinking Breton fisher-boat by a bishop who appeared walking on the water, and quietly stepping over the side infused fresh life and vigour into the worn-out crew, and who with more than superhuman power remained at the pumps until the craft was safe in harbour. Having finished his tale, Valbué took the opportunity to level some injurious epithets at his Huguenot seaman, finishing up his abuse by hurling a half-empty tin drinking-can at Lanoix's head.

The Huguenot, with provoking calmness, wiped

the dripping cider from his face and beard, and replied, "Master, the Judgments of Oléron lay down that the captain should be moderate in his language and just in his dealings to his crew,—if you please?"

Exasperated at the tone of Lanoix's reply, Valbué advanced upon him with uplifted hand and threatening words. The Huguenot, falling back, in the same provoking tone continued, "The Judgments of Oléron, which bind you as well as me, lay down that the captain is not to punish the sailor until his anger has cooled down."

"What!" shouted the enraged Valbué, "you, who blaspheme the Blessed Virgin, dare to quote the law to me?—take that!" and lifting high a capstan bar which lay on the open hatch, he aimed a blow at Lanoix's head, which, grazing the face, fell full on the sailor's shoulder.

Sauret, the eldest member of the crew, rose and wished to interpose, but Valbué, turning on him, threatened to strike him also, and the old salt, knowing the absolute authority of the captain, wisely held his peace.

"Captain," said Lanoix, "I have now received your first blow as the law enjoins, but now," lightly jumping over the iron rail which ran across the fore part of the ship, and which marked the quarters of the crew, "now, if you strike me you exceed your rights, and I can resume mine, for I have passed the chain."²

² Le jugement restreint la correction du maître à un soufflet ou coup de poing que le marinier doit souffrir et rien de plus.

Ensuite le marinier est tenu d'obéir à son Maître quoiqu'il lui dise

“*Comment,*” shrieked Valbué, beside himself with rage, “you Huguenot overweighted with the load of never-to-be-forgiven sins, you whose blasphemies have placed you for ever beyond the law, you dare to talk to me of laws? Dog of a heretic, wait, just wait a moment, and I will show you what laws are applicable to swine, to Jews, and to Huguenots.” Then seeing Lanoix still stood on his guard behind the chain, Valbué sprung forward and struck him two violent blows in the face. In an instant the knife of the Huguenot flashed in the air and descended on the captain’s right arm. The gleam of steel was seen by the crew, and though disgusted at their captain’s brutalities, the sense of discipline was strong within them, and rushing forward to Valbué’s aid, Lanoix was borne down and pinioned in a trice, but not before turning on the first man who approached him (the coward Valbué stood hounding on his crew), he had stabbed him to the heart.

Pale and trembling with fright and anger, Valbué turned to a cabin-boy, saying, “Go into my cabin; there in a box on the locker you will see a book bound in white parchment; bring it to me.”

The boy disappeared, returning again in a few moments with the book, whose fatal decrees all knew so well. Jean Bart, who had been at the

injure et se courrouce avec lui, et se doit ôter de devant lui, fuir à la proue du navire et se mettre du côté de la chaîne, et si le maître passe, il s'en doit fuir de l'autre part, et si le maître le poursuit en l'autre part le marinier peut lors se mettre en défense, requérant témoignage comme le maître le poursuit, car le maître doit s'arrêter sans outre-passer la chaîne.—Jugement d'Oléron.

tiller whilst this scene was being enacted, stood motionless; anon his eye would be thrown on the compass to see that the craft still held her course, and then with grim determination cast on the group at the break of the fore-castle. A glance of intelligence passed between him and Sauret, who, walking aft, sat on the weather-rail by Jean Bart's side. The significance of the movement was not lost on Valbué, who, turning round, shouted in tones of ill-suppressed anger, "You know how to read, Sauret, read this," at the same time holding towards the scarred and weather-beaten salt the little-used volume.

"I will not read it," replied Sauret.

"Then I will do so myself," said Valbué.

"Valbué," interrupted Sauret, "you are not acting according to the law; that unfortunate," pointing to Lanoix, who, bruised and bleeding, lay bound upon the deck, "should be allowed three meals at which he may acknowledge his fault; nay more, he should be permitted the oaths on bread, and on wine, and on salt, that he may swear³ to respect your authority in the future."

"Silence," thundered Valbué, "his blasphemies

³ Néanmoins, s'il arrive débat ou noise, le maître, avant de punir, expeller ou mettre dehors le matelot rioteux ou querelleur, doit souffrir qu'il demeure à son bord un jour et demy, ou pendant le temps de trois repas. Pendant lequel délai de trois repas, si le matelot reconnoit sa faute, s'il offre de la réparer, se soumettant au jugement de l'équipage, le maître est tenu d'accepter la réconciliation, mais si après ces soumissions, le maître refuse de le recevoir en grâce, le matelot doit l'obéissance et sortir, et pourra suivre le navire jusqu'au lieu destiné, où tous ses loyers et gages lui seront payés comme s'il eût servi dans le navire.—*Jugement d'Oléron.*

have deprived him of all right of purging his offence—the chain of refuge, the oaths of excuse, the meals of repentance are not for dogs like him. It is not I who judge him, it is the law; I am merely the accuser, listen; I, Maître Valbué, swear by the Holy Apostles that what I read is the law: ‘*The sailor who strikes or raises his hand against his captain will be fastened to the mast by means of a sharp knife, and compelled to withdraw his hand in such a manner that one-half at least of the erring hand shall remain affixed to the mast.*’” Then half-closing the book, Valbué said, “According to the Judgment of Oléron, any sailor blaspheming the Pope shall have his tongue pierced by a hot iron. Lanoix had so blasphemed our Holy Father, and it was my intention to have carried out the letter of the law for the offence, and in attempting to arrest him he drew his knife upon me, me his captain, and wounded me in the arm. Now each man answer in his turn, did Martin Lanoix blaspheme the name of his Holiness, and furthermore did he strike his captain?”

Then rolling up the sleeve of his coat, Valbué holding up his arm displayed a flesh wound, fresh and bleeding, in his right fore-arm. “Answer,” shouted Valbué, “Yes or no.”

The crew grouped round the captain murmured, “*Oui*,” but from the stern of the ship, in old Sauret’s well-known voice, came the words, “Captain, you had passed the chain, and—”

Stamping his foot on the deck, Valbué cried, “That is no answer to my question, son of a

dog. Did Martin Lanoix inflict this wound on me or not?"

"But—" interposed Sauret.

"Was it Martin Lanoix, yes or no," shrieked Valbué.

"Very well—No," responded Sauret.

"No," chimed in Jean Bart.

Valbué, trembling with rage, said, "Six of the crew affirm that Martin Lanoix did wound his captain, two of the crew say he did not, the majority are right. Boy, fetch my cutlass."

And the boy diving below reappeared with a long, straight Spanish sword, the edge as keen as a Sikh trooper's tulwar.

Stooping forward, Valbué lashed it to the windlass, edge uppermost, and then directing the crew to raise Lanoix, he lashed the prisoner's arm to the trenchant blade.

"Martin Lanoix, withdraw your arm as the law directs!" The Huguenot hesitated; then the brutal Valbué, seizing the helpless prisoner by the throat, dashed him backwards, and as he fell, the sword, severing flesh and muscle, laid the quivering arm bare from wrist to elbow.

"Unlash the prisoner," continued Valbué; and, faint with loss of blood, Lanoix sank bleeding on the deck. "Bring aft the body of Simon Larret," said the captain, moving to the stern of the vessel, where Sauret and Jean Bart remained mute spectators of the direful scene. Two men carrying aft the corpse laid it at the feet of the still senseless Lanoix.

"I swear by the Holy Apostles, that what I read

is true," continued Valbué, once more opening the book.

"If any sailor kills a messmate or so wounds him that he dies from the effects of that wound, the living man shall be lashed to the dead, and both shall be cast into the sea; if the murder takes place ashore, the murderer shall be executed as the law provides."

"Yes or no, did Martin Lanoix kill Simon Larret?" interrogated Valbué.

"Yes," answered the six as before.

"No," replied Sauret and Jean Bart.

"Six recognize the murder, two refuse to do so, the majority are in the right. Carry out the law," and Martin Lanoix, victim to the ungovernable hatred of a brutal captain, still living, though bound and hopeless, was lashed to the yet warm corpse and cast into the sea.

That evening the *Cochon Gras* entered Calais, and Sauret with his young master bade farewell for ever to the brutal skipper, whose inhuman conduct, however, brought forth good fruit. In accordance with the law Valbué reported the occurrence to the Intendant at Calais, and this official, the Sieur de Imfreville, penned an able memorandum on the inequalities of naval laws. This memorandum was submitted by Colbert to Louis XIV., with a scheme for the codification of the existing laws, and so, from the murder of the poor Huguenot, sprang the present Code Maritime of France.

The part played by Jean Bart and Sauret in the Lanoix episode met with the high approval of the Intendant, and when a few days later some French

cavaliers reached Calais anxious to join Ruyter's fleet then blockading the English in the Thames, Imfreville sent for our young hero, and asked him if he would undertake to convey the noblemen to the Dutch admiral. Bart accepted the task with pleasure. That night, as the sun went down, he quitted Calais harbour in a well-found half-decked boat; himself, the faithful Sauret, and two Calais men as crew; whilst cowering in the stern-sheets were the Marquis d'Harcourt, and the Counts de Coislen and de Cavoye, brave men all, but little used to midnight cruises in open boats in the Northern seas.

Ruyter was lying off Harwich with a fleet of seventy-five vessels-of-war and eleven fire-ships. Monk lay moored off Queenborough with some eighty ships of various sorts. Already, in the month of June, a general action indecisive in its results had been fought between the two fleets, and it was known that Monk only waited a favourable breeze to come out of the Thames and try his fate once more. The French courtiers were anxious to witness the coming battle. Imfreville impressed on Jean Bart the necessity of carrying on all sail, and reaching the Dutch fleet as soon as possible. The young Corsair was no less keen to participate in the fight; he saw before him a chance that fell to the lot of but few Frenchmen, and he needed no second bidding to use his utmost endeavour to put his passengers on the Dutch flag-ship. An admiral was to the lad a thing apart—half angel, half God; for landsmen he had the most profound contempt, even the Intendant

with powdered wig and silken hose awakened in him merely a feeling of pity; the French cavaliers, now helpless and sick, with all their brave finery, their lace ruffles and jewelled swords, their broad ribbons and sparkling honours, were but landsmen after all, objects of contempt and commiseration; but an admiral, a live admiral, who had under him scores of huge ships with frowning ports and polished cannon, such a man was to be dreaded, envied, nay, died for.

Jean Bart was no fool; he had kept his eyes open throughout the five years he had now been to sea, and he could judge what information the Dutch admiral would be likely to ask for, when his little craft ranged alongside the flag-ship. Could he but earn a word of praise from the hero, he felt he should die happy. Quickly did he revolve his plan in his own mind, and after whispered consultation with Sauret, he determined on bearing up for Queenborough and seeing what the English fleet was doing; his little craft, if discovered and pursued, could get into shoal water where no ship-of-war dare follow. The scheme succeeded to the utmost. Flying up the Thames on a flood-tide with a breeze from the south-east, Jean Bart found himself by midday within easy view of Monk's fleet, and having leisurely counted their number, he put his boat about, and on a falling tide bore off past Southend, round the Essex coast, and at 8 a.m. the following morning ran up to Ruyter's fleet. There was no mistaking the admiral's ship, her lofty poop surmounted by its huge bronze lanterns, her gilded carvings, and

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her powerful armament, irrespective of the admiral's flag flying bravely from the main top-gallant mast-head, marked her out at once, and as he ran up under her lee Jean Bart woke the worn-out cavaliers, and told them that their voyage was over.

Cramped from their long confinement and soaked with the salt water which had been shipped in bucketfuls by the little craft, the three French nobles rose disconsolately from their hard couch, and with difficulty climbed the accommodation-ladder of the *Sept Provinces*, Ruyter's vessel. When once on board, however, feeling something stable under their feet, they recovered their *sang-froid* and asked the officer of the watch to be allowed to present their credentials to the Dutch admiral. Jean Bart, too, with easy nonchalance requested an interview to hand over the three passengers entrusted him by the Governor of Calais. In the admiral's presence all Jean Bart's assurance forsook him, and falling at Ruyter's feet he could only stammer forth protestations of admiration, and pray that he might be permitted to serve on board the flag-ship. On hearing of Jean Bart's spirited cruise up the Thames, and the disposition of Monk's fleet, Ruyter willingly consented to shipping Jean Bart (who produced his certificate of gunnery received from the Intendant at Dunkirk as an evidence of his efficiency) on board the *Sept Provinces* as an able seaman, and at Jean Bart's entreaties Sauret received a similar rating, and so it came about that the future Corsair of Dunkirk, whose proudest achievements were his victories over

the Dutch, first smelt powder in the great naval battle between Ruyter and Monk. In the hard-fought action of the 6th of August the young French volunteer greatly distinguished himself, not merely at his station on the 'tween decks, but when the fight was nearly over, he in company with the Marquis of Harcourt and his two companions, the Counts de Coislen and de Cavoye, aided in attacking and driving off a fire-ship that had drifted on to the *Sept Provinces*. In June, the following year, he formed one of that gallant force which, sailing up the Thames, bombarded Sheerness, and then proceeding up the Medway, sunk the British ships below Rochester Bridge, and taught proud England that her capital was within a measureable distance of destruction. For five years Jean Bart served in the Dutch navy, learning much he would never have acquired in the service of his own country, and thoroughly mastering the educational portion of a sailor's profession.

With this period of his life we have little to do, as the Corsair of Dunkirk, Jean Bart, had no existence on a Dutch line-of-battle ship, and we may pass over the history of these five years without remark. But, though serving under the Dutch tricolour, our hero's heart was with the spotless flag of France, and when in April, 1672, the Grand Monarch declared war against the States-General, Jean Bart, declining the most tempting offers of employment, left the Hague and found his way to Dunkirk. His name was by no means forgotten in that port, and Jean Bart speedily found subordinate employment on

one of the many Corsairs sailing from his native town.

Step by step he worked his way aft, and in less than eighteen months was, early in 1674, placed in command of his first craft, a *chasse-marée*, mounting two guns, with a crew of thirty-six men: a humble beginning truly, for one who was in after years to command a squadron of king's ships, and to be enshrined for ever in the hearts of his countrymen as one of France's truest seamen.

The *King David*, Bart's first ship, proved a mighty man-of-war. Within a week of leaving port she triumphantly returned towing behind her a Dutch brigantine, the *Homme Sauvage*, laden with coal. Though of little intrinsic value, such an early success was a happy omen for our young hero, who on the 3rd of April of the same year put to sea for a second time, and returned to port on the 6th with a still richer prize in the shape of the Dutch brig *Friendly Adventure*, mounting ten guns, and bound from Vigo to Antwerp with a cargo of wine. Yet still the tide of success flowed full and free; on the 11th of May a third prize, the *Saint Paul of Bruges*, with 184 hogsheads of Bordeaux and a like number of Burgundy, hailing from Bayonne, fell into his hands; and on the 15th of the same month a Dutch smack, with a miscellaneous cargo of shellfish, hazel-nuts, and 500 pairs of knitted stockings, hauled down her flag without attempting to escape. In the month of June two more prizes fell to his lot, and now Jean Bart's name was bandied from tongue to tongue as worthy son of gallant sire, and the merchants of Dunkirk

spoke openly of him as one likely to walk in the steps of the grand old Renard of the Sea. It is true that the six prizes he had already taken had hauled down their flags without making any resistance, and that young Bart had as yet found no opportunity of showing his stuff in a hand-to-hand fight; but tough old Antoine Sauret still prowled the streets of Dunkirk, and he had not allowed Jean Bart's conduct when serving under Ruyter to be under-estimated by his fellow-townsmen. If Sauret in his cups spoke true, it was Jean Bart, alone and unaided, who had beaten off Monk's fleet on the 6th of August, and who had sunk and burned the English ships off Chatham dockyard. Allowing for the pardonable exaggeration of a salt who had served the Bart family man and boy for more than half a century, enough was to be learnt from Sauret's tales to prove that Jean Bart was not the man to show his heels to any Dutchman in the Channel.

It was then determined to give him a more important command, and in August of the same year Jean Bart sailed from Dunkirk in a smart brigantine, *La Royale*, carrying ten guns. The two months spent ashore had evidently not caused the young captain's star to pale, for on the 27th of the same month he captured a Dutchman, laden with planks and cordage, named the *Elizabeth*; and on the 11th of the following month, after a sharp encounter, he carried by boarding a Greenland whaler mounting eight guns. Cruising now in company with two other seamen of Dunkirk, William Doorn and Charles Keyser, Bart once more entered

on an unchecked career of prosperity : on the 8th October he captured the *Baleine-gris*, and on the 24th of the same month the *St. George*, both bound from Norway with timber. So in his first year of independent command he had captured, either alone and unaided or in company with his friends Doorn and Keyser, ten prizes, some of which, notably the two laden with wine, were of considerable value.

The year 1675 opened equally auspiciously. On the 13th, 17th, and 21st of January respectively he captured the *Ville de Paris*, laden with corn ; the *Premier Jugement du Solomon*, with sulphur ; and the *Esperance*, twelve guns, flying the flag of the States-General, and actually in charge of a convoy of three merchantmen, hailing from Norway with wood for the Dutch Navy. The merchantmen escaped, but the *Esperance* gallantly kept the Corsairs at bay until they had reached the safety of the land, when, having lost her captain, first lieutenant, and ten of her crew, she struck her colours. Such a prize at once put Jean Bart into the very front rank of Dunkirk Corsairs, and pointed him out as one worthy to be entrusted with the command of king's ships, which it was rumoured Colbert, finding the want of duly qualified men in the navy, intended to hand over to the care of the most renowned Corsair captains in the northern ports.

The capture of the *Esperance* enabled Jean Bart to do what his father and grandfather had done before him, namely, to marry young. His bride, a mere child of sixteen years of age, captivated by the renown which even now attached itself to the name of the

brave Corsair, and little recking the life of anxiety and misery before her, responded ardently to the love which the gallant sailor showered upon her, and so far from checking his aspirations, held it her highest glory to encourage him in the career which had brought much honour and much sorrow to the good old name of Bart.

Four short months did Jean Bart remain with his bride, and then in the month of July, with the *Royale* freshly equipped, he once more put to sea. Marriage had not caused his right hand to lose its cunning. On the 30th of the month, after a running fight of some three hours in duration, he compelled to heave to and captured the Dutch ship *Arms of Hamburg*, mounting twelve guns and carrying a valuable cargo of gold dust, elephants' teeth, and sugar. Five days later, in company with his old friend Keyser, he took the Dutch ship *Lévrier*, carrying letters of marque, and mounting twelve guns; and four days after that, the *Bergère*, also of the same armament: these two vessels were employed in the protection of the herring fishermen, and at the same time as they were captured, fifteen fishing-smacks fell into Jean Bart's hands. Unable to convoy seventeen vessels into harbour, Bart and Keyser agreed to allow the captains of four of the smacks—*Canard Doré*, *Esperance*, *Hemp Cloper*, and *Saint Nicolas*—to ransom their craft for a total sum of 11,600*l.* This act of admitting prizes to ransom was in express defiance of the laws appertaining to French Corsairs, and in the proceedings, still to be seen in the Archives of Dunkirk, relating to the

capture of this convoy Bart and Keyser were warned that no composition with the owners or captains of prizes is permitted; that all such prizes are to be brought into port, there to be dealt with by the Admiralty Court; and that in the event of their so offending again they will be proceeded against by the King's Procureur.⁴

To punish them for this infringement of well-known laws, half the amount received as ransom was bestowed on the Dunkirk hospital. To draw a hard and fast line refusing the captains of privateers permission to treat with the captains of captured vessels was ill-judged, and in this instance had Bart and Keyser endeavoured to work their seventeen prizes into a French harbour, the chances are they would themselves have been made prisoners by their own captives. The crews of the *Grand Louis* and the *Royale* amounted to but 112 men, the total number of hands on the captured craft to over 250; and in ransoming the four largest fishing-smacks, opportunity was taken to release 184 Dutch prisoners, and so to reduce the men on the prizes to a number compatible, not merely with the safe working of the ships themselves, but with the safe custody of the prisoners.

Despite the wordy remonstrances of the Admiralty Board, we shall find Jean Bart on more than one

⁴ Fait sa Majesté très-expresses inhibitions et défenses aux dits Bart et Keyser et à tous capitaines, armateurs et autres, de relâcher en mer les vaisseaux qu'ils auront pris, ni de faire aucune composition avec les capitaines et autre gens de l'équipage desdits vaisseaux pour quelque cause et sous quelque prétexte qui ce soit à peine d'être punis suivant la rigueur des ordonnances.

occasion acting according to the best of his judgment and arranging compositions with the captains of his prizes ; we shall see him receiving similar warnings from the authorities in Paris, and we shall see the Dunkirk hospital benefiting largely by his conduct.

One more short cruise this year resulted in the capture, on the 24th October, of the *Arbre de Chêne*, a vessel hailing from Drontheim, with a cargo of copper. Satisfied with having made twenty prizes since the opening of the year, Jean Bart paid off the *Royale*, and occupied himself during the winter months with bringing the influence of his name and his successes to bear on the merchants of Dunkirk, in order to induce them to entrust him with a larger craft than any he had yet commanded. The only objection to be urged against Jean Bart's repeated applications was his youth. But in all his actions he had shown himself possessed of such sterling qualities, such sound judgment, that his men and officers spoke as highly of his seamenlike qualities as of his gallantry in action. The number of his prizes testified to his success as a Corsair, and it was felt that in confining him to the petty *rôle* he had hitherto filled with honour, the merchants were depriving themselves of those greater profits which Bart in a more powerful ship would most undoubtedly bring them. It was determined then to place him in command of a smart frigate, the *Palme*, mounting twenty-four guns, with a crew of 150 men. Henceforward a wider sphere was opened out for him, and he felt that he might now hope to rival the deeds of his brave ancestor, the old Renard of the Sea.

On the 25th of March, 1676, the *Palme* sailed from Dunkirk, and as if in happy augury of a successful future, that same night she captured a small Dutch craft mounting ten guns. Standing back to harbour, to place his prize in safety, Bart was received with tumultuous welcome; but he was anxious to try the metal of the *Palme* on craft more worthy of his steel, and with the next tide he was once more leaving the dunes of Dunkirk in his wake. Two days later his look-outs signalled several sail in the offing, and on coming within speaking distance, Bart, who had fortunately joined company with three other Dunkirk Corsairs, found himself opposed to a powerful squadron of eight armed whalers under convoy of three Corsairs, one of the latter flying the Dutch tricolour, the other two the flag of Burgundy. A smart action promptly ensued, the enemy's vessels carrying letters of marque, gallantly striving their utmost to ensure the safety of the convoy entrusted to them. For three hours the fight lasted, and then Bart, succeeding in laying his vessel alongside the Dutch Corsair the *Tertoole*, carried her by boarding: she was the most considerable prize he had ever captured, and the fight, a hand-to-hand one, the sharpest he had yet been engaged in. Seeing the fate of their consort, the other Corsairs crowded on all sail and escaped. Bart's companions, instead of following them, busied themselves in securing the eight trading-ships which had not succeeded in making good their escape. With this rich booty the little squadron returned to Dunkirk, where Jean Bart laid the *Palme* up for a few weeks to repair the damage

sustained in the action with the *Tertoole*, and to alter her rig and increase the spread of her canvas. It was late in August ere the *Palme* was once more ready for sea ; but the delay was undertaken with the object of making the *Palme* worthy of the career which Bart had in his mind's eye carved out for her, and neither captain nor owner grudged either the time or the money. Hitherto all Bart's successes had been against small craft ; the very nature of his own ship prevented him venturing to attack vessels of considerable size, which in those days carried heavy crews and powerful armaments ; now however, he was in command of a handy fast-sailing frigate carrying men enough to warrant his indulging in the hope of at last realizing the dreams of his childhood.

On the 1st of September Jean Bart left Dunkirk on his autumn cruise, to return three days later with a large Dutch smack laden with knitted hose from the London markets. Having handed his prize, the *Hope of Bremen*, over to the Intendant of the port, he once more stood out to sea, and on the 7th his look-out reported a fleet of fishing-vessels dead ahead under convoy of a man-of-war. At last the long-wished-for opportunity had arrived. Crowding on all sail, Jean Bart proudly swept into the midst of the convoy, and throwing out the white flag of France, fired a shot across the enemy's bows as a signal for her to heave to and be searched ; for an answer the tricolour of Holland was run up to the Dutch corvette's main-mast-head, and she saluted the *Palme* with a broadside that, whistling through her

sails and rigging, warned Bart his adversary carried as heavy a metal and as well-drilled a crew as any he had yet been able to encounter. The commander of the Dutchman, Liémard Cuiper, was a sailor of renowned skill and courage, and not the man to strike his flag until his ship was past fighting. Bart, too, was equally determined that the *Palme* should conquer or be captured in the fight. For three hours at short range the artillery duel lasted, Bart the whole time manœuvring his vessel so as to lay her alongside the enemy and carry her by boarding, Cuiper endeavouring to avoid this form of encounter. At last the main-mast of the *Neptune* being badly crippled, the vessel refused to answer her helm, and Bart skilfully bringing the *Palme* up to her weather-quarter, lashed his own fore-rigging to the after-shrouds of the Dutchman, and at the head of 120 men of Dunkirk dashed aboard the enemy's ship. Cuiper, badly wounded, encouraged his men by voice and gesture; but the long cannonade had damped their ardour. Their decks were already encumbered with the dead and dying; their ship with badly wounded spars could not hope to escape; but little fight was left within them, and within five minutes of Bart leaping on her deck the flag of the States-General was hauled down, and that of France flew from the prize's fore-mast-head. The following evening Jean Bart rounded the pier-head at Dunkirk, the *Palme*, decked with bunting, leading the way; close in her wake followed the *Neptune*, a fine vessel of thirty-two guns, her main-top mast shot away, but from the shattered stump flew the tricolour of

the States-General, surmounted by the spotless flag of France; astern at no great distance was a little fleet of fishing-smacks, the convoy which at the surrender of the *Neptune* had also fallen into Jean Bart's hands.

The fame of this gallant action spread further than the town of Dunkirk; the Intendant forwarded a report of it to Colbert, and the Minister realizing the importance of encouraging the Corsair fleet of France, forwarded a gold chain to the Intendant with instructions that it was to be bestowed on Jean Bart in recognition of the capture of the *Neptune*.⁵

It was just at this period that Colbert was devoting his best energies towards the development of the French Navy, which may be said to have had no separate existence until the advent to power of this Minister. Imbued with the idea, as he expressed himself in a memorandum drawn up for the instruction of his son Seignelay, *Commerce is the source of wealth, and wealth is the nerve of war*, Colbert's best efforts were turned towards the means for encompassing the destruction of the fleets of England and of Holland. "It is necessary," he said, "that the

⁵ Extract of a letter from the Minister of Marine to M. Hubert, Intendant of Marine at Dunkirk:—

"18th September, 1676. Versailles.

"His Majesty has learnt with the greatest satisfaction that the Dunkirk Corsair commanded by Captain Jean Bart, has captured a Dutch man-of-war mounting thirty-two guns. As it is most important to encourage these Corsair captains in their efforts against the Dutch, his Majesty is pleased to direct that you will present the accompanying gold chain to Captain Jean Bart as a reward for the gallant action he has just performed."

King of France should be absolute master of the Channel as well as of the Mediterranean."

With this end in view he established schools of gunnery at all the seaports, granting prizes to the fishermen who were the most successful marksmen ; he drew up the scheme for the *Inscription Maritime*, by which the State secured the services in time of war of the whole seafaring population ; he promised pecuniary rewards to the most successful Corsair captains, and placed at their disposal vessels of war that were not required for immediate commission. He did more, he actually placed them in command of his Majesty's ships ; and, disgusted with the lack of zeal shown by the aristocrats who alone had been permitted up to this time to hold commissions in the navy, he after a long struggle succeeded in inducing the Grand Monarch to bestow commissions on the most deserving of these Corsairs.

Colbert, struck with the successes obtained by the Corsair captains, propounded a scheme by which the most renowned in each port should be nominated as it were commodore of the flotillas sailing from that port ; that he should direct the operations of the various little ships and control their movements, in the hope that by thus acting in consort they might be enabled to attack the enemy's larger ships of war, which as yet remained unthreatened. With this end in view memoranda were addressed to the Intendants at the various ports, calling for a return of the vessels engaged in this calling, with the names and qualifications of their captains. To

this memorandum the Intendant of Dunkirk returned a reply, dated the 26th of September, 1676, giving his views on the capabilities of three-and-thirty captains hailing from Dunkirk; at the head of this list stands the name of Jean Bart :—

ROLL OF THE CORSAIR CAPTAINS OF DUNKIRK, AND THE SHIPS
THAT THEY COMMAND.

28th September, 1676.

Captain Jean Bart, aged about thirty years, has been captain about three years; at present in command of the *Palme* frigate, armed with twenty-four guns, and carrying a crew of 150 men.

In his last action Captain Bart alone and unaided by any other vessel, captured a Dutch man-of-war, the *Neptune*, carrying thirty-two guns, together with the convoy of fishing-smacks she was escorting.

As a lieutenant, the conduct of this officer was repeatedly brought to the notice of his employers, by the captain under whom he served, for skill and bravery. He was then entrusted with a command, and in his first vessel, mounting but eight pieces of cannon, he attacked and captured a Dutch ship of ten guns.

With his second ship, carrying twenty-four guns, in company with another Corsair, commanded by Captain Keyser, he captured a Dutch Corsair of superior armament, convoying a fishing fleet from Greenland.

Later on, in company with this same Keyser, Bart attacked a large merchant fleet, convoyed by three Dutch men-of-war; Bart himself carried by boarding the Dutchman, a vessel of eighteen guns, leaving to Keyser the task of securing the merchant craft.

Not satisfied with the report of M. Hubert, the Intendant of Dunkirk, Colbert made a second inquiry into the character of the various officers named; the result of this is a memorandum still extant in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Colbert's own hand :—

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CAPTAINS COMMANDING THE DUNKIRK
CORSAIRS.

Jean Bart, Commanding a frigate of 24 guns } Brave men and
Keyser, Commanding a frigate of 18 guns } good sailors.

I place these two captains together because they generally sail in company. They are of Dunkirk origin, aged thirty and thirty-five years, sons and grandsons of famous Corsairs, who gained great renown in the war between Spain and the States-General, prior to the Treaty of Munster. Cornil Bart, father of Jean Bart, was severely wounded at the last siege of Dunkirk.

On every occasion in which they have been engaged they have shown valour and skill. Although the smallness of their means necessitated their shipping first as seamen, then as petty officers at the commencement of the present war, they have never lost their self-esteem or fallen in that of their messmates, and since they have been fortunate enough to obtain independent commands, they have raised themselves to the top of their profession. Together they have captured five of the enemies' frigates, the smallest of which was far heavier than their own vessels. Amongst the many prizes they have taken was a valuable Dutch merchantman, carrying 80,000 pounds' worth of powder, a squadron of whalers, and finally Bart alone carried a Dutch man-of-war of thirty-two guns (the details of this action I am still ignorant of).

16th November, 1676.

Whilst Colbert was evolving projects for the employment of these Corsairs, Jean Bart was gaining fresh honours. On the 11th of September, within four days of the gallant capture of the *Neptune*, he overtook and compelled to surrender a Dutch brigantine, the *Golden Hawk*, and on the 15th the *Corbeau Vert*, a fine vessel laden with Spanish wine, also fell into his hands. On the 21st

a third prize, the *Pelican*, and on the 22nd two more hauled down their flags to our hero. These three last were vessels of considerable value: the *Pelican*, bound from Batavia with indigo, spices, and precious woods; the *Lady Christine* and the *Prophet Daniel*, from Archangel with skins and furs. His own ship's company was so reduced by the prize crews placed on board these vessels, that Jean Bart was compelled somewhat reluctantly to interrupt his victorious career. On reaching Dunkirk, however, he was persuaded; as the winter was approaching, and navigation in the Northern Ocean was dangerous, to lay up the *Palme* until the worst of the season should be past.

In less than three months Bart, tired of a shore-going life, was once more at sea, and once more continuing his career of success. On the 16th of January, 1677, a Greenland whaler, the *Cabillaud*, surrendered and was admitted to ransom, (despite the express prohibition of the king,) for 2800*l.*; in the course of the following month, three other vessels were captured and also set free on payment of bonds aggregating 6500*l.* The simplicity of this procedure had a charm for Bart: his cruise was not interrupted by the necessity of escorting the prize into harbour. He realized as much from the captain of the vessel as he would by a forced sale in Dunkirk, and moreover the money was distributable at once, instead of being retained for months in the hands of the Intendant pending the settlement of the many claims which always sprang up to delay the proceedings in the Admiralty Courts.

In the same month of February, 1677, three more Dutchmen were taken: the *Prince William*, which hauled down her flag at the first shot; the *Good Fortune*, which after a running fight of three hours' duration was dismasted and carried by boarding, losing her captain and six of her crew in her vain attempt to escape; and the *Elephant*, a brigantine from Oporto, laden with wine. After escorting these vessels into Dunkirk, Bart was detained some weeks in port, in order to settle up his accounts with the Admiralty, and to be once more warned of his inability to admit prizes to ransom: still the captain stood too high in his profession for M. Hubert to venture to do more than point out the advisability of conforming more strictly to the Admiralty regulations; and the sums realized by Bart in his pecuniary transactions with the captains of his prizes realized a handsome addition to the king's Exchequer, which at this period was sadly straitened.

On the 1st of May, Jean Bart was once more at sea, and on the 7th of the same month overhauled and boarded a fine three-masted ship, the *Golden Prince*, bound from the Azores with fruit. On convoying his prize to Dunkirk, the merchants who had hitherto employed him were prepared to entrust him with a new and finer ship than the *Palme*, one that had been specially built with a view for speed, and was now to be rigged and equipped under her new captain's eye. The *Dauphin*, Bart's new craft, mounted thirty guns, and carried a crew of 200 men. Anxious to test her capabilities before

winter put an end to the free navigation of the Northern Sea, Jean Bart took his new command out for a cruise in the month of September, and succeeded in bringing into port a brigantine bound from Harwich to Rotterdam with coal and oysters. Several weeks now passed without his seeing a single vessel, and as it was evident that the early break of winter had induced Dutch owners to lay up their craft, Jean Bart stood in to Dunkirk and paid the *Dauphin* off.

Late in December news reached Dunkirk that the herring fishery was being prosecuted by the Dutch with considerable vigour, and that owing to the absence of French Corsairs, no man-of-war was escorting the fishing fleet. Hastily collecting a crew and getting the *Dauphin* ready for sea, Jean Bart cleared from the port on the 30th of December, and on the first day of the new year ran into the fleet on the Doggerbank. The surprise was complete, five vessels were captured before they could escape from the much-dreaded Corsair, and hoping to make more prizes on the morrow, Bart admitted them to ransom for the round sum of 10,600*l.*, and then stood on and off with the idea of cruising off the Bank until the fishing-vessels should return; but the appearance of the *Dauphin* had driven the Dutchmen into harbour, and Bart, seeing no prospect of further prizes, bore up for Dunkirk, paid off his ship, and remained ashore until the month of June.

Towards the middle of this month he once more left port, this time in company with two small

Corsairs, the *Emperor*, Captain Keyser, and the *Lady of Lombardy*, Captain Soutenage. Cruising off the mouth of the Meuse, a Dutch frigate was sighted early on the morning of the 18th of June; the *Lady of Lombardy*, the smallest vessel of the squadron, happened to be nearest the enemy, who, judging her an easy prey, bore down on her, hoping to carry her by boarding before the arrival of her consorts. Soutenage seeing his danger, manœuvred so as to avoid her coming alongside, and succeeded in maintaining the unequal conflict until the *Dauphin*, arriving within range, opened a heavy fire upon the Dutchman, and now it was the turn of the *Sherdam* to dread the boarders of Dunkirk; but, less happy than the *Lady of Lombardy*, the Dutch captain found himself unable to keep clear of the French ships. Tacking in response to signal, the *Lady of Lombardy* bore down on the man-of-war, and she in striving to avoid the shock ran under the lee of the *Dauphin*. Jean Bart quickly had his grappling-irons fixed in the Dutchman's fore-rigging, and, sword in hand, he himself led on the boarders, whilst Soutenage, coming up on the other quarter, poured a strong reinforcement on the *Sherdam's* decks. The Dutch, however, were not to be overcome so easily as Jean Bart hoped. Ranc, the captain of the *Sherdam*, was of different metal to those of his nationality who were wont to haul down their flags at the first shot of a French Corsair, and he animated his brave crew by his own bravery. It was not until he had been badly wounded himself, and fifty-seven out of the ninety-four men of his crew lay low on her decks, that the

brave Ranc hauled down his flag; the fight had lasted an hour and a half, and had been by far the sharpest in which Bart had yet been engaged; he had received a bullet-wound through the calf of his leg, and was badly burnt on the face and hands by the discharge of a cannon as he leaped on board the enemy. As for the *Dauphin*, her cruising days were over; she had been so grievously hulled by the heavy guns of the Dutch man-of-war that it was with the utmost difficulty Bart succeeded in bringing her safe into port. The casualties on the *Dauphin* amounted to six killed and thirty-one wounded. As Jean Bart is reported to have said to the Intendant when relating the fight, "*Le fait est, Monsieur l'Intendant, que ce William Ranc fit une 'rude défense.'*"

In less than a fortnight, Jean Bart, scarcely recovered from his wounds, was once more at sea, this time in command of a fine vessel, the *Mars*, carrying thirty-two guns. Already peace negotiations had been opened between France and the States-General, and it behoved Bart to act with vigour if he desired to add to his fortune before the close of the war. Good-luck once more favoured him; on the 7th of July a fine brig, the *Saint Martin*, bound from Spain to Amsterdam with wine, and on the 18th of the same month the *Saint Antoine*, with general merchandise, fell into his hands. On the 10th of August the Peace of Nimeguen was signed, and Jean Bart, in obedience to instructions received from the Intendant at Dunkirk, paid off his ship and prepared to rest on his laurels.

Colbert had kept his eye upon the brave Corsair of Dunkirk, and had determined, as soon as he could overcome the strong opposition at Court, to enlist Bart into the king's service: his gallant capture of the *Sherdam* enabled him to lay his projects before the king and to push them with more vigour; he was able to explain to the Grand Monarch that by depriving the State of the service of men such as Jean Bart, he was depriving the Exchequer of revenues which now flowed into the pockets of private individuals. Had Jean Bart been in the employ of the king, one-half of the value of his many prizes would have been secured to the State, instead of a beggarly one-tenth. Still, it was months before the king would listen to Colbert's pleading, and it was not until the 8th of January, 1679, that Jean Bart received his commission as lieutenant in the French Navy.

In the future his career is bound up with that of an officer of the regular service; his days as a Corsair are numbered; and though many acts of bravery have still to be recorded—many gallant feats of arms more notable than any he had the opportunity of performing when a mere Corsair—yet they are of interest only as the acts of one whose name is inseparably connected with the history of the Corsairs of France. Jean Bart lives in the memory of his countrymen, not as a distinguished officer of the navy—his career as such is forgotten—but as one of the best known and certainly one of the most popular of French privateers.

It was practically impossible that in a time of

peace any opportunity would be afforded Jean Bart for the display of those seamanlike qualities which had attracted Colbert's attention ; indeed, the rôle of a simple lieutenant in a ship of war was little pleasing to him. It brought him, a rough-and-ready sailor, possessed of little or no education, into daily contact with the wealthy curled darlings of the nation who alone filled the commissioned ranks of the navy,—men with whom he had nothing in common, and who resented the appearance of the Dunkirk Corsair on the quarter-deck of a ship of war. Still, the discipline was of use to our hero ; it accustomed him to phases of life hitherto unknown, and taught him at the same time that mere personal valour was not the only necessary qualification for a sailor.

Having served two years in a subordinate position, Jean Bart, still a lieutenant, was in 1681 entrusted with the command of a small expedition for the purpose of chastizing the Barbary pirates, who were interfering seriously with commerce in the Mediterranean and also on the coast of Guinea. The service was one specially suited to a man of Jean Bart's temperament and experience, and Colbert showed as much wisdom in the selection of a commander as Jean Bart did in the execution of the task confided to him. The nomination of the ex-Corsair caused some heart-burning in naval circles, and Colbert, himself of humble origin, was accused of purposely slighting the many able nobles in the service who were of superior rank to the young lieutenant, and who, without any show of

favouritism, might have been selected for the task. In the month of June, Jean Bart sailed from Dunkirk with two small vessels, the *Vipère*, fourteen, and *Harlequin*, twelve; on the 30th of the same month he fell in with two large feluccas cruising under the coast, within sight of Cape Saint Vincent, whilst dead ahead sailed a large English fleet. Hoisting French colours, Jean Bart fired a blank shot to signal the feluccas to heave to, but they, knowing the heavy reckoning France owed them, separated, and crowding on all sail, endeavoured to escape. One, bearing up for the shore, ran for shallow water, the other stood boldly on for the English fleet, feeling secure that the French man-of-war would not venture to attack her when under the protection of the British guns. Jean Bart at once ordered the *Harlequin* to give chase to this latter craft whilst he pursued the larger one; after a chase of some hours he drove the felucca ashore; then sending his own boats to complete the work of destruction, he, after having removed her guns, valuables, and stores, set her on fire. The crew of the pirate on landing were at once attacked by a detachment of Portuguese troops, and seeing flames arising from their ship, and then feeling that all hope of escape was cut off, incontinently surrendered. The *Harlequin*, on her side, chased the second felucca into the heart of the English squadron; then, in defiance of maritime law, and discourteously neglecting the admiral's signal, she wore ship and stood back to join her consort without saluting the English flag.

Jean Bart now determined to proceed to Lisbon and demand on behalf of the French King the Moorish prisoners who, on the felucca being driven ashore, were recently captured near Cape Saint Vincent. Thanks to the intervention of Baron Oppenheim, French Minister at the Court of Portugal, the demand, though somewhat irregular, was complied with, and Jean Bart, in company with the *Harlequin* and a third French vessel then lying in the Tagus (a Corsair of Dunkirk, commanded by an old friend), shortly left the Tagus, *en route* for the Mediterranean, there to carry on his work of retribution. Two days after leaving Lisbon he once more sighted the English squadron, the felucca contentedly sailing on in their company. Jean Bart decided on a plan of action by which he hoped to destroy the little craft which had so outwitted him. The English were standing on under easy sail, and the three French vessels, smart sailers all of them, soon overhauled them and passed to windward, without dipping colours or lowering topgallant yards. The English admiral indignant at this breach of etiquette, fired a gun to demand the salute, whereupon the three Frenchmen, separating, stood on in different directions; the admiral signalled to give chase, and the felucca, thinking the vessels after whom the English squadron were standing would never venture to attack her, stood on alone to the westward. Confident in the sailing power of his little squadron, Bart kept on his course for some time, then suddenly changing it he bore up after the felucca, the *Harlequin* and Dunkirk Corsair acting in concert with the *Vipère*. The

Moorish craft, thinking this was but a ruse to shake off the English squadron, and taking the three craft for Portuguese vessels, made no attempts to escape, and it was not until the *Vipère*, running up within range, hauled down the Portuguese and flung out the French colours that she discovered her mistake; then it was too late to make any further attempt to escape, as all three Frenchmen were between her and the English squadron, the commander of which, seeing them fling out French colours, was forced to content himself with merely reporting Jean Bart's conduct to the Admiralty. Amongst the prisoners found on board this felucca were some Moorish nobles who secured their freedom by paying a very heavy ransom to Jean Bart; this, together with the sum realized by the sale of the Moorish craft, brought in sufficient money to recoup Colbert for the money spent in fitting out the expedition, and moreover it taught the Moors such a salutary lesson that for a considerable number of years the French flag was unmolested in the waters of the Mediterranean.

Two years after the episode of the Moorish pirates, Jean Bart found himself once more in the Mediterranean, this time in command of a fine frigate, the *Serpente*, of thirty-six guns. France was again at war, and the services of the ex-Corsair were required against Spain. Though still holding but the rank of lieutenant, we find Jean Bart in 1683 exercising an independent command, and with all his accustomed skill and vigour, and we still see him accompanied by his usual good fortune. In the *Serpente* he made one valuable prize: a large

Spanish transport, bound from Cadiz to the Balearic Isles, was sighted, chased, and captured. So far as can be ascertained from contemporary records, the Spaniard showed no fight, though she carried, in addition to her own crew, 350 soldiers destined to increase the garrison of Majorca. Bart's success was once more the signal for hostile attacks on the part of the officers of the king's navy, and Colbert, in deference to the Grand Monarch's wishes, was compelled to relieve the gallant Corsair of his command, and post him as lieutenant to the *Modéré*, another vessel on the Mediterranean station. During the two years he served on this ship, he saw a great deal of active service, was present at the bombardment of Cadiz, capture of Genoa, and rendered material aid in the attack on two large Spanish line-of-battle ships, which struck their flags after a desperate resistance; in this engagement Bart was severely wounded by a fragment of shell in the thigh. The wound necessitated his being invalided home; but with war-clouds hovering over France, Jean Bart was not the man to idle away his time in Dunkirk, and long ere his wound was fairly healed, we find him once more petitioning for employment. The Minister of Marine was unable to give him a ship; Court influence was too strong.

Colbert succeeded, however, in inducing Louis XIII. to promote the brave lieutenant to the rank of commander, and in this grade he remained unemployed for two years. At the expiry of this time, France found herself engaged, not merely against Spain, but against nearly every State in

Europe. The operations, it is true, were chiefly carried on on land, and the Grand Monarch, to Colbert's chagrin, bestowed never a thought on his navy.

In the following year, 1689, when England threw her balance in the scales, the war naturally assumed a maritime character, and then the value of Colbert's Inscription maritime began to be readily recognized. The lists of Corsair captains were once more rescued from dust-covered pigeon-holes, and efforts made to resuscitate the system that had proved so destructive to Dutch trade in the last naval war. But in the ensuing war the profits of privateering were not to be wholly absorbed by private firms. Ministers threw themselves heart and soul into such enterprises, and we find Seignelay, Colbert's son, and now acting under his father's instructions as Minister of Marine, directing the Intendant at Dunkirk to fit out his two smartest frigates, the *Railleuse*, twenty-four, and the *Serpente*, sixteen, and to hand them over to Jean Bart for service in the Channel. Seignelay and the Marquis de Louvois, the Minister of War, conjointly sharing the expense of equipment.*

* Extract of a letter from the Marquis de Seignelay, Secretary of State for the Navy, to M. Patoulet, Intendant at Dunkerque:—

“Le roi m'ordonne pour donner exemple en cette occasion de faire armer en course pour mon compte au commencement de cette guerre: nous voulons armer, M. de Louvois et moi conjointement, un vaisseau à Dunkerque, et j'ai dessin d'en armer un autre avec M. de Croissy. Je suis bien aise de vous le mander de bonne heure, afin que vous choississiez les deux meilleurs. Faites-moi savoir aussi qui vous estimerez plus capable de commander ces bâtiments.”

Such an undertaking was more congenial to Jean Bart than the more regular warfare in large squadrons, and he resumed the old life, though under new conditions, with the utmost pleasure. The fishermen of Dunkirk rallied round him to a man, and when Jean Bart commissioned the *Railleuse* he could have shipped a crew twice as heavy. Although Bart was originally intended to fight against the English, his first encounter in his new command was against the Dutch, and here I might remark that up to this time Jean Bart had never exchanged a single shot with a vessel flying the Union Jack, if we except those fired from the main-deck guns of the *Seven Provinces* when he was serving as A.B. in Ruyter's Fleet. Every prize he captured in the *King David*, the *Palme*, and the *Dauphin* flew Dutch colours, and Bart had yet to learn that there were seamen scouring the English Channel every whit the equals of those that hailed from Dunkirk; however, on this occasion he was once more to have a deal with a Mynheer.

After cruising for some weeks between Harwich and Calais, the look-out on the *Railleuse* signalled a convoy to windward. Shortening sail, Bart permitted the strangers to come up to him, when he discovered them to be a number of small Dutch traders under the escort of a powerful fifty-gun frigate. It was too late now to avoid an action, even had Bart so willed it, but he judged that his two vessels well handled ought to be more than a match for the Dutchman, and even if they could not capture her, they might inflict serious damage

on her convoy. Though commanding a Corsair primarily intended to capture trading-ships, and so to turn war into a mercantile speculation, Bart felt that, holding the king's commission, he would be equally performing his duty were he to attack and sink an enemy's man-of-war. He consequently determined on giving fight to his big adversary with his own ship, whilst the *Serpente* should busy herself in capturing the convoy. The self-imposed task was a perilous one, for the frigate carried twice as many guns as the *Railleuse*, and as she bore proudly down to accept the proffered combat, appeared not only to be ably handled, but to be very powerfully manned. The tactics of the Dutchman were evident; she meant to close on the *Railleuse*, rake her with a broadside delivered at pistol-range, and then having dismasted her and rendered her incapable of manœuvring, to perform the same task with the *Serpente*, and capture both craft at her leisure—or, should they fail to surrender, sink them.

Jean Bart divined the plan, but he had fought Dutchmen before this, and was little concerned at the issue of the encounter; putting a couple more trusty men at the helm, he ordered the hands on deck to lie close, and still stood on his course parallel to the frigate. She, with all sail set, was overhauling the *Railleuse*,—coming up, in fact, hand over hand on her weather quarter. Bart eyed her attentively now she was within hailing distance. Still not a shot, the most intense silence reigned on both ships. Now the bowsprit of the frigate was abreast of the poop-rail of the Frenchman, now it crept up to her

main-rigging, now—and as the voice of the Dutch captain's "Fire," came clear on the breeze, Bart in tones of thunder shouted "Starboard!" and the *Railleuse*, flying up in the wind—crashed into the mizen-chains of the great frigate, and the small-arms men of Dunkirk, springing to their feet, poured a murderous volley on to the deck of the Dutchman, whilst two guns on the forecastle of the Corsair, double shotted with canister, swept the frigate with their point-blank discharge. Ere the captain of the Dutch vessel could realize what Bart's manœuvre might portend, for he little thought the Frenchman would be rash enough to attack a vessel double his own size, Jean Bart and near two hundred of his fellow-townsmen were on the *Seahorse's* deck. And now the fight waxed furious; the guns on the main deck of the Dutchman were quickly reloaded and trained on to the sides of the *Railleuse*, which for a moment or two could only bring her forward guns to bear on her enemy; but as she gradually swung round broadside on to the *Seahorse*, and the two vessels grappled in their deadly embrace, the artillery duel became more equal; the forward battery of the frigate was useless, and through the after ports French sailors poured on board. Nothing could withstand their ardour. Were not they men of Dunkirk, and had not Jean Bart himself, now a commander in the French Navy, commenced life by clambering through the hawse-hole of a Corsair? The Dutch fought bravely too, but, out-manœuvred, they grew faint-hearted, and when their captain sank to the deck, his skull fractured by a blow from a

boarding-pike, the first lieutenant, handing his sword to Captain Bart, surrendered his ship at discretion.

In the meantime the *Serpente*, in obedience to orders, had been overhauling the convoy, and on Bart's signal of recall it was seen had placed prize crews in nine vessels; with his ten prizes, the frigate badly crippled, her rudder and mizen-mast both shot away, Jean Bart bore up for Boulogne, the nearest port. The *Rallieuse*, too, had suffered severely, having been hulled so badly that the pumps were kept going night and day. On the following morning, when within sight of land, a vessel was descried in full chase, and as she overhauled the slow-sailing squadron, she was soon made out to be an English cruiser. Bart was loth to lose his prizes, yet to fight with the *Railleuse* crippled and sinking was an impossibility; throwing himself therefore into his long-boat with thirty of his picked men, he transferred his flag to the *Serpente*, and ordered his first lieutenant, M. de Guermont, to convoy the prizes into Boulogne; then wearing ship he bore down to meet the Englishman—the first English vessel he had yet encountered. Steadily the enemy bore down upon him, and as in the case of the *Seahorse*, captured on the preceding day, without firing a shot. Will she, as the Dutchman did, trust to an artillery duel, or will she cling to the old English tactics, and trust to boarding? Small time for debating on the course to be pursued, and ere Bart can pour one broadside into her the Englishman had crashed into his fore-rigging, and the English boarders were on his decks. For close on an hour the two crews fought

with desperation; now a steady rush on the part of the men of Dunkirk would sweep the enemy from the *Serpente*, and Bart, sword in hand, would lead his men on to the holystoned decks of the English sloop; then a well-timed volley from the small-arms men on the poop, and a wild charge by the English sailors, and the French in their turn were borne back to their own craft, and ever and anon the loud report of guns told that there were some on board either ship who still hoped the day would be decided by the more powerful engines of war. These last were right; depressing their pieces and using heavy charges of powder, the French gunners were sending round-shot after round-shot clean through the hull of the English ship, and she was soon seen to be settling low in the water. To those engaged in the deadly struggle on her decks, this was not noticeable, but to those whose duties kept them at the tiller of the *Serpente*, the fact gradually dawned that the English ship was sinking; now her rail was on a level with that of the little *Serpente*, and now it sank below it, and now her upper deck, slippery with blood and encumbered with dead and dying, was clear to every eye on the smaller ship. The drums of the *Serpente* beat the rally, and with voice and bugle Bart recalled his men and shouted to the English to surrender. Axe and hatchet were now plied to the ropes by which the two ships were lashed together and they drifted apart. Bart swung out his boats to save the vanquished crew. Some few had sought refuge on the *Serpente* ere she forged ahead, but many still remained on their own

ship. Lying on their oars to avoid being involved in the vortex of the sinking ship, the French sailors shouted to their late foe, to spring overboard and swim to the boats, and these, seeing their vessel could not float much longer, made every effort to save themselves. The *Serpente*, hove to but a couple of hundred yards off, offered them every shelter, though the British sailor knew full well that the decks of the Corsair were but the *avant-scène* of a French prison. Still life is precious to all, and as the frigate dipped her nose into the troubled waters, and then, lifting high her stern in the air, dived to the depths of the Channel as if there to hide her shame for ever, there were but three souls who preferred death to dishonour, and those three were officers of the ill-fated craft. Her decks encumbered with prisoners, her scuppers almost flush with the water, and her main-yard shot away, the *Serpente* would have experienced some difficulty in reaching Boulogne, but the noise of the firing was heard from shore, and the near approach of the *Railleuse* and her convoy warned the good people of that port that a second fight was being waged, and that help would be acceptable. Some *chasse-marées* putting out from the harbour made for the sinking *Serpente*, and by their aid Bart was enabled to work his crippled craft home in safety.

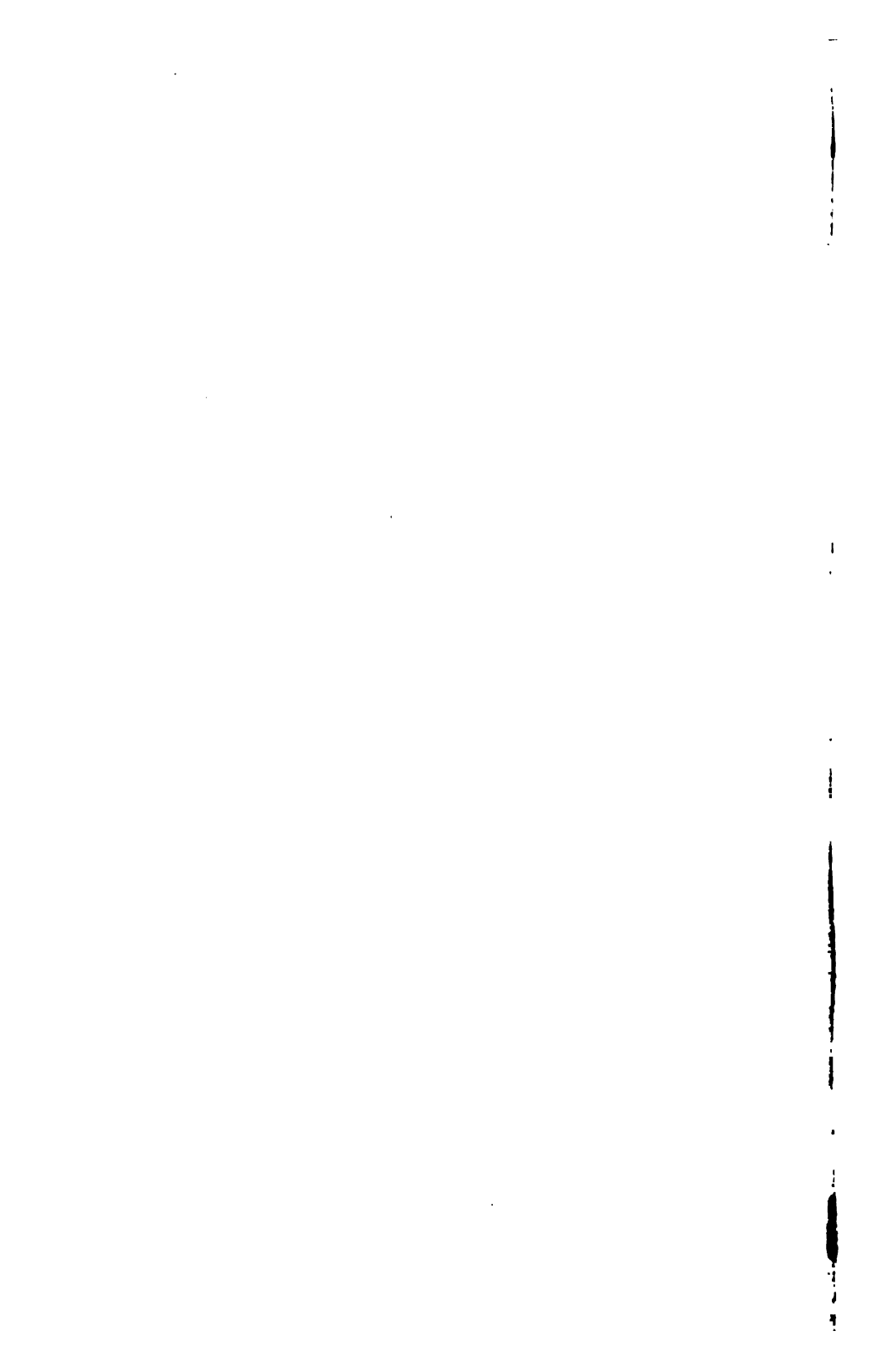
It was some weeks before the *Railleuse* and *Serpente* were in a fit condition to be worked round to Dunkirk, and when they did reach that port it was found such extensive repairs were necessary that it would be impossible to re-commission

them until the following year. Seignelay and his partners in the venture were more than satisfied with the conduct of Jean Bart, but the old class jealousy broke forth, and in order to allow the nobility to share in the honours and glory of his next campaign, a new captain was appointed to the *Serpente* in the shape of the Chevalier de Forbin, a young aristocrat of undeniable skill and gallantry, but with the most sublime contempt for all not born in the purple. In his Memoirs, Forbin is ever unjustly disdainful of such men as Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin, though with equal truth it may be said that he expresses no very high opinion of Trouville, D'Estrades, or indeed of any one save the Chevalier de Forbin.

Early in April, 1689, the two vessels were once more ready for sea; fresh masts and spars, some heavier guns, and an increased sail area had improved the *Railleuse* and *Serpente* beyond recollection, and Bart trusted he might equal, if not excel his successes of the preceding year. On the 25th of April two prizes were captured, two Spaniards, one of four hundred tons, laden with wine, and the second with mahogany. Less than a week after, after an exciting chase, they overhauled and boarded a Dutch Corsair of fourteen guns. By some accident the boarding grapplings carried away, and the Corsair, forging ahead, gave the two vessels some trouble to come up to her; in the meantime the handful of men thrown on board her had been overpowered and slain. This so irritated the Frenchmen that on carrying the ship later on in the day, they refused to give quarter,



JEAN BART AND HIS SON.



and had it not been for the personal interference of Jean Bart and Forbin, there is no doubt they would have kept their word. It was on this occasion that the well-known incident occurred of Bart noticing that his son blanched as the round-shot whistled through the rigging, ordered him to be lashed to the mast. "It is necessary that he should get accustomed to this sort of music," said the father as he gave the necessary orders. The lad was but fourteen years of age, and as the engagement fought that day was neither short nor bloodless, he might well be excused for feeling nervous; in after years Jean Bart had every reason to be proud of the boy whom he so rudely taught to hide his feelings.

At the close of this cruise Jean Bart addressed an able memorandum to the Minister of Marine, based on Colbert's well-known maxim that I have already quoted, a maxim that we in England should ever remember when efforts are made to cut down our navy estimates: "*Commerce is the source of wealth, and wealth the nerve of war.*" He suggested that Government should arm a certain number of light frigates, the smartest sailers to be found, man them with picked men, unite them in groups under the command of a sailor thoroughly conversant with the seas in which they were destined to cruise, and hurl these groups on the merchant-vessels which frequent the Channel, the Northern Ocean, and the Mediterranean.

Enamoured as Seignelay personally was with the idea, he was unable to persuade the Grand Monarch to adopt it; the army absorbed the treasury of the

nation, and the navy was allowed to wallow in comparative neglect. The Minister of Marine, however, fully realized the enormous benefits to be derived from the style of warfare in which Bart was *facile princeps*, and as an outbreak of war with England was daily dreaded, he sent instructions to the Intendant at Dunkirk to bring forward the *Railleuse* again for commission, and to join with her another frigate, the *Jeux* (which was to replace the *Serpente*), as well as the larger prize taken from the Spaniards in Bart's last cruise, and a small frigate recently built at Dunkirk. These four vessels were to be placed under the command of Jean Bart for the purpose of scouring the Channel. As soon as these new vessels had been armed and brought forward for commission, Bart was ordered to proceed to Havre with them and the *Railleuse* and *Jeux*, and thence convoy to Brest a fleet of thirty merchant-ships: the task involved more danger than the Minister anticipated, for English ships of war patrolled the Channel with frequency, and were extremely unlikely to allow such a formidable fleet to escape their systematic search. The result might have been foreseen. Two days after leaving Havre a couple of strange sail were reported; the strangers came gradually into view, first topgallant-sails, then top-sails, then the courses of two large ships were distinctly visible, and as they drew nearer and nearer their frowning ports could be counted, whilst the flowing pennants at the mast-head and the ensign at the mizen-peak showed them to be English men-of-war. These ships were

undoubtedly far superior in metal and crews to the four Frenchmen, nevertheless Bart determined on giving battle: he rapidly decided on his plan of action. With the *Railleuse* and *Jeux* he would attack and endeavour to carry by boarding the larger ship—the *Nonsuch*, forty-eight—whilst the two smaller frigates of his squadron should keep the smaller Englishman, mounting forty-two guns, employed; the convoy, thus freed from danger, were to carry on sail and shape a course for Brest. Unfortunately Bart's subordinate commanders, always excepting Forbin, were not men of the same calibre as their commander, and after receiving one broadside from their enemy they hauled down their flags; this enabled the commander of the *Nonsuch* to attack the *Railleuse* and *Jeux* with two powerful ships, and never for a moment left the battle in doubt, although the heroism with which Bart and Forbin fought in order to save their squadron was of the very highest order. For upwards of two hours the battle raged, and when at last the *Railleuse* struck, every single officer of the *Nonsuch* was killed or wounded, and her boatswain, one Robert Small, received Jean Bart's sword; Forbin had received six or seven wounds, Bart a bad scalp wound. But though the fight had been gallantly fought and the victory dearly won, the French captains had the proud satisfaction of knowing that the convoy which had been entrusted to their care had not been molested, and that the losses inflicted on their assailants in officers and men were nearly double that which they themselves had suffered.

Having placed prize crews on board the four captured ships, Small bore up for Plymouth, and in the castle under watch and ward the French captains were safely lodged, but were allowed not only to receive visitors from the outer world, but the services of their own personal servants. It was not long ere a plan of escape was decided on. Both captains, prior to the surrender of their ships, had secreted in their chests considerable sums of money; they knew full well that a golden key would open most prison doors. Through the dearly-purchased aid of the Flemish doctor who was called in to attend the wounded prisoners, a boat was purchased, fitted out, and provisioned. All efforts to win over the co-operation of the prison officials failed, and it was determined to resort to the time-honoured expedient of filing the window-bars and descending the walls by means of a rope extemporized out of their bed-clothes. On a stormy night, when the wind and rain beating against the outer wall drove the sentries to seek the shelter of the lee of the prison, the two captains, warned by their faithful servants of the laxity of their guards, quickly filed through the small portion still left of the iron bars, and lowering themselves by the ropes, hastened to the spot where their boat was drawn up in charge of a heavily-indemnified fisherman. Bart had in his early days been long accustomed to Channel cruises in an open boat, and this venture was nothing new to him; to Forbin and the Flemish doctor, who shared his perils, the danger was vivid enough. The task of launching the boat in face of such a heavy sea was one of considerable difficulty,

and when this was surmounted, there was the additional danger of falling into the hands of the small cruisers which patrolled the entrance to the port. Fortunately, owing to the heavy weather, these vessels that night showed a lack of vigilance, and when morning dawned and the wind fell to a strong steady north-westerly breeze, the coast of England was already out of sight. The voyage presented no further difficulties, and forty-eight hours after leaving Plymouth the fugitives beached their boat at Hanqui, a small village near St. Malo. To the Intendant of that port full accounts were rendered of their action with the *Nonsuch*, the cowardly desertion of De Guermont, their capture, and escape. Having thus acquitted themselves of their official obligations, the two captains separated, Forbin hastening to Versailles to claim a reward from the king; Jean Bart to Dunkirk with the object of obtaining further employment and wiping out what he imagined would be the stigma attaching to him on account of his last engagement.

Seignelay held other views than Jean Bart on this question, and within a few days of the arrival of our hero at Dunkirk he received the gratifying intelligence that as a reward for his past brilliant services, more especially as a reward for his gallant action with the *Nonsuch*, his majesty had been pleased to direct that a commission as Capitaine de Vaisseau should be conferred on him, in lieu of his commission as Capitaine de Frigate lost in the capture of the *Railleuse*. Forbin was similarly honoured; indeed, if we may accept the statement in his Memoirs as

the English ships got within a league of him, the rest were three leagues astern; seeing the French out-sailed him, Benbow gave up the pursuit. The result of his first action proved the justice of Jean Bart's views on the value of small squadrons of light ships. On the 26th July, after a combat of four hours' duration, in which the enemy were considerably over-matched, he captured four English merchantmen under convoy of a forty-four gun frigate: two days later he steered into the middle of the Dutch fishing fleet and burnt eighty-four of them. His decks now being encumbered with prisoners, he steered to the westward and disembarked over 800 English and Dutchmen on the coast of Scotland. Then, standing to the southward, anchored at the mouth of the Tyne, and disembarked a powerful landing-party under the Chevalier Forbin, with orders to ravage the country as much as was possible within the space of four and twenty hours. Over 300 houses were burnt, an immense amount of valuables carried away, and all the corn in the neighbourhood destroyed. The approach of a body of troops compelled Forbin to fall back on the coast, and he re-embarked under cover of the guns of the squadron, having lost but one man killed.

On the 24th of November, Bart re-entered Dunkirk with treasure and merchandise amounting to 100,000*l.*, and with four large ships as prizes. Of the damage committed in the raid on the Northumbrian coast it is impossible to make any estimate; it at any rate showed to the English that their shores were open to a hostile descent, and should serve us their descendants a very salutary lesson.

A short cruise in the month of December, enabled Jean Bart to add to his list of prizes six Dutch merchant-ships laden with grain, and a fifty-gun frigate which had them in escort. In the course of this service he brought himself into conflict with the Admiralty authorities. Rumours had been persistently circulated that in ransoming prizes, Jean Bart had always retained for his own use very considerable sums, and had systematically understated the amounts received. Patoulet, the Intendant of Dunkirk, accordingly placed an official on board the *Entendu*, as a sort of Admiralty agent, to overhaul Bart's accounts. As might have been anticipated, constant quarrels supervened, and Bart maintaining his right to be captain on board his own ship, clapped the officious official into irons, and steered home to Dunkirk. Patoulet's indignation was extreme, and he made the strongest representations to Pontchartrain on the subject. Bart retorted with acrimony, and finally the minister summoned the irate captain to Versailles to give an account of his own behaviour.

Innumerable are the stories told of the conduct of the simple captain at Versailles, but they have little to do with his career as a Corsair of France. Both sovereign and minister treated him with the most perfect cordiality, and if any suspicions ever existed in Pontchartrain's mind as to the probity of our hero they were speedily dispelled.

So struck was the Grand Monarch with the modesty and simplicity of Jean Bart, that it is stated

he openly said at a *levée*, "Jean Bart, I would to God I had ten thousand men like you."

"I can well believe it," naively replied the sailor, looking simply round on the perfumed courtiers, who regarded his appearance at the court with indignation.

The winter 1691-2 was spent by Jean Bart ashore. Pontchartrain judged it expedient not to excite too much the jealousy of naval officers by a too continuous employment of one who had entered the service, not by the regular door of favouritism, but by the back entrance of merit. In the following spring (1693), however, he was to join the flag of Tourville in the *Glorieux* frigate (62). In this vessel he was present at the disastrous fight of La Hogue, where the French fleet, overpowered by numbers was broken into fragments and destroyed piecemeal.

The *Glorieux*, however, escaped, and again in the following year was attached to the fleet assembled under Tourville at Brest for the purpose of attacking a heavy fleet of merchantmen *en route* from the Mediterranean to the Channel. Having once cleared the Straits of Gibraltar, the English admiral looked on his convoy as safe (little dreaming that Louis XIV. had collected another fleet), and made his way home, leaving but a small squadron of ships of war in charge of the valuable Smyrna fleet. Off Cape St. Vincent, Tourville fell in with the English squadron, attacked and dispersed it, destroying property estimated at many millions. Bart on this occasion carried by boarding two fine Dutch Indiamen which

had joined company with the English fleet a few days before the battle.

Whilst Tourville bore up for Brest, Jean Bart was directed to take the frigates *Moor*, (52), *Fortuné*, (52), *Mignon*, (44), *Comte*, (40), *Adroit*, (40), to Vleker in Norway, thence to escort a convoy of merchant-vessels laden with corn for the French markets. Having satisfactorily accomplished this mission, he once more put to sea, and on the 15th of November was fortunate enough, off the Doggerbank, to capture three armed English cruisers—the *Milford*, *Warrington* and *Prince of Wales*. The first-named ship being an exceedingly smart craft, he determined to retain her; therefore, gutting the other vessels of their armament and valuables, he sold them to their captains for a sum aggregating 5000*l.*, and conveyed the *Milford* alone into port, reaching Dunkirk in the early days of December without having met with any further adventure.

Once more the winter was passed ashore, and once more with the spring, Jean Bart was ordered to proceed to Vleker and escort to France a large convoy of merchantmen, laden with grain. To the squadron commanded the previous year the frigates *Bienvenue* and *Portefaix* were added. Bart's instructions were not merely to convoy the fleet home, but to attack and capture any enemy's vessels he might meet.

On the 28th of June, 1694, the little squadron sailed, and on the following morning a large fleet was seen to windward. Beating up to meet it, to Jean Bart's

dismay it proved to be the very convoy he was about to escort, which, leaving Vleker before the time appointed, had been captured by a fleet of eight Dutch men-of-war, under the command of Vice-Admiral Hidde de Viries. Although immensely outnumbered, Jean Bart determined to attempt to retake the fleet; its loss meant famine in the land, and this fact, well-known to the Dutch authorities, had induced them to send forged orders to Vleker, and to take other steps for the capture of so rich a prize.

The immense superiority of the Dutch gave Jean Bart no hope of victory were he to permit an artillery battle to be entered on, he therefore hung out the signal for his vessels to close on the enemy, and carry their ships by boarding.

This list shows the magnitude of the task :—

FRENCH.	DUTCH.
Glorieux . . . 62	Prince de Frise . . 74
Maure . . . 52	Princess Emilie . . 68
Fortuné . . . 52	Oster Stelling . . 54
Mignon . . . 44	Stadenland . . . 54
Comte . . . 40	City of Flushing . . 54
Adroit . . . 40	Buscherneis . . . 44
Bienvenue . . . 26	Oudenarde . . . 40
Portefaix . . . 20	Zee Reipe . . . 40
<hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 336 guns.	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 428 guns.

Laying himself alongside the *Prince de Frise*, Jean Bart himself led on the boarders; and as the whole crew of the *Glorieux* formed the boarding-party, which poured on the decks of the Dutch Flag-ship whilst a great number of her men were employed below working her lower deck-guns, the French in this struggle had the advantage, and were able to prevent

the Dutchmen in the lower batteries from aiding their messmates above. For close on half an hour the fight raged with relentless fury on the Dutch ship's decks, and then Admiral Hidde Von Vries, to avoid further bloodshed, hauled down his flag. Over 300 dead and wounded lay on his decks, and he himself was so grievously hurt that he died shortly after reaching Dunkirk.

The other vessels of the French squadron showed equal energy and determination; the *Fortuné* (52), without a moment's hesitation, laid herself alongside the *City of Flushing* (54), but the Dutchman cutting adrift the grappling-irons, crowded on all sail, and so escaped from the fight. The *Comte* though carrying but forty guns, pressed on in pursuit, but was in her turn attacked by the *Princess Emilie*, a large two-decker armed with sixty-eight guns, and was compelled to sheer off and seek a weaker antagonist; the *Mignon* (44) after an extremely sharp conflict succeeded in compelling the *Stadenland*, a large vessel and carrying ten more guns, to strike her flag. The *Adroit* (40), found a worthy foe in the *Zee Reipe* of the same number of guns; but being attacked on the other quarter by *Oster Stelling* (54), was forced to signal the *Fortuné*, now disengaged, to come to her aid, and so was deprived of reaping the fruits of the capture of the *Zee Reipe*, which struck to the *Fortuné* after a few moments' experience of the boarding qualities of the men of Dunkirk. Seeing the fate of their three consorts, the remaining Dutch ships, abandoning the convoy they had failed

to preserve, stood off for the mouth of the Scheldt, and Jean Bart, signalling his own squadron to close round the recaptured convoy, and having placed strong prize crews on the three fine men-of-war he had captured, bore up at once for Dunkirk. In the museum of that town there exists a somewhat indifferent picture, representing Jean Bart disembarking from the *Glorieux* amidst the plaudits of the whole population. Never before had such a sight been witnessed by the town of Dunkirk, yet in its day it had seen many thousand prizes borne into its harbour; but now their brave fellow-townsmen had not only recaptured the sixty vessels laden with corn, the loss of which would have been such a terrible blow to France, but had torn them from a convoy carrying ninety-two guns more than his own squadron, and had safely brought into port three men-of-war of seventy-four, fifty-four, and forty guns, on one of which flew Bart's flag surmounting the broad pennant of a Dutch Vice-Admiral.

On the day of his arrival at Dunkirk, Jean Bart at once despatched his son to Versailles, as bearer of his own written report of the engagement. The Minister of Marine received the lad with the greatest cordiality, and led him, travel-stained as he was, into the king's presence. The Grand Monarch's welcome was not less gracious, and to commemorate more particularly the victory that had dissipated all fears of the famine, which was even then threatening the country, the king gave instruction for a medal to be struck and distributed to all officers present in the engagement. One of these medals still exists in the

museum of Dunkirk. On the one side is an effigy of the Grand Monarch, with the words, "Ludovicus magnus, rex Christissimus;" on the other, the Goddess Ceres standing on the sea-shore, with hands outstretched and in them ears of corn, welcoming an approaching vessel, and the words, "Annona augusta: Fugatis aut Captis Bat: nav. MDCXCIX." In addition to this very rare distinction, Louis XIV. bestowed on Jean Bart the order of Saint Louis, granted him a patent of nobility, and handed to his young son Cornil, a commission as *Enseigne de vaisseau*, and further charged his Treasury with an annual payment of 2000*l.* to the gallant captain.

On the 13th July following, Bart, cruising off the mouth of the Meuse, fell in with a convoy of eighty small craft escorted by three Dutch frigates of forty-two, twenty-four, and sixteen guns. At once engaging the largest of the three, he sunk her, and then turned on the smaller craft, which, profiting by a favourable wind and shoaling water, succeeded in shaking off their pursuer and escaping. It subsequently transpired that the sunken ship carried treasure exceeding the value of 100,000*l.* The loss of this ship was a great blow to Bart, who ever regretted that he had not on this, as on so many former occasions, determined to trust his fortune entirely to his boarding-party.

It is related, but without much proof, by French authors that the Prince of Orange was on one of these smaller vessels, and that, on learning from his captain that the vessel approaching under French colours was no other than the *Glorieux*, he at once gave

instruction for his flag to be struck. "If this brave man sees that I am on one of these ships, he will risk everything to capture me;" and thus unnoticed and unpursued, William III. lost an opportunity of seeing the lower deck of a French frigate. On the other hand, the *Gazette de la Haye* of the 18th of November, 1694, gives a totally different view of the transaction, merely stating that, being about to embark at Orange Polder on the 16th, and there learning that on the 13th of that month Jean Bart had attacked a convoy of Dutch ships in the immediate neighbourhood, the Prince deferred his departure until he had learnt that the intrepid Corsair had re-entered Dunkirk.

In the course of the succeeding year the English, who in 1694 had bombarded with varying success St. Malo, Havre, and Dieppe, determined on reducing Dunkirk to ashes. On the 6th of August, 1695, a powerful squadron of ships-of-war, mortar-boats, and fire-ships appeared off the port and subjected the town to a violent cannonade, throwing, it is said, over 1200 shells into the place. During this affair Jean Bart had disembarked his crew and taken charge of the Fort Bonne Espérance; the fire of his guns inflicted considerable damage on the enemy's squadron, a frigate of twenty-eight guns and two fire-ships sinking opposite its walls. That night, having failed to fire the town, and, according to a contemporary historian, not having inflicted a single louis' worth of damage, the English fleet withdrew.

The next year (1696), owing to a succession of

bad harvests, Jean Bart was once again deputed to proceed to Flekkefiord to escort a convoy of grain-laden ships. The squadron under his command consisted of the *Maure*, 54, *Mignon*, 44, *Adroit*, 44, *Jersey*, 40, *Comte*, 40, *Alcyon*, 38, and *Milford*, 36 (this last being an English prize). News of his intended despatch having leaked out, Jean Bart, when ready to put to sea, found the port closely blockaded, and was compelled, as on the previous occasion, to act with caution in order to avoid the beleaguering squadron. Taking advantage of a dark night and a heavy north-westerly gale, which had induced the English squadron to run for shelter to their own coasts, Jean Bart with his well-found squadron beat out of the harbour and up into the North Sea. A week later he spoke two Danish vessels, and from them he learnt that a large Dutch fleet under Admirals Mindger and Wanzell was lying in the port of Christiania waiting for the departure of the French convoy in order to repeat their tactics of the previous year. Bart determined to change his plan of action, and, instead of waiting for the convoy as he had intended, resolved first to attack and drive off the Dutch fleet, and then to escort the grain-ships peaceably to Dunkirk. A day or two later Bart learnt from other vessels that a large fleet of Dutch merchant-vessels was on the point of leaving the Baltic for the Scheldt and that Admiral Mindger had detached part of his fleet to escort them home. While beating up to the northward for the purpose of attacking the Dutchmen, Bart sighted the enemy's squadron on the 17th of June,

about six miles to windward, and standing south-south-west. It consisted of eighty merchant-ships and five men-of-war—frigates only, two of 44, two of 38, and one of 24 guns. Jean Bart signalled his squadron to close on the flagship, and for the captains to come on board the *Maure* for orders.

In a few short impassioned sentences the brave Bart explained his plan of action. "Avoid all artillery duels, lay yourselves alongside the enemy's men-of-war, carry them by boarding, and then the merchant-vessels will have no chance of escape." The *Maure*, *Jersey*, *Mignon*, *Adroit*, and *Comte* were told off to attack the men-of-war, the *Alcyon* and *Milford* were ordered to watch events, offer assistance if necessary, but should they see all going on well to take steps for the capture of the convoy. Unfortunately that afternoon the wind fell, and the two squadrons lay within sight of each other: the Dutch unable to escape, the French unable to attack. At dawn, on the 18th, seeing the Dutch squadron gradually edging to the southward under a light northerly breeze, Bart, who during the night had drifted some distance from them, at once put his squadron about and made sail after them.

At eight a.m. Bart overtook the enemy's fleet and at once bore down on the flagship. In passing, however, he ran to windward of a smaller craft, the *Dent Arent*, and poured in such a broadside at close range as to entirely dismast her; then signalling the *Milford* to board and capture her, he moved on to attack the *City of Haarlem*. The Dutch commodore endeavoured to avoid the *Maure*, but in bearing

away from her she fouled a merchant-vessel, and this enabled Bart to lay the *Maure* alongside and throw his boarders on to the Dutchman's decks; the struggle was of short duration but sharp enough while it lasted, Bart's casualties amounting to seventeen killed. The Dutch had suffered far more severely, the commodore, Bokem, and fifty-one men lying dead on the *City of Haarlem's* decks.

In the meantime the *Jersey* and *Alcyon* passing on either side of *Lord Holmes*, an English-built ship flying the tricolour of the States-General, poured in most destructive volleys. The *Jersey*, wearing ship when she was a cable's length ahead, discharged a second broadside which raked the unfortunate Dutchman, and left her an easy prey for her own boarders. The *Alcyon*, as agreed on between the two ships, stood on to attack the *Meldam*, and after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in which the Dutch captain perished, she too struck her flag. There was now but the *Sauldeck* remaining of the whole Dutch squadron; this vessel, ably commanded, gave the *Mignon* an infinity of trouble before she was captured, and this was not effected until the *Adroit* had passed alongside and poured in broadside after broadside under her lee.

Jean Bart learning from the officers of the *City of Haarlem* that the fleets of Admirals Mindger and Wanzell were but a few hours' sail astern, hastened to put prize-crews on board the captured men-of-war, and instructed the officers in command of the prizes to bear up for Dunkirk. As for the merchant-fleet, unfortunately no time could be spared to

pursue those that were standing off in-shore, but the *Comte* and the *Milford* adroitly performed the task assigned to them, and succeeded in capturing nine of the largest.

Barely had the prize-crews been placed on the captured vessels when the look-outs signalled thirteen large ships away to leeward; these proved, as Jean Bart feared, the leading vessels of Wanzell's fleet, and comprised two line-of-battle ships of 74 guns, two of 64, and one of 60, three frigates of 46, one of 40, and one of 34; in all 548 guns.

The inopportune arrival of this powerful squadron in nowise disconcerted the intrepid sailor. His men, inflamed with their recent victory, were ready enough for another fight and more than confident of success; but some of the ships had suffered severely in the recent engagement, notably the *Mignon*, whose rudder was disabled, and it was idle to hope to fight a successful battle with half his crews manning the Dutch prizes, and with his own decks encumbered with over a thousand prisoners. Signalling his captains to come on board for orders, Bart at once communicated his plans. All the prisoners were to be placed on board the *Dent Arent* and allowed to proceed to Holland, the captains and senior officers only being retained as hostages, and the Dutch officers jointly signing an agreement that the *Dent Arent* should be sent round to Dunkirk as soon as she had landed her discharged prisoners. The guns of the remaining four ships were to be hove overboard, their powder

damped, all valuables removed, and vessels then set on fire.

Jean Bart had no wish to expose his own squadron to loss, as he felt that loss must inevitably result from an engagement with such a vastly superior force; but he was determined that the enemy should reap the full loss of his gallant action of the morning, he therefore shortened sail until the burning men-of-war and merchant-ships were utterly consumed, and then crowding on all sail stood down south for Dunkirk. Stupefied at Bart's audacity, and fearing that crews might be on some of the burning ships, Wanzell's squadron wasted some time in endeavouring to offer aid; when the whole truth was learnt, and the signal for chase hung out, the French squadron was hull down and night supervening made good their escape.

The Dutch losses on this occasion amounted to four men-of-war and thirty-seven merchant-vessels burnt, their value being estimated at close on a million sterling; the commodore, one captain, and eight other officers were killed, whilst in the lower ranks eighty-seven men were killed and 143 wounded. The French losses were but three officers and twenty-seven men killed, one officer and fifty-six men wounded.

Irrespective of this striking victory, the cruise was otherwise thoroughly successful; the Dutch fleets having been dispersed, the convoy reached the coast of France in safety, and Bart once more had been instrumental in saving France, if not from actual famine, at any rate from grievous want. The

Grand Monarch was not forgetful of his services, for on the 1st of April, 1697, he was promoted to the rank of commodore, and placed in command of his Majesty's ships and squadrons in all the ports of Flanders, in the place of the Marquis de Lanzeron, deceased.

In the following year Jean Bart saw no active service, and the Peace of Ryswick in 1698 put an end to all hopes of further employment for the present. The peace, however, was not of long duration; within two years, Austria, England, and the States-General entered into what was termed the Grand Alliance, and once more declared war on France. Whilst busily preparing to meet his enemies on land, the Grand Monarch was not unmindful of the excellent service performed during the last war by his fleet, and was not likely to overlook those in particular of Jean Bart.

Instructions were at once forwarded to Dunkirk for that commodore to prepare a squadron for employment in the Channel, and a fine 74-gun ship, the *Fendant*, recently launched at Havre, was worked round to Dunkirk for Bart to commission as his flagship. But Bart's last fight was fought, his last prize won. Never sparing himself when work was to be done, and never calling upon his men to do what he would not do himself, he slaved night and day in order to bring forward his squadron for sea. Night and day, wet and fine, the indefatigable old commodore—not old in years, for he was but two-and-fifty, but grey and worn with wounds and exposure—was seen tramping round the dockyard

encouraging the workmen and stirring up the sluggards. He was little used to the peculiar mental strain such work involved, and somewhat dreaded the responsibility attached to his new post. Large sums of money destined for wages, stores, and purchase of timber, sails, and cordage, naturally passed through his hands, and not blessed with a high-class education, Jean Bart was much exercised lest defalcations should be suspected. He had not forgotten Patoulet's suspicions. The excitement connected with the administration part of his office produced a fever, and this coming on after a severe chill brought on pleurisy. The hardy seaman had suffered much in health of recent years, and he was in no condition now to battle with disease. Vainly he strove to carry on his work, still more vainly to bear up with the heroic remedies of that age. Cupping and blisters, blisters and cupping were the only specifics used by the faculty of Dunkirk, and they quickly did their work. On the 27th of April, 1702, just five days after his first seizure, Jean Bart, who had faced death in a hundred deadly fights, passed peacefully away in the little house in the Rue de l'Église: the house in which he had been born, and in which his father, the stout old Cornil Bart, too had met his only conqueror.

Still may his tomb be seen at the foot of the high altar in the church of St. Eloi in his native town, and in its museum and its archives many most interesting memorials of his gallant actions may be found. Whilst his name is perpetuated in his native town, it still lives in other parts of France, and

was until a recent period preserved in the French navy as the baptismal appellation for one of their ships-of-war. In 1801 we find the *Jean Bart*, 74, playing a brave part under Gantheaume in his attempt to prevent Abercromby landing in Egypt. Eight years later, the same line-of-battle ship, escaping from Brest with the squadron under Willaumez, was driven into the Basque roads by Lord Gambier, and there destroyed by the fire-ships of the daring Cochrane. In 1828 the flagship of the squadron destined to demand satisfaction from Don Pedro of Brazil, was the *Jean Bart*; in the year 1864, the training-ship for French naval cadets bore the same undying name. What more suitable one could be chosen for a vessel destined to be the field of instruction for the future Jean Barts of France? Now, unfortunately, no *Jean Bart* is to be found in the Navy List; but along the northern coast of France many a fine *chasse-marée* and many a staunch lugger bears the name of one of the most popular and one of the most successful sailors France has yet produced.

List of prizes captured from the Dutch by Jean Bart, in vessels carrying Letters of Marque, before he was granted a King's Commission.

Date of Capture.	Name of Prize.	Name of Corsair.	Date of Capture.	Name of Prize.	Name of Corsair.
1674			1676		
Mar. 27	Homme Sauvage	King David, 2 guns, 36 men.	Mar. 29	Tertoole, 16 guns	Palme, 24 guns, 150 men.
April 5	Friendly Adventure	"	" "	Eight fishing lug- gers	"
May 11	St. Paul of Bruges	"	Sept. 3	Hope of Bremen	"
" 15	Smack, name not given	"	" 7	Neptune, 32 guns	"
June 3	Two briga, names not given	"	" "	Eight fishing- smacks	"
Aug. 27	Elizabeth	Royale, 10 guns, and 80 men.	" 11	Golden Hawk	"
Sept. 11	A Greenland wha- ler, 8 guns	"	" 15	Corbeau Vert	"
Oct. 8	Baleine Gris	"	" 21	Felican	"
" 24	St. George	"	" 23	Lady Christine ...	"
			" "	Prophet Daniel ...	"
1675			1677		
Jan. 13	Ville de Paris	"	Jan. 16	Cabilhan	"
" 17	Premier Jugement de Solomon	"	Feb. 8	3 briga, names unknown	"
" 21	Eperance, 12 guns	"	" 10	Prins Wilhelm ...	"
July 31	Arms of Ham- burg, 12 guns	"	" 14	Good Fortune, 8 guns	"
Aug. 4	Levrier, 12 guns...	"	" 23	Elephant	"
" 8	Bergère 12 guns...	"	May 7	Golden Prince ...	"
" "	15 fishing crafts...	"	Sept. 8	Brig, name un- known	Dauphin, 30 guns, 200 men.
Oct. 24	Arbre de Chêne...	"	1678		
1676			Jan. 1	Five fishing-lug- gers	"
Mar. 25	Brig, name un- known	Palme, 24 guns, 180 men.	June 13	Sherdam, 24 guns	"
			July 7	St. Martin	Mars.
			" 18	St. Antoine	"

Total number of prizes.

King David	6 vessels.
Royale	26 "
Palme	33 "
Dauphin	7 "
Mars	2 "
		—
		Total 74 "

Principal prizes made by Jean Bart after receiving a King's Commission.

Date of Capture.	Name of Prize.	Name of Captor.	
1681	2 Moorish feluccas.....	Vipère, 16	Also sunk English Corsair, and was in turn captured by Nonsuch, 50.
1683	Spanish transport	Serpente, 36	
1689	Seahorse, 50 guns	Railleuse, 24	
	2 Spanish ships	Serpente, 16	
	Dutch Corsair, 14	" "	
	Saint Anthony	Jason, 48	
	Rose of the Sea	" "	
	3 Dutch whalers.....	" "	
	Huron	" "	
1690	Resolution	Alcyon, 26	
	Dutch brig	" "	Landed and ravaged the neighbourhood of Newcastle.
	10 Hamburg traders.....	" "	
1691	4 English brigs	Entendu, 60	
	84 Dutch fishing-smacks	" "	
	6 Dutch whalers	" "	
	1 Dutch frigate, 50 guns	" "	
1693	Milford	Glorieux, 60, & 7 consorts	
	Prince of Wales	" "	
	Warrington	" "	
1694	Prince de Frise, 7½	" "	
	Stadenland, 54	" "	The Dent Arent was ransomed, the other prizes all burnt to prevent their recapture.
	Zeeripe, 40	" "	
1696	Dent Arent, 74	" "	
	City of Haarlem, 7½	" "	
	Lord Holmes, 50	" "	
	Weldam, 44	" "	
	Sauldeck, 30	" "	
	37 Merchant-vessels	" "	

CHAPTER III.

JACQUES CASSARD OF NANTES.

A prophet unhonoured in his own land—Commences life as a fisherboy off Newfoundland—Serves as *mousse* in a St. Malo Corsair—Commands a bombship in the bombardment of Carthagena—Entrusted with the command of a Corsair by the people of Nantes—Gallant capture of the *William Duncan*—Presented to Louis XIV., and nominated to the command of a king's ship—His successes in the *Saint William*—Captures Dutch corvette *Catherine*—Makes fresh prizes off coast of Ireland—Shifts to the *Saint Anne*—Convoys a fleet of Marseilles merchantmen from Tunis to France—Ingratitude of merchants—In 1710 safely convoys a fleet from Syracuse—Captures two English men-of-war, the *Falcon* and *Pembroke*—Promoted captain in the navy—Commands expedition to the Cape de Verdes—Ravages British and Dutch settlements in West Indies—Superseded in his command—Returns to France—Falls into disgrace—Insults Fleury—Incarcerated as a State prisoner—Dies in prison.

THE cloud that hung over Cassard's later days may perhaps account for the fact that he is practically unknown outside France, and that even in his own country he is almost a prophet without honour. Contemporary with Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin, his early deeds vie with theirs, nay excel them; had it not been that his life was embittered by the ungenerous actions of the merchants of Marseilles, whose city he saved from famine, and by the insults and neglect of the Government he served so

well, he would doubtless have been handed down to posterity as one of France's noblest heroes.

As it was, the sense of unredressed wrongs, of unrequited services, converted the open-hearted, daring Corsair into the soured misanthrope; and the Court of Versailles, which at one time was wont to shower down upon him honours with no niggard hand, turned a deaf ear to his supplications, and finally, weary of his importunities, cast him into a State prison. Thus it was that no contemporary historian was found to laud his gallant actions, and that he himself was disinclined to write his own memoirs. Had he but achieved the fame which at one time seemed within his grasp, doubtless, like Jean Bart, he would have found some writer anxious to record the career of the dashing and successful Corsair, or maybe, like Duguay Trouin or Forbin, he could have left us his own personal recollections painted with the glaring colours of self-love and self-glorification. But, doomed to failure and to disappointment, Cassard found no historian bold enough to risk the anger of the Court, by compiling the memoirs of the sailor who twice saved France from famine, and who by his own unaided exertions won for the cabin-boy of Nantes the uniform of a captain in the king's navy ere he had attained the age of five-and-forty years, and a king's commission ere he was thirty.

Though but little known outside his native city, Cassard's name is borne in affectionate remembrance by the good people of Nantes. Many a visitor to that Breton port wonderingly asks who may be the

Cassard whose statue adorns the *façade* of the Bourse, and what was his renown that one of the *quais* of the city should be named in honour of an unknown man? At the opening of the eighteenth century the name of Jacques Cassard was on the lips of every Frenchman, at the close of the nineteenth not one in a hundred knows or cares one iota about him.

Of Cassard's early life we know but little. This we know, that he was born in 1672, and that his father was the captain of a small craft trading between Nantes and the Levant. At his father's death, which happened when our hero was but ten years old, the widow found herself thrown on the world with three daughters and one son. Utterly unprovided for, Madame Cassard turned to her friends for help. These friends at once determined that our young hero should follow his father's calling, and he was straightway shipped off to the coasts of Newfoundland in a fishing-brig hailing from St. Malo. Three years were passed in this way, years fraught with hardship and with peril, but serving in no small degree to accustom the future Corsair to a life of danger and privation, and innoculating him with a love of adventure.

At the age of fourteen, in 1686 the young Corsair, through the influence of his late captain, obtained an engagement in a Malouine Corsair, and passed the ensuing nine years of his life in this exciting calling. No particulars of this portion of his career are to be found, but that he gained more than mere local renown is evident, for we learn from the Archives

of the Marine that when he was five-and-twenty (1697), the Baron de Pointis selected him to command the bomb-ship attached to the squadron proceeding to Carthage. De Pointis was a man of noble birth and of considerable reputation in the king's fleet. He had served under Duquesne at Algiers, and with D'Estrées at Tripoli; he had commanded a line-of-battle ship in Tourville's memorable engagement with the English fleet on the 10th of July, 1690, and had been nominated one of the first Knights on the institution of the Order of St. Louis. As an aristocrat, and a member of the most aristocratic profession, it was natural that he should select none but men of birth and station to serve under him. That Cassard, erstwhile the cabin-boy of Nantes, should have been thus chosen, proves that though his early deeds have not been handed down to posterity, they were of such a nature as to have established his reputation amongst his contemporaries.

The expedition of M. de Pointis was one of those semi-filibustering affairs so often waged by France in distant climes. All the resources of the kingdom were needed for the carrying on of wars in Europe, and the French Government had little leisure, and still less money, to warrant it turning its thoughts further afield. Yet treasure was to be gained, and the enemies of France weakened, by descents on their far-off colonies, and the king's ministers turned willing ears to proposals from speculative filibusters who proposed these trans-oceanic excursions. When adequate guarantees were offered, king's ships were

freely given, and the king's commission willingly bestowed on those ready to risk money and life in attacking the colonial possessions of the foes of France.

Just as the king would place one of his own ships at the disposal of a renowned Corsair, on the condition that the State was put to no expense in the fitting of her out, and that one-tenth of the profits made during the cruise were paid into the king's coffers, so were the ministers ready to share in like manner in more ambitious flights. When M. de Pointis, the tried and trusted friend of Duquesne, of D'Estrées, and of Tourville, suggested to Pontchartrain, then Minister of Marine, that he was prepared to undertake a descent on Carthagena, one of the richest Spanish settlements in South America, and submitted names of wealthy ship-owners and merchants in Paris and Brittany, who were willing to advance all the funds for the venture, the minister gladly welcomed the proposal. De Pointis' force consisted of ten line-of-battle ships carrying from seventy-four to fifty-six guns, four frigates carrying thirty-six, a bombship, and some smaller craft, in which were embarked 5000 troops destined to form the army of invasion. Pontchartrain, who took a warm interest in the undertaking, had sent instructions to M. Du Casse, governor of St Domingo, to raise 1200 men from amongst the filibusters of the West Indian Islands, to add to the strength of the land forces, and he had also placed at M. de Pointis' disposal a number of engineers and artillery officers to direct the land operations.

Cassard, whose name for daring gallantry and smart seamanship had led to his selection by De Pointis, was nominated to the command of the bombship, and in this capacity he accompanied the fleet which left Brest on the 7th of January, 1697. The passage across the Atlantic, undertaken at the very worst season of the year, was fraught with extreme peril; a series of very heavy gales were encountered, and Cassard's craft, little adapted for such a perilous voyage, was compelled to part company with the rest of the fleet, and it was only by dint of the greatest exertions that the strained and leaky bombship was safely navigated to the island of St. Domingo, which had been named as the point of rendezvous. There Cassard found the whole of the fleet assembled, and he also found that quarrels had already broken out between the haughty aristocrat, De Pointis, and Du Casse, the commander of the filibusters; these were for a time appeased, and after having filled up with water and provisions, the expedition set sail for Carthage, reaching that port in June.

To the summons to surrender the governor returned a defiant answer, and on the ships standing in to bombard the city, the forts opened such a destructive fire that De Pointis was glad to seek an offing, and to take counsel of his captains on the course to be pursued. Cassard and Du Casse strongly urged an immediate attack, the latter volunteering to land his filibusters under cover of the fire of the fleet; the consultation was long and stormy, De Pointis inclined to delay, but the fiery

arguments of Cassard and the filibuster commander carried the day, their enthusiasm spread to the other commanders, and it was finally determined that at dawn the fleet should stand in and bombard the forts, and that when Du Casse saw an opening he should dash ashore with his 1200 men, De Pointis promising to support him with the 5000 soldiers in the fleet.

On the following morning, favoured by a gentle south-easterly breeze, the French squadron once more neared the forts, once more the Spanish batteries opened a deadly fire, but the ships stood boldly on, the little bombship attracting general notice by taking up a position within 400 yards of the strongest fort, and subjecting it to a most accurate and destructive fire. On Cassard's craft was Du Casse, with over 100 of his filibusters, the rest in coasting schooners were anxiously awaiting the signal to disembark, which it was agreed on should be thrown out from Cassard's ship. When once De Pointis was fairly engaged, all timidity vanished, and the Spaniards, who, the evening before, had counted on an easy victory, were now speedily disenchanting. The guns of the fleet were served with rapidity and precision, the artillery officers embarked by the thoughtful care of Pontchartrain had been distributed amongst the ships, and their skill and science was soon discernible. By 10 a.m. the fire of the forts had slackened, and Du Casse, seeing that the sea-face of the work nearest the bombship was in ruins, signalled to his filibusters to pull in and land, at the same time he and Cassard springing

into the boats of the *galliot* headed the assault. Bravely did the Spaniards meet the attack, but the wild pirates of St. Domingo were not to be denied, whilst Cassard and the hardy Bretons who formed his crew were not backward in showing Du Casse's men that the Corsairs of Brittany were worthy descendants of the heroes who had planted the ermine of their province on the sterile coasts of Newfoundland and on the burning sands of Gaboon.

After a desperate fight, in which Spainard and Frenchmen showed equal valour, the first fort was carried. Cassard then directing its guns on a neighbouring work, signalled to De Pointis to concentrate the fire of his fleet on the same fort, at the same time sending word that, as soon as its guns were silenced, he would carry it by assault. Then step by step the various batteries were assaulted, and by evening the citadel alone remained in possession of the Spaniards, and from its walls the white flag of surrender was also flying. Terms were speedily arranged, the garrison being permitted to march out with all the honours of war, leaving the city to the tender mercies of the conqueror. On the morrow with banners flying and drums beating, and accompanied by two small field-pieces, the garrison quitted the town. In their wake followed the citizens carrying whatever they were able, but as their burdens were limited to what the master and slaves could carry, much that was valuable was of necessity left behind; those citizens who preferred to remain in the city were guaranteed protection by the French commander.

Small protection was it in De Pointis' power to afford them. Regulars and filibusters, drunk with victory, spread through the streets; women seeking refuge in the churches were ravished at the very steps of the altar; officers striving to restore order were ruthlessly shot down by the maddened men, and scenes of carnage and wild rapine ensued—scenes, alas! too often re-enacted by troops more civilized than De Pointis' lawless followers. De Pointis seemed powerless to act; and Du Casse, jealous of the treatment accorded him at St. Domingo, refused to hold his men in check—refused, because he too was powerless. Cassard, accustomed to the rough and ready discipline of a Corsair's deck, and to the stern justice of the *Jugements d'Oleron*, sought permission to restore order, and selecting a band of some 300 Bretons, culled from the crews of the ships of war, he disembarked for the purpose of subduing the conquerors of Carthage. And now ensued a second combat, a combat bloody and long sustained, but which in the end resulted in the triumph of order and discipline. The mutineers, worn out with lust and drink, were terrified at the stern examples shown by Cassard. They were little used to the prompt punishment meted out by the brave Breton, and the sight of their own miserable comrades shot down in the act of plunder staggered those who thought rapine the necessary sequel to victory. Posting strong parties at the gates of the city, Cassard steadily searched every street, and by nightfall of the second day after the capture of the town, he was able to assure De Pointis that order

reigned in Carthagen. And at what a price! It is said by a contemporary writer that the bodies of 370 women were buried by Cassard's orders, and that that stern judge had himself executed over twenty men who were caught red-handed in the act of plunder.

The next few days were spent in an organized search for treasure, in this De Pointis was much disappointed, as it transpired that the inhabitants, learning of the proposed expedition, had transported several hundred waggon-loads into the interior. Still the booty was not to be despised, over 350,000*l.* in hard specie were discovered in the city, besides a vast amount of gold and silver in bars, and a considerable quantity of plate, jewels, church ornaments, and other articles of value. What the total amount of prize was it is hard to say, but as it is asserted that the sum of 1,200,000 louis fell to the share of the filibusters, we may assume contemporary historians not to be far wrong when they maintain it exceeded three millions sterling.

In September, 1697, after an absence of nearly nine months, De Pointis re-entered Brest, and one of his first acts was to bring the gallant conduct of Cassard to the notice of the Court of Versailles. In his despatches to the king, Monsieur de Pointis specially singled out the Corsair officer for unqualified praise, and submitted his name to the Minister of Marine for enrolment in the navy. Class prejudices were too strong, however, and Cassard was fain to content himself with the assurances of De Pointis' support and protection, and the hearty

ovations granted him by his fellow-townsmen. Failing employment in the Navy, Cassard now found himself compelled to accept the command of a private Corsair, fitted out especially after his own design by some merchants of Nantes. His fellow-townsmen were jealous that all his good deeds should be monopolized by the Malouines, who had come to look on him as a true representative of the Corsair city. On this craft Cassard cruised most successfully, until the severity of the winter compelled him to take the ship into port, there to lay her up until the summer should permit him to renew his operations. An English brig, the *William Duncan*, bound from the West Indies, with rum and sugar, two large Dutch East Indiamen, and three small English traders fell into his hands during this cruise. The first-named, a well-armed and powerfully-manned craft, made a stout resistance, in the course of which the English captain and eleven of his crew were killed; Cassard losing eighteen of his own men killed and wounded. The capture of the *William Duncan* added not a little to the fame of Cassard, besides bringing him in a considerable sum. De Pointis, delighted at the fresh success of his *protégé*, once more brought all his influence at court to bear, with the view of obtaining him a commission in the navy.

Louis this time was not inexorable, and in the spring of 1700 Jacques Cassard was called to Versailles, and there interviewed by the Grand Monarch. "Monsieur Cassard," said the king, "your praise is in every one's mouth, and M. de Pointis assures me you are lost in your present vocation. I

have need of all the brave men I can find for my navy, and as you, they say, are the bravest of the brave, I have appointed you a lieutenant in my fleet, and have given M. Pontchartrain instructions to hand over to you a sum of 2000*l.* to enable you to support your position properly."

Cassard, more accustomed to the rough life in the 'tween decks of a Corsair than to courts, found few words in which to express his thanks and gratitude to his monarch ; but a legend has been handed down that, throwing himself at Louis' feet he embraced the padded calves of the astonished sovereign, and with tears in his eyes declared himself willing to die for one whose condescension was so overpowering.

Cassard's stay in Versailles was limited ; his services were urgently needed at sea, and by Pontchartrain's instructions he immediately proceeded to Dunkirk, and there assumed the command of one of the king's corvettes, "*The Jersey*," a prize recently captured from the English. This ship he fitted out with all speed, and in her carried on a very successful campaign in the Channel, capturing in the course of the year 1698, no less than thirteen vessels flying the English and the Dutch flags ; but his very successes roused the jealousy of the old naval school. Gallant as French aristocrats ever were, they were not cast in the mould whence good Corsairs spring ; they had not the hardy perseverance which prompted them to keep the sea in all seasons and in all weathers, to scour distant seas and lie off distant ports in the hope of picking up a stray

prize. They were ready enough to lay their ships alongside an English vessel of equal, aye ! of superior size, or to stand in to a stone-girt harbour, and try to knock its walls about the ears of its defenders ; but they liked their deeds of daring to be performed in the company of their fellow-gallants, in the sight of nobles who should carry to Versailles lengthy reports of the glorious bravery of the blue blood of French. They were content that the humble *rôle* of harrying an enemy's commerce should be played by men who bore no arms and who knew no quarterings ; but they waxed wroth that the successes of such men, whose hands betrayed the tar-pot, should be considered a passport to entrance into the king's own navy, and should entitle them to wear the king's own livery. Cassard's successes as a Corsair had brought him within the pale of court protection, and, alas ! within the malevolent influence of court jealousy.

Like Duguay Trouin and other Corsairs, who by force of merit had earned the right of wearing the king's uniform, Cassard was destined for subordinate employment during the first few years of his service under the king. He had to pass through that great mill of discipline, a man-of-war, ere he was considered fit to exercise command over gentlemen, socially his superiors. He had to learn the niceties of French etiquette, and to forget the *Jugements d'Oleron*, which were to the Corsair the foundation of all law. He had to comfort himself that he should overcome the jealousies of his brother officers, and maintain in the face of their jaundiced reports, the

high reputation already formed of his merits by the authorities at Versailles.

As a mere lieutenant of a man-of-war in times of peace, it is not to be wondered that all trace of Cassard should be lost during the early years of his naval career, or that he should soon have wearied of such uncongenial employment. In his disgust at his new profession he turned to his old friends the shipowners of St. Malo, and his appeal was not in vain. They knew his real worth, and had enjoyed many material proofs of his value. As yet the prophet had but small reputation in his own country, and Nantes, forgetting his successes in the craft built for him on his return from Carthage, refused to entrust him with a command. At St. Malo, however, he was more fortunate, and in June, 1705, he received a commission from the Count of Toulouse, then Lord High Admiral of France, to fit out a Corsair under the usual conditions. The Royal Treasury was in too impoverished a condition to give Cassard a ship furnished at the king's own expense, but there were vessels rotting in the king's dockyards which were always at the disposition of enterprising merchants, who would undertake the risk of fitting them out for war and providing them with efficient crews.

A little group of Malouine merchants readily found the necessary funds, and on the 27th of June, 1705, Cassard hoisted his flag on the *Saint William*, a small craft carrying eight guns, and manned by a crew of sixty-eight men gathered from the scum of the seafaring population of the Breton seaport.

Cassard's first cruise was fruitless enough, and in the month of November he returned to St. Malo, and paid off his vessel without having made a single prize. The weakness of his crew and the lightness of his armament had cost him many a pang. His heaviest gun threw a shot weighing but three pounds, and his crew being composed of men of all nations—the failures too of all professions, for but few of them were real seamen—were scarcely to be depended on in the hour of danger. Cassard felt that he must renounce all attempt of carrying on his depredations in the open sea; the *Saint William* was no match for the well-found Dutch or English trader, carrying often as many guns and as heavy a crew as a sloop-of-war, and he determined therefore to harry the shores of Ireland in the hopes of picking up some coasting-craft.

In March, 1706, he again set sail from St. Malo, and steered a direct course for the Head of Kinsale. Hoisting English colours, he was readily mistaken for a coasting-vessel, and was thus enabled to capture in the course of a short fortnight six small traders, which he admitted to ransom for the sum of 650*l.* sterling. Taking the captains of these ships on board the *Saint William* as security for the payment of the bills drawn in payment of the ransom money, Cassard bore up for Brest, and handed his six prisoners over to the Naval Commandant of that port on the 6th of April, 1706.

After a short stay in Brest to take in food and water, Cassard once more set sail for the coast of

Ireland. Within twenty-four hours of Brest, however, he sighted a vessel sailing under Dutch colours, which summoned him to send a boat on board with his papers. Cassard took no notice of the "summoning gun," but kept steadily on his course; the Dutchman thereupon fired a shotted gun across the *Saint William's* bows, and no notice having been taken of the second and more peremptory summons, the Dutchman pressed on all sail and cleared for action.

The *Saint William* was far the smaller craft of the two, but the recent successful cruise off the Irish coast had knocked the rough crew into fighting shape; the men had confidence in their captain, and the captain confidence in his men. Cassard, therefore, was nothing loath to accept the proffered combat; but he determined to fight the battle on his own ground. His three 3-pounders were of small use against the fourteen 9-pounders which his adversary was now bringing to bear on him, and he saw that if he allowed the fight to degenerate into a mere artillery duel, he would be sunk before being able to make even a show of force. Success lay in his being able to board the enemy at once, and Cassard quickly explained his plan of action to the men. As the Dutchman was overhauling him hand-over-hand, and threatening to dismast him by the accurate fire of his bow-chasers, he brailed up his courses, squared his mainyard, and allowed the enemy's vessel to range up alongside, then putting down his helm, he threw the *Saint William* into the fore-chains of the Dutch-

man, and followed by the majority of his crew dashed on board. A sanguinary hand-to-hand fight ensued, the Dutchmen, taken by surprise at the manœuvre of the little vessel which they looked upon as virtually their own, were little prepared for the sudden irruption of sixty desperadoes over their bulwarks, or for the terrible discharge of chain-shot with which Cassard's three guns swept their crowded decks the moment before his men sprung on board.

The confusion on the Dutchman's decks was intensified by the fury with which Cassard's men fought. They neither sought nor gave quarter, but forming up in one dense mass under the break of the Dutch ship's lofty fore-castle, they drove the enemy step by step aft. Cassard was a man of more than ordinary coolness in situations of danger, and prior to boarding the enemy, he had told off a brave Malouine, named Guillois, for the task of working one of the Dutch ship's guns on her own crew. No sooner were the Frenchmen on the deck of the Dutchman than Guillois and some half-dozen of his Breton messmates made for one of the upper-deck guns, and running it inboard slewed it round to sweep the decks from stem to stern; at a given signal the Corsair crew opened out and Guillois, having loaded the gun to the muzzle with pistol-bullets, chain-links, and scraps of old iron, discharged it at this short range into the disorganized mass crowding the after-part of the ship. Ere the noise of the discharge had died away, Cassard and his men sword and pike in hand were amongst the discomfited

Dutchmen, whilst Guillois, calm as ever, was reloading the gun for a fresh discharge. Once more above the din of the combat was heard the guttural tones of the Breton gunner, "*Gare à vous, mes gars,*" once more, as the Frenchmen dashed to the bulwarks, the gun belched forth its leaden hail on the terror-stricken Hollanders. This second round decided the day. Faint and bleeding from three severe wounds, the Dutch captain pushed his way through the throng and tendered his sword to Cassard, and amidst loud shouting from those on deck, Guillois, to whom most of the honours of the day were due, climbed the main-rigging and tore down the States-General tricolour which had been nailed to the mainmast-head.

On the 24th of April, Cassard re-entered Brest, whilst following in his wake, under the command of the gallant Guillois, was the Dutch corvette *Catherine*, of fourteen guns. From her mast-head flew the white flag of France, whilst beneath it, with its fly whipped to a backstay, hung drooping the tricolour of Holland.

The fight had been a severe one, and that the Dutch had borne themselves well during the fray was evident. Of their own crew of 113 men, thirty-seven were hove overboard dead, and fifty-one wounded prisoners were carried into the hospitals of Brest. Cassard's crew too had suffered heavily; sixteen had been killed and twenty-three wounded, ere the intrepid Guillois had hauled down the enemy's flag.

The *Saint William* stayed in Brest for one short

week, just long enough for Cassard to transfer four of the long 9-pounders of the *Catherine* to his own batteries and to make good the casualties amongst his crew. In this he had no difficulty. A successful Corsair had always the pick of the labour-market on the coast of Brittany, and when on the 2nd of May the *Saint William* stood out of the harbour on a fresh cruise, Cassard felt that with his new crew of eighty picked men and his fine long-range heavy Dutch cannon, he was a match for most craft he might happen to come across.

Once more steering for the south coast of Ireland, Cassard again played the rôle of an English trader. The majority of his men were kept between decks and his ports kept constantly closed, so that his heavy crew and powerful armament should not betray the real nature of his craft. This cruise was marked with much the same good fortune as had attended the voyage in the early spring. Two vessels, the *Fort Dreck*, a Dutchman bound from the West Indies to the Scheldt, and the *Couronnement*, a French-built craft sailing under English colours, were captured without resistance and ransomed for the considerable sum of 1250*l.* Then, fearing he might fall into the power of English cruisers, he stood out to sea, and sighting another St. Malo Corsair, the *Saint Denis*, he sailed in her company for some weeks. Cruising off the coast of Scotland, the *Saint William* and *Saint Denis* took eight prizes, which were ransomed for the sum of 1600*l.*; but heavy weather coming on, the two

privateers determined to get an offing, and in the gales that ensued they parted company.

On the weather moderating, Cassard once more stood to the eastward, and was fortunate enough, on the 17th of June, to capture a Belfast collier named the *William*, and in the following week three grain ships, the *James*, the *Livonia*, and the *Elizabeth*, all surrendered without firing a shot.

In opposition to the express orders of the Minister of Marine on the question of prizes, Cassard made no attempt to work these vessels into a French port; but, in accordance with the rule he had prescribed for himself, admitted each and all to ransom, taking their captains as prisoners to ensure payment of the bills drawn for the purchase of their freedom.

There is much to be said in favour of this plan of ransom followed by Cassard, Jean Bart, and other well-known Corsairs. By retaining possession of all prizes, and working them into a friendly port, it was necessary to weaken the Corsair's own complement by a heavy prize-crew, and furthermore it was unavoidable that the Corsair's decks should be encumbered by crowds of prisoners from the captured ships. It happened more than once that the Corsair thus hampered with sick and wounded men, and deprived of half her crew, was captured on her homeward voyage by a vessel of inferior force. Still more often did it happen that the prizes manned only by a few seamen fell into the hands of an enemy's cruisers. Thus the fruit of the original victory was lost.

By ransoming the captured ship, the Corsair was

free to resume her cruising with crew unweakened, and the prize now released still remained a possible prize on some subsequent occasion.

With bills to the amount of 7000*l.* in his pockets, Cassard might well be satisfied with the result of this summer's campaign, and on the 25th of June, his provisions and water running low, he willingly fell in with the wishes of his officers and bore up for France, entering St. Malo on the 2nd of July, 1706.

The good people of Nantes now began to see some worth in the hero they had so long spurned, and no sooner had Cassard paid off the *Saint William* than he was offered the command of a fast sailor just launched in his natal port, the *Duchess Anne*. This little craft, named after Bretagne's most popular ruler, was a smart little barque of 150 tons, mounting sixteen guns, and carrying a crew of 104 men. Details of his cruises of the next two years are wanting; but from the records to be found in the Admiralty Archives at St. Malo, it would appear that thirteen English vessels of various size were sold in that port by the Intendant of the Marine, for the account of the Corsair Cassard, and that these thirteen vessels produced a total sum of 37,000*l.* One-tenth of this sum, as I have already explained, went to the State, the remainder was divided between the merchants taking the risk of the venture, and the officers and crew of the capturing ship.

Whether Cassard had ransomed any other vessels, or whether the thirteen ships sold in St. Malo gave him opportunity for any further display of personal

bravery, we have no means of knowing. It would, however, seem evident that Cassard, like Jean Bart, had been the recipient of official remonstrances on his custom of admitting all his prizes to ransom, and that in consequence of these remonstrances, he had determined to bring the majority of these prizes, at any rate, to France for sale.

It is also clear from a study of the Admiralty Archives at St. Malo, that Cassard was now looked upon as one of the leading Corsairs on the coast of Brittany; that he no longer sailed with crews, the refuse of St. Malo docks, but that he commanded a little squadron of three small vessels which always sailed in company, acted under his orders, and that by detaching one of his consorts as escort to any prizes he might wish to send home, he was enabled to keep the sea for longer periods than would have been possible had he been merely in command of his own ship.

His fame, too, had spread beyond the shores of Brittany, for we next hear of him, in 1709, as being entrusted by some merchants of Marseilles with the task of convoying from Bizerta a fleet of six-and-twenty vessels laden with grain. Long years of drought and of war and of persistent blockade on the part of the English had reduced France to scarcity—to within a measurable distance of famine. Although a Breton, Cassard's fame had reached the Mediterranean, and the remembrance of his gallant deeds at the bombardment of Carthage induced the merchants of Marseilles to turn to him for help in their distress. Cassard now was a man of

means, his numerous rich prizes had placed a considerable fortune at his disposal, and the speculative merchants of Marseilles were anxious to find some person who should put money into a venture which they intended should bring them no loss, and might bring them considerable gain. Cassard, a simple sailor, was little competent to deal with these unscrupulous Southerners, and never doubting their *bona fides* he fitted out at his own expense two king's ships, the *Eclatant* and *Sérieux*, placed at his disposal by Pontchartrain, and at once worked his way round from Brest to Marseilles, then proceeding to Bizerta he assumed command of the convoy.

The news of his intentions had reached England, and the admiral commanding the English fleet in the Mediterranean was ordered to watch the Tunisian ports, and prevent Cassard's return to France. The Bey of Tunis at this period enjoyed a reputation which any western monarch might have envied. Unscrupulous, cruel, and tyrannical, he treated all Christian merchants as slaves; even the consuls of the western powers were subjected to treatment which ought to have provoked retaliatory measures on their part, and have bound Christian nations together to destroy the piratical nest which, strong only in its insolence, exacted observances from the most powerful States which were degrading and humiliating in the extreme. His Corsairs, held almost undisputed sway over the Mediterranean, and every Christian sovereign payed him tribute.

So long as he was within Tunisian waters Cassard felt sure no English fleet would dare,

molest him. For England, which even then claimed the title of Mistress of the Seas, still lowered her flag in Tunisian waters. But he knew also that his passage from Bizerta to Marseilles would never be accomplished without risk. He determined, therefore, to resort to stratagem, and on the occasion of a strong westerly gale he directed a part of the convoy to weigh anchor, and, under the charge of the *Éclatant*, make all sail to Malta, there to await further orders. The English were unprepared for this *ruse*; their ships were lying at anchor, and taking advantage of the heavy northerly gale, which the admiral knew was unfavourable enough for Cassard's designs, he had taken the opportunity of giving his men liberty ashore. On seeing the French convoy stand out to the westward, the English commander hoisted the signal of recall for his men, and ordered one of his smartest frigates to start in immediate pursuit. But night was falling as the French convoy gained the offing, and Cassard, cutting his own cables, stood after the English frigate to prevent her gaining wind of the movements of his fleet.

A sharp running fight at once commenced between the *Sérieux* and the English frigate, in which the former, over-weighted, suffered heavily; Cassard, however, succeeded in carrying out his designs. Before night fell he contrived to signal to the *Éclatant* to haul her wind, and to make the best of her way with the convoy to Marseilles, whilst he would keep the English squadron in play. It was a perilous game, and one in which Cassard narrowly escaped capture. One by one the English vessels,

slipping their cables, worked their way out of Bizerta, and standing on to the noise of the distant firing, gradually overhauled the *Sérieux*; but Cassard was not to be taken easily, the convoy he felt was safe, and he too might now seek his own safety in flight; therefore, running under the stern of an English ship which lay between him and the shore, he bore up for the nearest port, and was fortunate enough to reach Porta Farinà, with over five feet of water in his hold.

The Tunisian pirates showed Cassard every attention, and placed all their government stores at his disposition; so availing himself of their hospitality, he careened his badly-damaged vessel and determined to give her a thorough overhaul. It was some weeks before the *Sérieux* was in a fit state to take the sea, and when she was ready, Cassard had to act with caution to avoid capture at the hands of the English frigate which still watched his actions. At last evading the cruiser, he succeeded in beating out of harbour and shaping his course to Marseilles. In standing across the Gulf of Genoa he was fortunate enough to fall in with two English merchantmen, the one laden with oil and fruit from the Levant, and the other with corn from Syracuse. Finding themselves vastly inferior in force to the French Corsair, these two craft hauled down their flags without attempting any resistance, and Cassard, placing prize-crews on board, bore up in their company for Marseilles, which he reached in safety without further molestation. On reaching Marseilles he found that the convoy had arrived without mishap, but

that the unscrupulous merchants, taking advantage of a clause in the agreement, refused to carry out their pecuniary obligations because, forsooth, Cassard had not personally escorted the grain-ships to Marseilles ! Disgusted with their meanness, Cassard brought an action against them, but the members of the Marseilles *Tribunal civile* were too closely allied to the Marseilles merchants to give an honest verdict in favour of the Breton Corsair, and Cassard lost his cause. Convinced of the justice of his case, the brave sailor appealed to the higher court at Aix, but here again hidden influences were brought to bear on the judges, and the decision of the Marseilles court was upheld.

This unfortunate *contretemps* rankled deeply in Cassard's mind. He had invested a very considerable sum in fitting out the *Éclatant* and *Sérieux*, and the heavy damage sustained by the latter vessel in her engagement with the English squadron—an engagement undertaken solely with the view of ensuring the safety of the Marseilles convoy—had also necessitated a large outlay. The legal expenses attendant on his appeals to the tribunals at Marseilles and Aix had likewise been heavy, and though a large proportion of the sum realized by the sale of the two English prizes had fallen to Cassard's share, the intrepid sailor had the mortification of feeling that he had been mulct in the sum of 10,000*l.* for the performance of a duty which placed Marseilles beyond the reach of famine, and which had filled the pockets of the greedy speculators of that city.

Still, though brought within a measurable distance of ruin, Cassard was not the man to sit down and mourn over his misfortunes. He had still friends in Brittany who believed in his good star, and in truth the good folk of Marseilles were not averse to trusting him with another expedition; but Cassard was in no way anxious to place his services at the disposal of a city that had shown him so much ingratitude, and though in the following year he was offered the command of the Smyrna fleet, he indignantly rejected the proposal.

Early in June, 1710, the fleet set sail; it consisted of eighty-four merchant-vessels destined for the conveyance of grain from Asia Minor to France, and of six ships of war as escort. These were the *Téméraire*, 60, *Toulouse*, 60, *Étendard*, 50, *Fleuron*, 50, *Hirondelle*, 36, and *Vestale*, 36, the whole being under the command of a M. de Feuquières. The convoy reached Smyrna in safety, and in the month of October commenced the return voyage, but on nearing the coast of Sicily, M. de Feuquières learnt from a passing vessel that a strong English squadron was cruising in the Gulf of Genoa for the express purpose of preventing his entry to Marseilles. As his vessels of war were heavily laden with corn, and in no condition to manœuvre against a well-equipped, fast-sailing English fleet, M. de Feuquières determined on taking refuge in the harbour of Syracuse and sending despatches to France demanding relief.

The non-arrival of the Smyrna fleet caused the greatest consternation in Marseilles. It was known

that the English squadron was cruising in the Gulf of Genoa, and it was also known that the convoy had long since left Smyrna. Its capture by the English meant starvation to thousands in the South of France, and financial ruin to the very merchants whose perfidy had caused the ruin of the brave Cassard of France. The doubts and fears of the Marseillais were set at rest by the arrival of M. Lambert in the *Toulouse*, 60, at Toulon bringing intelligence that the convoy had reached Syracuse in safety, and was waiting additional escort before venturing to cross the Gulf.

The merchants of Marseilles in their difficulty appealed to Cassard; but Cassard, mindful of their past ingratitude, refused to listen to their overtures. In their despair—for famine was staring them in the face—they turned to the Minister of Marine, and sufficient influence having been brought to bear on Pontchartrain, M. d'Aligré de Saint Lie, the Intendant of Marine at Toulon, was instructed to fit out all available ships of war in his port, and place them under the command of Cassard for the relief of the blockaded fleet. Further despatches had been received from M. de Feuquières, and it was now known that the English Fleet, learning the movements of the French convoy, had quitted the Gulf of Genoa, and was closely watching the port of Syracuse.

On receiving his orders from the Minister of Marine, Cassard at once proceeded to Toulon, and on the 8th of November set sail for Syracuse at the head of a well-found little squadron consisting of

the *Parfait*, 70, flying his own flag, the *Toulouse*, 60, Captain De Lambert, *Sérieux*, 60, M. de l'Aigle, the *Phoenix*, 56, M. du Haies. Favoured with a strong westerly breeze, Cassard reached Syracuse on the evening of the following day, and then found that the blockading squadron had borne up for Port Mahon, leaving but two ships, the *Pembroke*, 64, and *Falcon*, 36, to watch the French convoy. Knowing that the English had merely proceeded to Port Mahon for stores and water, Cassard determined to profit by their absence, and to at once attack the ships watching the port. He accordingly ordered De Feuquières to weigh anchor and proceed with the convoy to Marseilles, whilst he with the *Parfait*, 70, *Sérieux*, 60, and *Phoenix*, 56, bore down on the two English frigates. Although outnumbered and overmatched, Rumfry, the captain of the *Pembroke*, did his utmost to delay the escape of the French convoy; but he had no means of sending information to his admiral, and all he could do was to endeavour to sink some of the enemy's ships and avoid capture himself. He soon found, however, that the new commander of the French squadron was a very different man to De Feuquières, a man anxious to provoke rather than to avoid a combat, one capable of handling a vessel with coolness and judgment, and that every effort would be needed to save himself from capture: all thought of harming the French convoy must be put on one side.

Cassard on his part was determined to take or to sink the English vessels; he felt that the convoy was now secure from all chance of capture, and that he

might act at his leisure with the two craft before him. He directed M. de l'Aigle and M. de Haies with the *Sérieux* and *Phoenix* to engage the *Pembroke*, whilst he in the *Parfait* attacked the little *Falcon*, The unequal combat was not of long duration, though the defence of the *Falcon* was marked by much determination and much gallantry. Unable to escape from her more powerful and swifter-sailing adversary, the little frigate determined to sell herself as dearly as possible, and when the *Parfait* ranged up alongside, and succeeded in lashing her bowsprit to the fore-chains of the *Falcon*, the English captain, Constable, forestalled Cassard's intention by pouring over one hundred well-armed boarders on the *Parfait's* decks; this attempt to carry Cassard's ship was quickly repulsed, not, however, without serious loss, and when Cassard attempted to throw his own boarders on to the Englishman he found that the grappling-irons had been cast loose, and the *Falcon*, filling, was standing away from him. The heavy metal of the *Parfait* soon put an end to the *Falcon's* flight, and once more Cassard grappled to the Englishman's rigging, endeavouring to carry the frigate by boarding. This second attempt was also driven back; but the crew of the *Falcon* had made their last effort: Constable and seventeen of his men, had been left dead on the *Parfait's* decks in their first gallant attempt to carry the Frenchman, and in beating off Cassard's assaults, forty-three killed had been added to the total. Number now began to tell, and though the crew of the *Parfait* was also much weakened, she was able to bring into action three

men to every one the *Falcon* could show. At last, seeing two-thirds of his crew *hors-de-combat*, and seeing also that the *Pembroke* was too hard pressed to offer him any assistance, the First Lieutenant of the *Falcon* hauled down his colours. Placing a prize-crew on board, with orders to its commander to bear up after De Feuquières' convoy, Cassard stood on to aid the *Sérieux* and *Phoenix*, which were merely indulging in a cannonade with the *Pembroke*. On noticing the approach of the *Parfait*, the captain of the English two-decker at once bore down on the newcomer, with the intention of throwing his boarders on her; in manœuvring to avoid the shock of collision, Cassard laid himself open to a raking fire from the broadside of the *Pembroke*, which, tearing through his stern galleries, killed over thirty men on his lower deck. Broad sides now were exchanged at close quarters, yard-arm to yard-arm, muzzle to muzzle: the two ships fought on, but the *Pembroke* was doomed to capture. The *Sérieux*, ranging up on her other quarter, exposed her to a raking fire as she took up her position, and in a few moments her main top-mast and her mizzen went by the board, lumbering her decks with their wreckage and disabling many men in their fall. After half an hour of this unequal combat the *Pembroke* struck her colours, and on taking possession of her, Cassard found that her captain, the gallant Rumfry, and seventy-four men were dead, and six officers and 134 men lay wounded, out of a total of 320 men.

On the 15th of November, Cassard entered Toulon with the two prizes and the convoy of M. de

Feuquières. A perfect ovation awaited him, but the merchants of Marseilles were none the less unwilling to fulfil their agreement of the preceding year, and though the brave Nantais had rescued a convoy worth eight million livres tournois, which they had almost given up for lost, the Marseillais refused to listen to his just claim for the paltry 10,000*l.* he had spent in equipping the *Éclatant* and *Sérieux* for their aid in 1709.

Although Cassard had brought the convoy in safety to Toulon, he still felt his task but partly accomplished. Six English ships of war lay in Port Mahon harbour, and many English merchantmen were peacefully cruising in the Mediterranean Sea. Some vessels richly freighted were, he knew, *en route* between Smyrna and Gibraltar, and he determined to try and capture them.

With the permission of M. Aligré de St. Lie, the Intendant of Marine at Toulon, he left that port, as soon as he had made good his defects, with the *Parfait*, 70, and *Sérieux*, 60, and shaped his course for Smyrna. Off Cagliari he fell in with and captured a small Tunisian Corsair, which he sunk, and the next day he sighted a convoy of ten English merchant-ships under the escort of a small frigate mounting twenty-four guns. The frigate, exercising a wise discretion, made no attempt at defence, and within ten days of his leaving Toulon, Cassard re-entered that harbour with eleven English ships following in his wake.

On his arrival at Toulon, early in 1711, Cassard learnt that Louis XIV. had been pleased to promote

him to the rank of Captain of Frigate, and had nominated him to the command of the military works about to be constructed at Toulon.

It seems strange that a Corsair bred in the fore-castle of a Newfoundland fishing craft should be appointed to an important engineering command, but it appears that Cassard had turned his attention to matters other than mere privateering, and had been employed at St. Malo in drawing up plans for the defence of the place. If we may believe the accounts of his biographer, Richer, Louis XIV. was well satisfied with Cassard's industry and intelligence. New detached works were thrown up on all the commanding sites in the neighbourhood of Toulon, and several fresh ravelins constructed in advance of the old fortifications.

Though employed in the king's service and wearing the king's uniform, Cassard sighed for the freedom of the Corsair life; he was wearied of the inaction ashore, disgusted with the injustice shown him, and longed for active employment in order to purge his mind of the anger he nourished against the merchants of Marseilles. Cassard's was a hard calling, and a hard calling produces a hard nature. Defeated in his actions at the courts of Marseilles and of Aix, he ventured to lay his case before the king; but the merchants of Marseilles possessed golden means of controverting even this appeal, and Cassard had the mortification of seeing all his efforts to wrest from these robbers his well-earned savings treated with scorn and contumely.

Finding himself worsted at every turn, Cassard applied to his friends of St. Malo and Nantes for aid, and laid before them a plan for the capture of the Portuguese islands of Cape de Verde. The immense profit derived by those who had shared in the fitting out of De Pointis' expedition to Carthage, fired the imagination of the usually phlegmatic Bretons, and knowing that much of the success at Carthage was due to the boldness and sagacity of Cassard, it was not long before the brave Nantais was able to submit his plan to Pontchartrain. Backed as it was by the names of some of the wealthiest merchants in Brittany and Provence, the minister welcomed it with warmth, and at once placed the resources of the dockyard at Toulon at Cassard's disposal.

Destitute of Court influence, Cassard was unable to collect such a formidable flotilla as that which De Pointis had led forth to Carthage, nor was he able to interest Pontchartrain so sufficiently in the undertaking as to induce the minister to place at his disposal skilled officers of the scientific forces. Cassard was one of the people, admitted, it is true, into the blue-blooded ranks of the king's navy, but still not to be confounded with such men as De Pointis, whose merit consisted in his quarterings, and whose success was due to the energy, skill, and gallantry of his subordinates; consequently Cassard was forced to content himself with such men as might be attracted to his flag by the knowledge of his past services—these fortunately were neither few in number, nor were they destitute of experience and valour.

Early in 1712, Cassard found himself ready for sea; his squadron comprised the *Neptune*, 70, *Téméraire*, 64, *Rubis*, 64, *Parfait*, 64, *Médusa*, 40, *Prince de Frise*, 36, and *D'Aligré*, 36, with two smaller craft, the *Anne* and the *Marie*. In addition to the crews of these ships, numbering over 3000 men, Cassard had succeeded in enlisting some 1200 soldiers, whom he intended to use whenever shore operations became necessary. The scenes he had witnessed at Carthage had convinced him that the discipline of sailors when employed ashore is apt to become slack, and that it is far more difficult to utilize landing-parties hastily made up from the crews of men-of-war than bodies of troops accustomed to fight and to manœuvre on dry ground.

On the 12th of May of the same year Cassard arrived off St. Jago, the largest of the Cape de Verde islands, and landed his troops, which he formed up into four weak battalions to the southward of the town. He himself, with his fleet, stood on to the northward, and when from signals he perceived that M. de Forgues, whom he had placed in command of the shore party, had reached the heights dominating Port Praya, he stood in-shore and summoned the governor to surrender. The garrison was a strong one, the place well fortified, and the walls were mounted with over 200 pieces of ordnance; but the troops, though numerous, were ill-disciplined, and mainly composed of negroes recruited from the coasts of Africa; to Cassard's surprise, the place surrendered at the first summons. Placing

the Portuguese officers on one of his own ships, Cassard landed and at once took steps for marching on Riviera Grande, the then capital of the island. The advanced guard consisted of 500 soldiers under M. de Forgues, the main body, of 1200 sailors under Cassard, whilst the rear was made up of 200 men under M. de la Garde. The safety of Port Praya was assured by the fleet, and a detachment of 300 troops under M. de Pienne. The governor of Riviera Grande showed himself as averse to fighting as his colleague at Port Praya, and on receipt of Cassard's summons to surrender, he requested that a senior officer might be sent into the city to arrange the terms of the capitulation: at the same time he, with what Cassard stigmatized as duplicity, but what others might style prudent forethought, warned the bishop and clergy to remove all church plate and valuables to a place of security. According to the terms of the surrender the governor was to hand over to Cassard, within three days, the sum of 350,000*l.* in specie in order to save the town from pillage and destruction; but, when once the treaty was signed and the valiant governor safe in the mountains, he troubled himself little about the terms arranged on, and, having saved his own effects whilst the treaty was being discussed, cared little what happened to the property of others. Cassard, furious at his duplicity, instituted an organized pillage; he blew up the fortifications, destroyed the public buildings, carried on board his own ships the church bells, all the cannon and munition of war, and over 20,000,000 francs' worth of property. This

done, he handed the city over to a three days' plunder, and then having taken on board 400 negro soldiers who volunteered to serve under him, and having seized two large Portuguese ships lying in Port Praya harbour, he made sail across the Atlantic, and anchored safely under the shelter of the French batteries in Martinique.

Elated at his success with the Portuguese, Cassard determined to seek foemen more worthy of his steel, and at once set about organizing an expedition against the British settlements in the West Indies. Armed with the profits of the pillage of the Cape de Verdes, Cassard purchased fresh vessels in Martinique, and manned them with the brave filibusters of St. Domingo.

In July, 1712, he made a descent on the British island of Montserrat and ravaged it, carrying off not only immense quantities of loot, but also five large ships which, unfortunately, were lying in the harbour unguarded by any ship-of-war. From Montserrat, Cassard sailed to Antigua, which was likewise unable to make any defence, and which in the same way was subjected to eight days' pillage. Freighted with the rich booty of these two islands, Cassard once more bore up for Martinique to caulk and repair his vessels, and make a preliminary distribution of his spoils, in order to calm the rising murmurings of the undisciplined filibusters of St. Domingo.

Having satisfied the malcontents, Cassard determined on attacking the Dutch colony of Surinam. This was a formidable undertaking, as Surinam was

not merely well-garrisoned, but had fortifications mounting over 300 guns. Still Cassard, nothing daunted, determined on the attempt, and in October his fleet appeared at the mouth of the Surinam river. The Dutch were well prepared for him, and made a most gallant defence. But all was in vain, for Cassard, assuming the direction of the land operations himself, established some batteries on shore which in conjunction with the fire of the fleet rendered the town untenable. Seeing himself reduced to the last extremity, and the civil population of the town becoming rebellious under the straits to which they were reduced, the governor proposed a capitulation, and though the terms were hard, he was compelled, owing to the representations of the merchant residents, to agree to them. Fifteen thousand barrels of sugar and 300,000*l.* in specie was the price paid to save Surinam from French pillage!

Whilst lying off Surinam waiting for the embarkation of the sugar, Cassard despatched two of his subordinates to seize Berbice and Essequibo; these were successfully captured, and ransomed for a further sum of a quarter of a million sterling.

From Surinam Cassard proceeded to St. Eustace, which surrendered without resistance, and having extracted from the governor a sufficient ransom, the French fleet stood on to Curaçoa, arriving off the island on the 16th of February, 1713. But heavy weather had been experienced on the voyage from Surinam, and the *Neptune*, one of the largest vessels in Cassard's command, had been

driven ashore and totally wrecked. Fortunately but few lives were lost, and the rescued crew having been distributed amongst the other ships of the squadron the actual fighting strength of the expedition was not much impaired.

At this period Curaçoa was the most important of all the Dutch possessions in South America; it had been in their possession just eighty years, and was looked upon as one of their richest colonies. Every effort had been made to render it impregnable to the attacks of the jealous enemies of Holland, to whom, of course, its wealth pointed it out as a tempting prize. Its commerce consisted chiefly of sugar, wool, skins, and spirits, and besides its Dutch population, a number of wealthy Jews had settled on the island, who carried on a lucrative trade with the neighbouring coasts. Not merely was the capital of the island defended by admirably constructed fortifications on its sea-front, but a series of works surrounded it on the shore side, which seemed to forbid all hope of successful attack in any direction.

Cassard was well aware of the difficulties of his enterprise, but he considered that a victorious result would more than repay him for the risk to be run, and though he was aware that a very opposite feeling existed amongst his subordinate commanders, he determined on carrying out his project at all hazards.

On arriving off the port, Cassard sent a boat ashore to the governor, demanding the surrender of the island. To this, of course, a contemptuous

answer was returned, and though the boat itself was not fired on, yet when Cassard stood in-shore on the *Parfait* to reconnoitre the works, he was greeted with such a well-directed and heavy fire from the forts, that he saw all hope of attack from the sea-front must be abandoned.

Like many a commander before and since, Cassard, whilst always acting on his own responsibility, and generally in accordance with his own judgment, would often collect around him his senior officers, in order to learn their views, and often to obtain from them practical suggestions as to the ensuing operations. On this occasion he once more followed his usual plan, and signalling for the captains of all ships-of-war, the commanders of the troops, and the leaders of the filibustering battalions, to come on board his ship, he assembled a counsel of war.

There the mass of opinion was against attack. It was pointed out to Cassard that the Dutch garrison was more numerous than his own, and was at least equally well-disciplined, that the guns mounted on the ramparts of the town were of heavier metal than those on his own ships, that the strong currents sweeping round the island rendered landing difficult, and that to undertake a descent in the face of the Dutch troops was to court defeat. M. de Sabran, one of the officers of the land forces and the commander of the filibusters, opposed these sentiments, and strongly supported Cassard's views, which were in favour of an immediate attack. As often happens, the doubting many were won over by the hot-

headed few, and ere the council broke up it had been unanimously determined to attempt a landing on the morrow, and the details of the landing had been also arranged.

It was decided that the fleet should divide into two squadrons, in order to induce the Dutch to separate their forces; these could be discerned from the French ships, drawn up on the heights overlooking the town, ready to move to any spot where a landing might be attempted. One portion of the fleet, with the mass of the troops under M. de Sabran, stood to the westward, with orders to change their direction during the night, and rendezvous before dawn at the Bay of St. Croix, some fifteen miles from the port of Curaçoa. Cassard, with the rest of the fleet, stood in to the main harbour, and opened a steady fire upon the works. To this fire an accurate response was immediately returned, and the Dutch troops, as if divining that Cassard's bombardment was but a feint to draw off attention from the main attack, at once moved off along the coast to the westward, to oppose the anticipated descent from the other squadron.

As night fell and darkness enshrouded his movements, Cassard still kept up his fire, and still kept the lights of his ships-of-war burning to deceive the Dutch as to his real intentions; but under cover of the fire, he had silently transferred the greater portion of his crews and all the troops on board his squadron to the small coasting-craft in attendance on the fleet, and quietly drifted down with the current towards St. Croix. There, in the short hours

of a tropical winter night, he succeeded in throwing ashore some 1100 men, and anxiously awaited the arrival of M. de Sabran with the 2000 men under his command. The landing was not accomplished without difficulty, and fortunate it was that it was unopposed; the current ran strong and swift round the coast, which was studded with rocks and reefs, rendering the approach dangerous in the extreme. In the darkness the true perils of the undertaking were fortunately not visible; had they been, it is doubtful if they would have had much effect on Cassard and his brave followers, who were too keenly alive to the prize within their reach to think much of the difficulties to be encountered ere it was won.

Cassard's first act—and this was accomplished ere morn broke—was to throw up a rough work close to the shore, as a cover for his landing party; in this he placed some light guns landed from the coasting-craft in his squadron, and manned it with 500 soldiers under one of his most trusted officers. As the sun rose, anxious glances were cast seaward for signs of M. de Sabran's squadron, and to Cassard's intense dismay this was seen some miles to leeward endeavouring to beat up against wind and tide to the place of rendezvous, which in the darkness of the night it had passed by. To add to Cassard's perplexity, a powerful work was also visible about a mile from the landing-place, and it was abundantly evident that the strength of his force had been accurately gauged, and that the Dutch commandant was making preparations to move forward and drive him into the sea, ere reinforcements could arrive.

The Corsairs of old were not wont to ponder long over their plans of action; "*l'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace*" was their motto, and by it many an apparently lost game had been won. Delay in this case was fatal, some hours must elapse ere De Sabran could reach St. Croix, and long before his own reinforcements could arrive the garrison of Curaçoa would have strengthened the hands of the Dutch commandant of the fort in front of him.

It was necessary then to carry it at once, and Cassard, with that promptitude which characterized the actions of men of his calling, despatched a boat to the squadron lying off St. Croix, from which his own men had been landed, directing them to land every available man to hold the field-work he had thrown up, and then with the 1100 soldiers at his command he moved against the Dutch fort. Cassard's own version of the affair is simple enough: he says that two of his assaults were repulsed, and that in the third, which was successful, he was wounded by a musket-bullet in the foot, which prevented his taking any part in the further operations of the day, but that he directed M. de Hesquinet to pursue the enemy to a position some four miles nearer Curaçoa, where another work existed. This also was carried in gallant style, and the French now satisfied themselves with strengthening the defences of the two captured forts, in order to guard against counter-attacks,—but no counter-attacks came.

For some inscrutable reason—inscrutable as it appeared to Cassard—the governor of Curaçoa made no attempt to retake the lost forts, and it was not

until the capital of the island had been captured that Cassard learnt the real reason for this inexplicable conduct. It then transpired that the governor, hearing of the extreme weakness of the force landed at St. Croix, never believed that Cassard was there ; he still thought the descent at that spot was a mere feint to draw away the mass of his troops from the capital on which the real attack would be made. Thus M. de Hesquinet was enabled on the following night to push on still nearer to Curaçoa, and on De Sabran's landing, a night march was made on the very capital itself, and two works, Fort St. Michael and Fort Pescadera, seized by storm before the astonished governor could afford them any aid. These two forts were built on a hill commanding the southern approach to the town, and when Cassard, who was now on the *Parfait* lying off the port, saw the white flag of France flying over their ramparts he sent in a *parlementaire* to the governor, threatening to bombard the town by land and sea if it did not surrender at discretion. But the Dutch governor refused to listen to such terms, and at once took steps for the recapture of the nearer works. De Sabran was ready for him, and every effort to dislodge the French being found useless, the governor in his turn sent off an officer to Cassard's ship to discuss terms. Finally it was arranged that on 600,000 Louis d'or or their value in current specie being handed over to the French commander, Curaçoa would be left in peace.

The wealthy Dutch merchants could scarcely credit the fact that Cassard, the grasping Corsair,

would be satisfied with such a sum, and fearing that he might change his mind and name some ransom more in keeping with the vast sums received at Surinam and Antigua, they hastened to pay over their ingots to the governor, and so rid themselves of their unpleasant visitors. On the third day the ransom-money was ready, and on the 28th of February De Sabran handed over Forts Michel and Pescadera to the Dutch, marched down to the beach, and embarked his men. On the following morning Cassard set sail for Martinique.

There a cruel blow awaited him. His continued successes in the West Indies had aroused the jealousy of the blue-blooded sailors of Versailles, and Pontchartrain, listening to unfounded tales, despatched another officer, an aristocrat endowed with many quarterings, to Martinique, with instructions to assume command of all the French ships in those waters, and with them return at once to France. The indignation of Cassard's subordinates was extreme, and the mortification of the brave Corsair was fully as deep as his worst wisher could have desired. He made no effort to appeal against the minister's orders, but merely asked a few days' delay in order to settle up the accounts of the filibusters and to rest his wounded limb, which in truth needed rest after the rough treatment it had received at Curaçoa.

The delay was grudgingly granted, and was afterwards made an excuse for one of the charges against the Corsair. Having handed over to his gallant allies from St. Domingo their full share of the booty captured during the successful cruise,

Cassard reported himself ready to sail, and the whole flotilla immediately weighed anchor, shaping a course for Brest.

The homeward voyage was characterized by an incident illustrating the indiscipline prevalent in the Corsair fleet. An English squadron being sighted, the French admiral signalled his ships to avoid action. Cassard, "spoiling for a fight," solicited permission to attack; this was peremptorily refused, whereupon Cassard, turning to his second in command, "My duty to my sovereign over-rides my duty to my admiral, and I take it that my real duty is to fight his Majesty's enemies wherever I see them." He accordingly bore down on the enemy, signalling to his old associates to follow him. Night put an end to the engagement, which resulted in the capture of two small English craft by Cassard's squadron.

After this Cassard parted company with the admiral and made his way to Brest alone. On arrival there he was much gratified at learning that the king had been graciously pleased to promote him to the rank of *capitaine de vaisseau* and to bestow on him the Order of St. Louis.

But a reaction speedily set in. The irate admiral, indignant at the mutinous conduct of his subordinate, preferred charges against him, and Cassard was summoned to Versailles to justify his conduct. There his unpolished exterior and rough speech found but little favour; he had none of the self-assertion which carried Jean Bart with safety through the perilous intricacies of courtly conven-

tionalities. On the contrary, he was shy, morose, diffident, yet obstinately perverse in preferring what he imagined to be his just claim.

Other enemies cropped up. It was asserted that, in distributing to the filibusters of St. Domingo their share of the buccaneering expedition to the West Indies, Cassard had retained for himself a large amount of valuable property, and the merchants interested in the re-partition of the plunder induced the minister to waive Cassard's claim to any share in the final distribution.

In vain Cassard called on the officers who had served under him to testify to the falsehood of these charges; in vain did he apply for the settlement of the affair to be delayed until the arrival of witnesses from St. Domingo. The minister lent a willing ear to the false tales, the distribution of the vast sums realized by the sale of the captured property was proceeded with, the Count of Toulouse as High Admiral of France claimed his tenth, the merchants who furnished the expedition with its initiation funds took their half, the captains and crews divided the remainder, and Cassard—the life and soul of the enterprise, the head that planned, the hand that carried out every undertaking, the man ever foremost in danger, to whom alone success was due—was left penniless to beg his bread from those who had made thousands and thousands by his skill and gallantry.

Not absolutely penniless as yet: some 60,000 francs, the proceeds of one of his earlier expeditions, had been settled on his unmarried sisters, and

these good women furnished him from time to time with small sums to enable him to remain at Versailles in the hope of obtaining a reversal of the decree which left him a ruined man.

For years a shabbily-dressed seaman, decorated with the Star of St. Louis, walking with the aid of a stick, and bearing the marks of many wounds, was a conspicuous figure at all Court ceremonials, the spectre at every feast; but menial officials were always at hand to prevent his intruding on his sovereign or the ministers. In truth the Grand Monarch thought he had done enough for the Corsair, and the consciences of the ministers—if Louis's ministers had any consciences—dreaded the awakening that an interview with the hardly-used man would surely have caused. Gradually the throng became accustomed to the sight of the neglected hero, and gradually it forgot his history, and forgot even his presence. It is related, however, that one day Duguay Trouin, in the very height of his fame, was attending some Court ceremonial. Suddenly when in the midst of a group of courtiers, he saw Cassard, bowed and bent, leaning against the niche of a doorway; and leaving the gay nobles, who did not shun the manly presence of the Malouine Corsair, Duguay rushed to Cassard, and shaking him warmly by the hand, remained for some time in earnest conversation, and on leaving him, pressed on the brave old hero, down whose cheeks coursed hot tears of gratitude, his well-filled purse. "Who is the droll old man you spoke to," said the Marquis d'Harcourt.

“That man,” replied Duguay Trouin, “is Jacques Cassard, Captain in his Majesty’s marine, and one time a Corsair of Nantes. He is the bravest and the best sailor the king possesses, and I would willingly exchange every action I have fought to be the hero of the paltriest fight won by such a man.”

Duguay Trouin’s advocacy was of no avail and Cassard sunk more and more into oblivion. At last, one day avoiding the attendants, he accosted Cardinal Fleury and implored that his claim against the Government for the West Indian, and against the merchants of Marseilles for the Tunisian expedition might be inquired into. Fleury rudely pushed the old man aside, and Cassard retorted with burning words and uplifted cane. A cardinal and a king’s minister was not lightly to be bearded, and that night as Cassard lay in his humble lodging, he was arrested and conveyed to the fortress of Ham.

In that castle, rendered famous by the incarceration of many a more powerful prisoner, the brave old Corsair of Nantes was confined until his death in 1740.

Although Cassard never achieved personal popularity like Duguay Trouin and Jean Bart, there is no doubt that he must rank as their equals. He was more than a mere Corsair, he was a successful leader of great expeditions, for surely the capture of the Cape de Verdes, of Antigua, Montserrat, Surinam, Essequibo, and Curaçoa must rank with Duguay Trouin’s brave exploit at Rio Janeiro—nay, should surpass it, for whilst the Malouine was

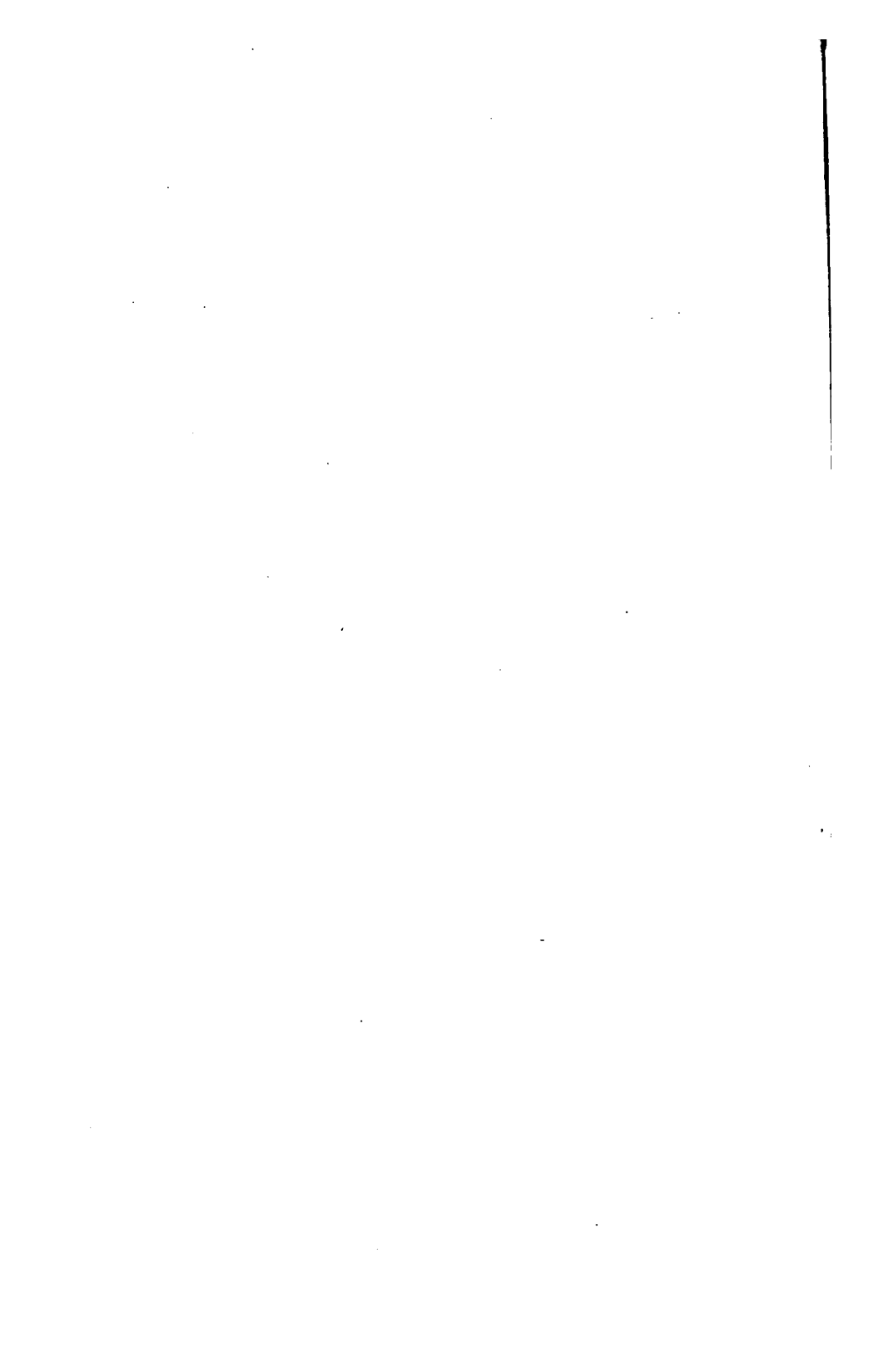
unfortunate enough to lose the vessels bringing home the treasure from Rio, Cassard was fortunate enough to carry into Martinique treasure to the value of 7,000,000*l.* sterling. (See Note.)

That these figures are somewhat exaggerated every impartial person must allow, yet putting on one side the value—the money value of his exploits—the exploits themselves raise Cassard far above the level of the ordinary Corsair, above that even of the spirited naval commander, Jean Bart, and place him in the category of the Drakes and Blakes of our own seventeenth century. That such a man should have been reduced to penury and have died in a prison is a disgrace even to the age in which he lived. Cassard is no popular hero, nevertheless his career is one that deserved to be disintombed from the musty volumes of the last century; the people of Nantes have done well in doing honour to one who was a honour to their city, and whose melancholy ending was one of the many shameful acts which stained the memory of the Grand Monarque.

NOTE.—“*Célèbres Marins*,” par Richer. Paris.

Treasure and sale of property seized at the Cape Verdes	£2,400,000
Treasure and sale of property seized at Antigua and Montserrat	2,000,000
Treasure and sale of property seized at Surinam, Berbier, and Essequibo	2,000,000
Treasure and sale of property seized at St. Eustach	1,000,000
Treasure and sale of property seized at Curaçoa	480,000
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	£7,880,000





CHAPTER IV.

DUGUAY TROUIN OF ST. MALO—1673-1736.

Duguay Trouin, the hero of St. Malo—Birth and early career—Destined for the Church—Youthful insubordination—Ships as volunteer on the Corsair *Trinité*—His first prize—Gallantry in capturing the *Concorde*—Commands *Danycan*—Raid on Lord Clare's house near Limerick—Shifts to the *Coëtquen*—Captures fourteen English prizes—Given command of king's ship *Profond*, 32—Transferred to *Hercules*, 28—Captures four English prizes—Quells a mutiny—Promoted to *Diligente*, 40—Captures Dutch ship *Panther*, 32—Engages and escapes from *Prince of Orange*, 50—After desperate fight captured by Channel Squadron under Sir David Mitchell—Carried prisoner to Plymouth—Escapes—Given command of *François*, 48—Captures two English frigates, *Nonsuch* and *Boston*—*Boston* retaken—Receives sword of honour from the king—Joins squadron under Marquis of Nesmond—Nesmond's jealousy—Trouin leaves the squadron—With aid of one other Corsair captures *Defence*, 58, *Resolution*, 56, and *Black Prince*, 40, Dutch Indiamen—Ordered to Versailles—Gracious reception by the king—Given command of his old prize, *Nonsuch*, henceforth the *Sanspareil*—His brother killed near Vigo—In 1698 given command of small squadron by the Minister of Marine—Captures Dutch squadron under Admiral Von Wassenaer—Given commission as commander in the navy—Captures English man-of-war *Coventry*, 60—Promoted post-captain—Signalizes his promotion by taking *Elizabeth*, 50, and *Gaspard*, 30—Given Star of St. Louis—Under Forbin assists at capture of English men-of-war, *Cumberland*, 60, *Chester*, 50, *Ruby*, 30, and sinks *Devonshire*, 60—Jealousy of Forbin—Ill-success off the Azores—Captures English ship *Bristol*, 60—Granted Letters of Nobility—Successful expedition to Rio Janeiro—Commands Mediterranean fleet—Made admiral and Knight of St. Louis—His death and character—Ships named after him.

ST. MALO, the Corsair City, as it is not inaptly styled, boasts of no nobler hero than René Duguay Trouin. Other Corsairs—sea-wolves, as the Breton

fisher-folk love to call them—are claimed as fellow-townsmen by the Malouines, and their names and fame are interwoven with many wondrous tales of local colouring; but though the gallant deeds of Surcouf and of La Bourdonnais may vie with the early exploits of Duguay Trouin, none of these men have succeeded in gaining such a hold on the love of their fellow-townsmen, or in conferring on the city of their fathers the gift of their own immortality. What Jean Bart did for Dunkirk, what Duguesclin did for Dinan, that has Duguay Trouin done for St. Malo. He has linked the name of an insignificant town to that of a gallant warrior, and enabled later generations to take an ever-present interest in deeds which now, though old, live fresh in the memories of all to whom brave deeds serve as the foundation on which all noble actions are built. Duguay Trouin is pre-eminently the hero of St. Malo. Jacques Cartier may dispute with Columbus the honour of the discovery of the New World, La Bourdonnais may claim with Dupleix the proud title of Conqueror of the English in India, but it is Duguay Trouin's statue that the Malouines have set up in the *Place*,—it is his portrait which graces the *Salle des Délibérations* in the *Hôtel de Ville*, representations of his gallant actions look down on you from the walls of its museum, and relics of his prowess are shown you at every turn. If the brave old Corsair found honour in his own country, Paris was not less ready to enroll him as a national hero. In the year 1818, when Louis XVIII. determined to erect

on the bridges of the Seine statues of the twelve most illustrious warriors of France, the commission which sat to select the heroes unanimously fixed upon the sailor of St. Malo as one of the twelve; and this day in the Entrance Court at Versailles, Duguay Trouin's statue may yet be seen.

And truly his career is one of which France may well be proud. Indomitable gallantry, fertility of resource, generosity to his subordinates, courtesy to his prisoners, a keen love of adventure, and an abiding faith in his own star, these were the attributes of the man who, alone and unaided except by those opportunities which come to all worthy to use them, raised himself from the position of a graceless candidate for the priesthood to that of Lieutenant-General of the King's Navies and Commandant of the Port of Brest.

Those who have faith in signs and tokens may well believe that Duguay Trouin was born under a lucky star. He was born on the 10th of June, 1673: between the 7th and 21st June, the combined fleets of France and England inflicted a series of crushing defeats on the Dutch squadrons under Tromp and Ruyter: the first sounds which struck the ears of the future Corsair were the bells of St. Malo ringing, and the guns of St. Malo firing in honour of a victory—one of the earliest ever gained by a squadron composed entirely of a French king's vessels. The house in which Duguay Trouin was born, a quaint old wooden structure in the Rue Jean Chatillon, is still pointed out to visitors; though if no cicerone be at hand, it may readily be recognized by the little

tablet on its walls bearing the words, "Ici est né Duguay Trouin." Sprung from a race who had ever made their living by the sea, it is a matter of surprise that the lad should have been destined for another career; but the father's later enterprises as a privateer had not been crowned with success. An uncle was French Consul at Malaga (a post which appears to have been hereditary in the family, as we find it had been held by men of the same name for over 200 years), and this uncle was a close friend of the Bishop of that see, who happened to be a brother of Philip IV., King of Spain. Through this influence, clerical preferment was anticipated, and though the little René loved to play amongst the rotting boats behind the old arsenal, or to wander in the shipping-yards away up the banks of the Rance, and thought the smell of tar was sweeter than that of incense, he never dared to question his father's decision, and quietly acquiesced in the future carved out for him; so after an early education in the College of St. Malo, he was despatched to Rennes, there to complete his studies for the priesthood. The vacations spent at home served more and more to draw the lad away from his intended calling. One by one his little playfellows were drafted off to sea—some to follow in the wake of the early Corsairs of Bretagne, others to endure still greater hardships and privations on the fishing-banks of Newfoundland—and René fretted out his soul at home. Well read and active both in mind and body, his spirit revolted at the thought of the future marked out for him, and on more than one occasion

outbreaks of insubordination brought down on him severe and condign punishment. In 1688 his father died, and then occurred an episode rare indeed in the history of French youth. A priest, wearied with young René's continued inattention, took up a ruler and struck the boy over the knuckles. In these days of "Liberté, égalité, fraternité," corporal punishment is absolutely forbidden in French schools. René, however, brooked no such treatment; before the priest had time to realize his intention, he seized the unfortunate cleric by the collar, and wrenching the ruler from his grasp, broke it over the tempting shaven pate. The consternation in the college was extreme: a reverend father assaulted by a candidate for the priesthood!—never was such an outrage heard of; the lad was hurried off to a refractory cell, and his widowed mother hastily summoned. Duguay scorned to ask pardon for his offence, and stoutly threatened to repeat it should a like indignity be offered him. To retain such a godless youth was impossible, so he, graceless and impenitent, was forthwith removed to Caen, where it was hoped severer discipline and closer attention to study might wean the youth from mundane matters. But the good priests at Caen relished not the lad whose sturdy frame and well-knit muscles showed full well that he was capable of repeating the experiment tried at Rennes, and few if any efforts were made to induce the young Malouine to conform to college rules. He roamed the town at his own good will, and soon made friends outside the walls of the college, whose tastes were more congenial than those

who dwelt within. From these he learnt much that was useful and some things perhaps wiser left unknown, he became an adept at sword-play, passionately fond of gambling, and more and more averse to the calling for which he was destined. The injudicious liberality of his mother enabled him to follow pretty much his own inclinations in every respect, and we may judge of the precocity of the youth when we read that in his sixteenth year he succeeded in paying a visit to Paris and another to Rouen, when supposed to be studying religion at the College of Caen. It was clear that René Duguay Trouin was scarcely likely to justify the kind intervention of the Bishop of Malaga—his own inclinations pointed to the sea. The sound of war was rife in France. Louis XIV. was standing at bay against all the great powers, and the French navy, Colbert's magnificent legacy, was now at the very zenith of its glory. There were men holding high commands who had sprung from Corsair origin, and courtly smiles and courtly influence were not entirely reserved for those of noble birth. Men high in the land, deep in the king's counsel, did not hesitate to mix themselves up in expeditions by which money might be made, and in which no king's ship ventured to appear. Every port in France was interested in this style of naval warfare, but none had thrown themselves into it with more cordiality than the Corsair city of St. Malo. In the year 1689 no fewer than seventy-eight craft of all rigs and all sizes from that port alone were employed in scouring the seas for the sole purpose of destroying

the commerce of those nations at war with France. Here was the opportunity for René Duguay Trouin, here he might find heads harder to break and more legitimately to be broken than that of the worthy *frère* of Rennes: his father was not without renown as a Corsair, and there were many captains sailing out of St. Malo who would gladly welcome on board their craft a son of Luc Trouin of la Barbinais, for they were well aware that the relatives of the lad were rich enough and willing enough to assist substantially in equipping a vessel for this lucrative, if dangerous trade.

Young Duguay Trouin knew well the life before him. The streets of St. Malo were full of men who plied the trade of Corsair: from his own father's lips he had heard many a tale of hard encounters, of dismasted craft, and shot-torn hulls, of prize and captor cast helpless on the perilous reefs which fringe the coasts of Brittany; and many a lad, scarce his own age, had sturdily played his minor part in scenes which our young hero pictured to himself only too vividly. Brought up midst companions like these, Duguay was not the one to shirk the opening now offered him, and in November, 1689, he embarked on a smart craft, the *Trinité*, mounting twenty-eight guns and carrying a crew of 123 men. His first experience was rude enough, the month of November in the Channel rarely offers the most tempting weather to the sailor, and young Duguay Trouin had his full share of gales and fogs, of strong head-winds, accompanied with blinding sleet, of dreary beatings off an iron-bound coast, and

never the excitement of a single prize to relieve the miserable monotony of a winter's cruise. A solitary unit in a crew of 128 men on board a craft of 180 tons, his lines were by no means cast in pleasant places, but the life, such as it was, was made light and agreeable so far as it could be, for Marguerite Trouin, our hero's mother, had contributed a considerable sum towards the equipment of the *Trinité*. A whole year elapsed ere Duguay Trouin smelt powder, for it was not until the month of November, 1690, that the *Trinité* captured, after a short struggle, a small craft hailing from London named *The Three Friends*. Duguay formed part of the prize-crew placed on board the English ship, and in assisting to bring her into port, ran a narrow chance of shipwreck on the ugly reef, the *Minquiers*, which bars the entrance to St. Malo harbour. And now the run of luck was about to set in the opposite direction. Within the month four other British ships fell into the hands of the *Trinité*, and on the 16th of December she had a sharp and successful fight with the Dutch Corsair, *Concorde*. The two vessels were equally matched as regards armament, but the crew of the *Trinité* had been weakened by some thirty men escorting prizes to France, and so Captain Fossart fought at a disadvantage. The Malouines have never been accustomed to count the odds, and Fossart was not the man to show a pair of heels to any Dutchman afloat. At dawn on the 16th the Dutchman was seen hull down to leeward; cracking on all sail, by mid-day the *Trinité* was within gunshot, and firing

a blank cartridge signalled the *Concorde* to heave to; no answer being vouchsafed, a shotted gun was fired across her bows, and in reply the Dutch vessel saluted the *Trinité* with a heavy broadside. For more than two hours the cannonade continued; but the Frenchman having the heavier metal, and, thanks to Colbert's admirable instructions, her crew being better versed in gun-drill, succeeded in inflicting considerable damage on the top-hamper of her foe, receiving in return but little harm. The casualties on the *Concorde*, too, were heavy, and noticing that her fire was beginning to slacken, Fossart ranged alongside and calling away his boarders, was the first to leap on board the enemy's ship. Young Duguay Trouin sprung over by his side, and this, his first introduction to hand-to-hand fighting, was graven on his memory to the day of his death. As the Frenchmen dashed on board the enemy's ship, the vessels swung apart, and then again the man at the *Trinité's* tiller brought her up against the *Concorde*: more than one brave fellow, missing his foothold, fell short into the sea, to be crushed to death between the grinding hulls. Amongst the unfortunates was one Jean Desmoulins, an old friend of Duguay Trouin's, and as the novice, young and active, leapt into the mizen-chains of the Dutchman, the brains of his poor messmate were bespattered in his face. Small time was there for musing why the one should be taken and the other left, for a big Flessinger, seeing but a youth in front of him, rushed on what he flattered himself would be an easy prey; but the fencing lessons of Caen now came in

good stead, and though scarcely accustomed to the rolling decks of a small vessel, Duguay Trouin had a keener eye and a quicker hand than his adversary. Deftly avoiding the lumbering sweep of the Dutchman's cutlass, René laid him low with a thrust through the throat; then, seeing his captain hard pressed by three of the enemy, he rushed to Fossart's aid, and here again his knowledge of sword-play proved of incalculable service. Few sailors, especially those who shipped on Corsair craft, knew aught of the intricacies of *quart* and *tierce*, of points and parries; the pike and cutlasses when wielded by stalwart arms were formidable weapons, and brute force in nine cases out of ten won the day. But Duguay Trouin had as cool a head as he had steady a hand, and he was as nimble of foot as he was quick of eye, and these qualities enabled him, not merely to rid his captain of two out of the three Dutchmen who were making matters unpleasant for the brave old Malouine, but also permitted him to earn more than a novice's share of the glory in the capture of the *Concorde*. The fight was sharp enough whilst it lasted, and when at length the white flag of France flew from the Dutch vessel's mast-head, over twenty brave men of Flushing lay stark on the *Concorde's* decks. As one of the prize-crew detached to take the captured vessel home, young Duguay Trouin shared in the tumultuous triumph which greeted the arrival of the Dutch ship as she rounded the mole of St. Malo. He was destined to share in many a more glorious ovation, but this his first taste of the

joys of victory was sweet enough. There on the mole-head stood many a whilom playmate, many a winsome lassie, crowding down to see the entry of the fresh-won prize. There, too, was his mother leaning on the arm of her good cousin, Jean Danycan, himself in younger days a worthy Corsair of the Corsair city, and in the crowd was many a well-known face of priest and merchant, all eagerly joining in the acclamations which greeted the shot-torn craft as, with jury rig and splintered bulwarks, she forged into the inner harbour. Under the white flag of France flew the tricolour of Holland, and displayed on a board in the mizen-rigging were the names of the six members of the Corsair's crew who had fallen in the gallant fight. The rejoicings were great in the Rue Jean Chatillon that night, for every member of the prize-crew had some fresh version to give of young Duguay Trouin's prowess on the 16th. Besides glorying in her son's bravery, the good widow had the solid satisfaction of feeling that her money had not been risked in vain. The barren success achieved by the *Trinité* during the preceding year had been more than atoned for in the past month, when six valuable prizes had fallen to her share, and a sum equal to the amount invested in her equipment was ready for distribution to the lucky Corsair venturers.

René Duguay Trouin was more than ever determined to continue his new-found calling, and his relatives in no way discouraged him. They were anxious, however, that he should master the

educational requirements of his profession, in order that he might be ready as soon as opportunity offered to assume command himself. During his year at sea he had realized the necessity for a knowledge of navigation, and he applied himself with vigour to mastering the intricacies of solar observations, and such simple knowledge as the sailor of the seventeenth century deemed essential.

In June of the following year, 1691, Duguay Trouin once more embarked as a volunteer on board the *Grenedan*, a smart sailor of 300 tons, mounting eighteen guns, with a crew of 205 men: this craft had been jointly fitted out by the families of Trouin and of Danycan. It may readily be imagined that the position of this young volunteer was made as little irksome as Captain Legoux could make it, and that the greatest deference was paid to his views and to his wishes. Proceeding to the west coast of Ireland, it was not long ere the *Grenedan* entered on her career of victory. On the 21st of August she sighted a fleet of fifteen merchantmen, which steered for the shelter of Bantry Bay; but, as so often happened in our wars with France, the *Malouine* Corsair was by far the smartest vessel that day, and, thanks to the able seamanship of old Legoux and the dashing gallantry of the young volunteer, three out of the fifteen vessels were boarded and captured before they reached Dingle Bay. In boarding the second prize, Duguay Trouin narrowly escaped the fate of the brave Desmoulins at the capture of the *Concorde*. All anxious to be the first on the enemy's decks, no sooner had the two vessels neared than

the young volunteer, without waiting to see that the grappling-irons had caught in the rigging or that the craft were lashed to each other, sprung to the mizen-chains of the Englishman; her helmsman, wishing to avoid the shock, kept his own ship away a bit, and Duguay Trouin, jumping short, fell into the water. Both vessels were moving some six or seven knots, but his fall being seen, a rope was hove him just in time, and he seizing it, was dragged through the water and so on to his own craft. With the eagerness of youth he was yet one of the first amongst the boarders; dashing aft to where the fight raged thickest he was fortunate enough to wound, disarm, and personally receive into his own hands the sword of the English captain, a sturdy man of Kerry, little versed in those intricacies of sword-play which Duguay Trouin had so fortunately for himself mastered at Caen. On the 5th of September, 1691, the *Grenedan* re-entered St. Malo; following in her wake came the three English prizes, the *Francis Samuel*, 28, the *Europe*, 24, and the *Seven Stars*, 28. For those who have witnessed the return of the Newfoundland fishing-fleet in this nineteenth century, it is not difficult to picture the welcome accorded to the Corsairs of two hundred years ago. Pride and grief chased each other by turns from the faces of those who crowded the *cale*: pride at the brave sight before them, grief for those who had fallen in the fray. Amongst those whose pride was unalloyed was Marguerite Duguay Trouin,—her son had now won his spurs, and she already pictured him, not as a mere volunteer, but as a captain

convoying in a string of prizes even more valuable than those now before her, in the capture of which he had borne so brave a part. More than one member of the *Grenedan's* crew shared the feast that was prepared at the Rue Jean Chatillon that day, and the proud mother was made prouder still by the universal testimony borne to the bravery of her favourite son. It was not merely in action that his good qualities shone forth. In fair weather or foul he was the life and soul of the crew; and more than one weather-beaten tar privately informed old Jean Danycan that they would rather sail under René Duguay Trouin than under any captain hailing from St. Malo. But Colbert's rules were still in full force: the *Inscription maritime*, yet in its infancy, forbade men eligible for the king's service to enter that of private employers in time of war, and though Seignelay and his successor, Pontchartrain, the Minister of Marine under Louis XIV., were ready enough to grant letters of marque to Corsairs of known valour and fidelity, they were by no means likely to approve of a youth still in his teens being entrusted with an independent command. Despite these drawbacks it was determined to let young Duguay Trouin make a voyage on his own account, and his friends, unwilling at first to run any great risk, gave him command of a small craft, the *Danycan*, mounting but fourteen guns, and of no great renown either for speed or seamanlike qualities. Thus handicapped, small wonder that the young captain's first voyage was not very propitious. Every craft he chased sailed two knots to his one, and he returned

empty-handed to St. Malo. Empty-handed, but not without additional honour; for, having chased some vessels into the friendly shelter of the Shannon, Duguay Trouin landed in the night, and seeing some craft beached on the mud in an undefended harbour, attacked and burnt them, then moving inland performed the same feat to a property belonging to Lord Clare. The utmost consternation spread throughout the neighbourhood. Trouin's fifty men were magnified into a force of all arms, his miserable old craft, the *Danycan*, into a French fleet; and despatches were sent north and south for troops to come and repel the invaders. The officer commanding William III.'s troops at Limerick was the first on the scene; he, misled by reports and fearing an ambushade failed to act with vigour, and Duguay Trouin was thus enabled to draw off absolutely unmolested, after having caused an incalculable amount of damage, and spread terror throughout the western provinces of Ireland, during his four-and-twenty hours' cruise ashore.

The following year Duguay Trouin was promoted into a better craft, and this time, the fame of his incursion into the county of Limerick having reached the ears of Pontchartrain, letters of marque were granted him, and he was thus permitted to ship a crew of seamen, not of waifs and strays such as formed the ship's company on the *Danycan*. His new ship, named the *Coetquen*, mounted eighteen guns and carried a crew of 140 men. She too was fitted out at the joint expense of the Trouins and Danycans and was destined to scour the Channel

in company with another craft, the *Saint Aaron*, also the property of the same firm.

The two vessels sailed from St. Malo early in June, 1692, and steered for the Cornish coast, off which they cruised for some three weeks in the hope of cutting off the West Indian fleets which usually entered the Channel at that season of the year. The young commander's fortune was evidently about to turn once more, for on the 22nd of June a squadron of thirty craft, under convoy of two small frigates mounting sixteen guns, was sighted astern. Shortening sail and showing English colours, Duguay Trouin enticed the Englishmen within range; then running up the white flag, he bore down on the leading frigate, at the same time that the *Saint Aaron* by his instructions steered into the middle of the squadron of merchant-ships. These vessels were unable to make any resistance, and Captain Welsh, a man of English extraction, who commanded the *Saint Aaron*, was able to board and man with prize-crews twelve ships; more men he has unable to spare, and the remaining eighteen English vessels, chiefly coasting-craft of small tonnage, were consequently enabled to press on more sail and shape their course for Plymouth. In the meantime the two frigates were doing their utmost to beat off Duguay Trouin's persistent attacks; but the young captain, with his usual intrepidity, had laid the *Coetquen* alongside the leading English vessel, and poured 100 stalwart Bretons over her bulwarks. The fight was long and obstinate, and its issue was for a long time doubtful, for the other English craft ranged up on the

Coetquen's quarter and made a desperate attempt to take her by boarding. Welsh, seeing the straits to which the *Coetquen* was reduced, ordered his prize-crews to bear up for St. Malo, and he at once opened a fire of chain-shot and case on the half-deserted decks of the little frigate which had dared to board the *Coetquen*. Coming up under the quarter of this craft, he lashed his bowsprit to her mizen-rigging, threw the whole of his crew on board her, and speedily overpowered the handful of men still living on her decks; then bracing round her yards he caused her to sheer away from Duguay Trouin's ship. Before doing so, however, some twenty or thirty brave Bretons rushed across the English ship's decks, and gaining those of the *Coetquen*, were so enabled to restore the balance of this uneven fight. Welsh, having cut the *Saint Aaron* adrift from his prize, now ranged up on the disengaged quarter of the remaining uncaptured Englishman, and this vessel, taken between two fires, had no course open but to haul down her colours. Thus, thanks to the valuable assistance of the quick-witted Welsh, Duguay Trouin was able to steer for St. Malo with no fewer than fourteen prizes. But the Channel was not always open to the free passage of French Corsairs: English cruisers patrolled its waters, and many a hard-won prize was recaptured by their ever watchful care. So it happened on this occasion. On rounding Jersey a squadron of six English men-of-war was descried, and Duguay Trouin, trusting to the dangers of the coast and his own knowledge of those dangers, at once shaped his course for the Bréhat islands,

lying to the westward of Cape Frehel. The whole coast is here dotted with dangerous reefs, some of which are visible at high water, but many more are rarely uncovered except at exceptionally high spring-tides. The tide, too, runs like a mill-race round the cape, and the young Corsair knew no captain would dare to venture with a king's ship into the neighbourhood of these iron-bound reefs. Before reaching their shelter, however, he had the misfortune of seeing two of his prizes retaken, and he was somewhat exercised at the conduct of Welsh, who, shaping his course for St. Malo with four of the captured merchantmen, seemed more likely even than himself to be overtaken by the English squadron.

Duguay Trouin, though exposed for some hours to the fire of the bow-chasers of the English frigates, rounded Cape Frehel in safety, and was fortunate enough to bring eight of his prizes uninjured into Paimpol harbour. For the next three or four days the English squadron hovered off the coast, and there seemed every prospect of their attempting a cutting-out expedition. Duguay accordingly landed his prisoners, and moored his ships across the entrance to the harbour. He thus presented such a formidable broadside of guns to any boats attempting to force an entrance, that after one or two fruitless attempts the English commodore bore up for Jersey. A few days later Trouin convoyed his prizes in safety to St. Malo, where he was glad to find the *Saint Aaron* lying with the remaining four captured ships.

Not content with this successful cruise, Duguay Trouin, as soon as he had filled up with fresh provisions and water, and given his men forty-eight hours' run ashore, once more put to sea, and once more chose the neighbourhood of the Scillies for his cruising-ground. Again he was successful, and this time he was fortunate enough to capture two rich West Indiamen laden with sugar, who struck their flags at the first summons. Returning to St. Malo with his prizes, the young Corsair found that his name had been submitted by the Naval Commandant of the port to the Minister of Marine, for the command of one of his Majesty's ships. Not that he was to be enrolled as an officer of the navy, and entitled to wear the uniform almost exclusively reserved for members of the aristocracy. No, for the French navy in the days of the Monarchs of France was always a very close borough. Then, as now, the French nation possessed ships for which she was unable to find either officers or men, or indeed money for their fitting out. The ministers, however, were always willing to lend these ships to solvent merchant firms, who, finding officers and crews and funds for equipping them, stood all risk attendant on their ventures. Prizes were, as I have said before, handed over to the Admiralty courts and sold by auction, one-tenth being retained by Government, the remainder being divided in proportions as before agreed upon between the firms who commissioned the ship and the crew who manned her. Ofttimes ministers themselves would embark considerable sums in equipping such vessels, especially those

about to be commanded by men like Jean Bart, Duguay Trouin, and Forbin. A code of laws was drawn up for the guidance of captains commanding such craft, and these vessels were recognized by all maritime nations as being engaged in legitimate warfare. Not only did the State derive a very considerable revenue from the captures made by these Corsairs, but the King's navy received valuable reinforcements in the persons of officers and men inured to war, skilled in seamanship, and possessing a profound knowledge of the coasts of France.

It was late in the autumn of 1692 that Duguay Trouin received instructions to proceed to Brest, and there take command of the corvette *Profond*, 32. Not yet twenty years of age, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the Minister of Marine should hesitate to entrust the youthful Trouin with any very valuable command, although indeed the State was guaranteed from all loss by the joint indemnity of the rich firms of Trouin de la Barbinais and Danycan. The *Profond* was a veritable tortoise at sea, and though the young captain sighted many craft, he was unable to come up to any of them. More than one misfortune befell him: one dark night at the mouth of the Channel he encountered a Swedish man-of-war, and through some inexplicable error (Sweden being then at peace with France), the two craft opened fire on each other. The cannonade lasted until daybreak when the error was discovered, and when too, in comparing losses, it was discovered that the Swede had lost her fore-top-

mast and sixteen men killed and wounded, whilst the *Profond* had been hulled nine times, and had four men killed. To add to his troubles fever broke out in the ship, and of such a severe and virulent form that ere she could show a clean bill of health, eighty of Duguay Trouin's crew were dead. During the outbreak the *Profond* put into Lisbon, and there was cleansed and fumigated, and the young captain took the opportunity to careen and clean his ship's bottom in the hope of improving her sailing qualities. When ready for sea, Trouin was ordered to proceed to Brest and pay off, for from his own account it was evident that small results would be obtained from any cruises of the *Profond*.

Fortunately, however, for the young captain, the day after leaving Lisbon he sighted a large Spanish vessel bound from the West Indies with rum and sugar; but weakly manned and badly armed, the Spaniard surrendered without firing a shot, and with this one prize Duguay Trouin re-entered Brest. He had been at sea four months, had lost one-third of his crew, from sickness, and had captured but one vessel. The cargo of this one, however, was of such a rich nature that the firms interested in the venture were ready enough to use their influence to obtain a more important command for Duguay Trouin, and the Minister of Marine was equally ready to entrust him with one. He had been ashore but a month when he received instructions to proceed to Brest, and to commission the *Hercule*, a corvette mounting twenty-eight guns and one of the

smartest vessels of her size in the navy. Early in July the *Hercule* put to sea, and once again Duguay Trouin chose the neighbourhood of the Scillies as his cruising-ground; and this his second cruise in a king's ship, bade fair to be more prosperous than his last, for within a month of leaving Brest four English prizes were captured, and captured too without the loss of a man. Then, however, his good fortune deserted him, and he was two whole months at sea without sighting a single hostile ship; provisions and water were low, and his officers and men murmuring loudly, but the young captain showed no intention of returning to port; the murmurs grew louder and louder, and his position became critical, for his tween-decks were crowded with 200 prisoners, who performed their share of lessening daily the food and water. Short commons soon tells on the sailor, and sickness broke out on board; still Duguay Trouin refused to listen to the representations of his officers or to pander to the murmurs of his crew. At last the discontent culminated into something like open mutiny; the crew came aft in a body, and demanded that the vessel should be put about and a course steered for the nearest French port. One of the youngest men on the ship, Duguay Trouin might have been pardoned had he shown some hesitation on this occasion, but he evinced as much coolness and firmness in the presence of his disaffected crew as he had done when boarding the *Concorde*. Partly by threats, for the Corsair commander was a veritable autocrat on board his ship, partly by persuasion, Duguay Trouin induced his

men to return to their duty, promising that if, at the end of seven days, no prize was captured, he would return to France, and further assuring them that the first prize sighted should be handed over to the men to pillage. Slowly enough did the days pass for the half-starving crew, but all too quickly for the ambitious captain; night succeeded night yet no strange sail was reported; dawn followed dawn, and Duguay Trouin would descend from his morning visit to the main-topmast head more and more despondent. At last the seventh day drew to a close, and on the morrow he would have to relinquish the cruise and stand away for Brest. As he lay tossing wearily in his bunk, he dozed off, and in a dream saw bearing down on him two full-rigged English ships, lying low in the water evidently heavily laden. So vivid was the dream that the young captain woke, and leaving his cabin, spent the remainder of the night pacing his little quarter-deck and feverishly watching for dawn. Day broke clear and bright, and as the first streaks of light illumined the sky Duguay Trouin mounted to the topgallant-yard and with anxious eyes swept the horizon. As he himself says in his memoirs, he was so firmly convinced in the truth of his vision that he evinced no surprise at seeing two large vessels, carrying exactly the sail of those he had but an hour before dreamt of, bearing down on him. Nearing their own coast, Duguay Trouin felt that these vessels would rather avoid than accept an encounter, and he therefore hoisted the English flag, and shortened sail to enable them to come up to him. Little suspecting

the nature of the craft they were approaching, the two large merchantmen stood boldly on, and in response to Trouin's blank shot, commanding them to heave-to, merely dipped the English colours, and stood on. We may judge of their surprise when the next act of their supposed countryman was to run up the white flag of France and to fire a shotted gun across their bows. Hastily clearing for action, the merchantmen determined on making a stout resistance, but Duguay Trouin's men, inflamed by the hope of pillage, fought with even more than their accustomed bravery; the task before them was no easy one; gun for gun each of the Englishmen was a match for the *Hercule*; but Duguay Trouin's crew was nearly double that of the enemy, and when, despite the excellent manœuvring of the English captains, he was enabled to lay his craft alongside the enemy and throw his boarders on their decks, the question of ownership was soon decided; ere the sun was over the main-yard, Duguay Trouin's prize-crews had made all snug on board the English vessels, and were bowling away before a north-westerly breeze for Brest. The first ship captured was handed over to the crew of the *Hercule* to plunder, in accordance with the young captain's promise; the second one was reserved intact for the Admiralty agent, and seals placed over the hatchways. Leaving the two prizes at Brest, and filling up with provisions and water, Duguay Trouin started once more on a winter cruise. Once more fortune favoured him, for on the 27th of November he captured a fine English bark

laden with sugar, rum, and silver ingots from the West Indies ; and two days later, when escorting her to Brest, he fell in with and secured a rich Dutch prize. The result of this year's cruising was a handsome profit to the firms which had fitted out the *Hercule*, and a considerable sum was retained by the Admiralty agent at Brest on behalf of the king's share.

After a stay of a month ashore, Duguay Trouin, still supported by his brother and cousin, applied again for a king's ship, and on the 16th of January, 1694, sailed from Brest in the frigate *Diligente*, 40, with a crew of 250 men, with orders to cruise off the coast of Spain, and intercept the vessels arriving from the West Indies. In the month of February he captured three prizes, two Dutch and one English, and, having despatched them under prize-crews to Brest, put into Lisbon for fresh provisions and water. Early in April he was joined by his old ship the *Hercule*, which brought out his prize-crews, thus again bringing up his complement to 250 men, and the two vessels in company continued their cruising. On the 25th of the same month a squadron of ships-of-war was reported in sight, these proved to be four large Dutch armed merchantmen hailing from Curaçoa, laden with rum, cocoa, and bar silver. Selecting the largest of the four, named the *Panther*, a fine ship carrying thirty-two guns, and ordering the *Hercule* to attack the next largest, Duguay Trouin ran up the French colours, and, in accordance with custom, ordered the Dutchmen to heave-to and be searched. For all answer

they threw out the tricolour of Holland and pressed on more sail. A lively cannonade at once ensued, and a lucky shot having crippled the foremast of the *Panther*, Duguay Trouin was enabled to lash the *Diligente* alongside her and to carry her by boarding. The *Hercule* had not been so fortunate; her opponent was the faster vessel of the two and mounted heavier metal, her captain too would give his antagonist no opportunity of coming alongside, consequently Trouin had the mortification of seeing three out of the four escape him. Giving the command of the *Panther* to his cousin Jacques Boscher, Duguay Trouin stood away for St. Malo, where he arrived the following evening, prize and consort rounding the mole in his immediate wake. Warm as had been the welcome accorded him when convoying in small coasting-craft as his prisoners, the seafaring populace outdid their former efforts when they saw their own townsman, a lad just one-and-twenty years of age, work his way up the dangerous passage from the Minquiers, past the island of Cézembre, and moor his little squadron off the Cale by the Arsenal. However anxious Duguay Trouin might have been to spend a long holiday ashore, he was now in command of one of the king's ships, and personal considerations had to be sunk; he merely remained long enough to fill up with fresh water and provisions, and then, this time without the *Hercule* which had suffered somewhat from the fire of her antagonist in the recent action, stood out alone to sea. On the 30th of April he fell in with a convoy of thirty colliers

escorted by a 56-gun ship, the *Prince of Orange*. Flying the English colours, the *Diligente* sailed into the centre of the convoy without being discovered, then ascertaining that the vessels carried nothing but coal, a practically useless commodity in France, Duguay Trouin stood away from the English fleet. Seeing a vessel thus leaving her escort, the *Prince of Orange* fired a gun to warn the *Diligente*, who was still flying the English colours, to keep on the given course; but the Corsair merely pressed on more sail, in order to avoid capture, for the discovery of her nationality she knew could be no longer delayed. Seeing that the *Diligente* paid no attention to blank cartridge or to signal, the captain of the English man-of-war began to suspect something wrong, and signalling the convoy to keep close order, he started in pursuit of the Frenchman. But the *Diligente* was the faster sailer of the two, and when she had well out-distanced the man-of-war, Duguay Trouin brailed up his courses and waited for the *Prince of Orange* to come within range. Then, with the English colours still flying, he treated the English ship to a broadside, and once more filling her sails the *Diligente* again bore away from pursuit. When out of range Duguay Trouin hoisted his own colours and again hove-to, hoping to be able to dismast the Englishman by a lucky shot, and then to carry her by boarding; but the *Prince of Orange*, fearing to lose some of her convoy, and satisfied with having chased away the Corsair, changed her course and rejoined the squadron under her charge.

It was impossible that the young captain's career should continue without a check. Hitherto, he had passed through some privations and many dangers, he had in the course of his four and a half years' sea-service risen to the rank of commander, had shared in the capture of over thirty craft of various rigs and sizes, as yet he had escaped without a scratch, and had on more than one occasion, by good seamanship and by gallantry, brought himself clear from situations which looked as if they could only end in his capture.

Emboldened by these successes, Duguay Trouin began to consider himself as well-nigh gifted with some special quality. He was already looked upon as the leading Corsair of the Corsair city, and there were not wanting men in Brittany who put him on a par with Jean Bart of Dunkirk, the most popular of all French naval heroes; but Duguay Trouin's pride was to receive an awkward fall.

The morning of the 12th of May broke dull and heavy, a dense summer fog obscured the horizon, and the *Diligente* lay becalmed some thirty miles south of the Scillies. Ever and anon a little puff of wind would arise, enough to fill the light upper sails of the frigate, but not enough to clear away the fog. The wind, such as there was, was blowing up from the south-east, and Duguay Trouin meant to take advantage of it, and to round the islands for the purpose of scouring the Bristol Channel, in which at this season of the year ships from the West Indies might generally be found.

The fog grew denser and denser all the fore-

noon, and the wind fell to nearly a dead calm; the Corsair, fearing he might be driven on the islands, determined on heaving-to until it lifted, his men, wearied with inaction, were lying on the decks, some playing cards or dominos, others patching sails or furbishing up arms, none thinking of the danger into which they were leisurely drifting,—every man had a firm faith in their captain's star. Suddenly the man on the look-out shouted a sail on the lee-bow, and in almost the same breath reported two more on the weather-bow. In a moment all was bustle, bustle but not confusion, for Duguay Trouin had trained his men with almost the discipline of a man-of-war's crew; quickly the men got to quarters, whilst the captain slightly changed his course with the object of approaching the nearest ship to ascertain her nationality.

A few brief seconds ended the suspense. The long pennant hanging idly from the topgallant mast-head and the ensign flapping lazily at the mizen-peak showed an English man-of-war, whilst the double row of open ports proved to the young Corsair that there was but one course open to him. His keen eyes showed him that the two other vessels were also ships-of-war, and he now knew that he was in the very grasp of a squadron cruising at the mouth of the channel, under the command of Admiral Sir David Mitchell. There was for a moment the bare hope that his vessel in the fog might be mistaken for one of the squadron, and to favour this supposition, Duguay Trouin determined to run up English colours, but the look-out on the

Adventure had already made out the strange craft, and a blank cartridge from the English frigate summoned the Corsair to heave to. The *Malouine*, however, rapidly counted his chances. In his own ship's speed he had the fullest confidence, and he had no wish to see the inside of an English prison; by running close in shore and doubling the islands he might shake off his pursuers, at the worst—should his attempt fail—he could but fall into their hands. A bid for escape was therefore determined on, and taking no notice of the Englishman's gun beyond hanging out the English ensign, Duguay Trouin held on his course. The English squadron was heading to the north-east, he making to the westward. The *Adventure*, seeing no notice was taken of her summons, repeated it with a shotted gun, and at once signalled to her consorts the presence of the stranger; at the same time she went about and stood after the Frenchman. The wind was too light to permit the *Diligente* to gain much on her adversary, and all chance of escape was banished by the first broadside of the English frigate, which, flying high over the *Diligente's* decks, hurtled through her top-hamper and shattering both topmasts, sent masts and spars crashing down on deck, many men being injured in their fall.

Although in the very midst of the hostile squadron, the young captain's presence of mind did not desert him. To escape in his own vessel was an impossibility, but he instantly conceived a plan of action which, hopelessly daring in its conception, was helplessly impossible of execution. As the *Adventure* ranged alongside to demand surrender of the dismasted

Frenchman, Duguay Trouin, whose vessel still had some way on her, put his helm hard up, and crashing into the frigate's sides called on his men to board and capture her—the wild idea coursed through his brain that he might overpower the English crew, make himself master of their vessel, and abandoning the *Diligente* to the enemy, carry the *Adventure*, a larger and more powerful and more heavily-armed vessel, into St. Malo as his prize. The English captain was no novice in the art of naval warfare, and as the French crew endeavoured to board by the fore-chains, they were met with such a volley of musketry from the small-arms men in the tops, and such a fierce assault from the blue jackets on the deck, that they fell back checked on to their own craft; at the same time putting his own helm down, he caused the *Adventure* to fall away from the *Diligente*, and at once reopened fire on the floating wreck; the Corsair replied with spirit and execution, but it was evident that surrender could not long be stayed. The *Monk*, a large two-decker of sixty-six guns, now ranged up under the lee of the *Diligente*, and also opened fire on her, whilst three other ships, the *Canterbury*, *Dragon*, and *Ruby*, were slowly coming up to join in the unequal combat, and already with their pivot-guns were raking the unfortunate Corsair from stern to stem. To add to the other dangers, fire now broke out in the hold of the *Diligente*, and, though Duguay Trouin refused to listen to any proposal of surrender, his men by main force surrounded him and hauled down their colours. It was some moments ere, owing to the fog and

heavy smoke, this act of surrender could be seen ; but gradually the fire slackened and then died away, and with it Duguay's luck died also, for almost the last shot fired from the *Monk* struck the young captain in the groin, and dashed him senseless on the deck. Tenderly raising their gallant commander, his men at once carried him below, and so he was spared the humiliation of witnessing the final scene, though, through the courtesy of his opponents, this was of a nature to have soothed rather than irritated his pride. On learning what a youthful opponent was the hero who had thus encountered the full force of five English men-of-war, the captain of the *Monk* himself boarded the *Diligente*, and arranged that the young captain should be transferred to his own vessel, placed in his own bunk, and tended him, as Duguay Trouin owns in his memoirs, as his own child. Such treatment was but a just recompense for the Malouine's aptitude and gallantry—a gallantry which unfortunately had caused the deaths of no less than forty men on board the *Diligente*, and nearly double that number on the two English ships-of-war. Taking the Frenchman in tow, the squadron bore up for Plymouth, reaching that port on the 2nd of June. Here again Duguay Trouin must have been flattered at the treatment accorded him. He was at once admitted to parole, and, though his men were imprisoned in the Citadel, he was allowed to communicate with them freely through two members of his crew who were placed at his disposal as servants. Unfortunately the generous treatment was not allowed to continue. Sir David

Mitchell's squadron once more put to sea, and in the captain of the *Monk*, Duguay Trouin lost a powerful protector ; soon, too, he was to meet in the captain of the *Prince of Orange* a bitter foe. In the middle of August that ship put into Plymouth for repairs. Hearing of the capture of the renowned Corsair, the captain, Stackpoole, had the curiosity to visit the prize, and there recognized in her the adversary who had treated him so cavalierly on the 30th of April. Complaints were at once lodged with the port admiral, and Duguay Trouin, on being interrogated, was unable to deny that he had fired a broadside at the *Prince of Orange* before displaying his own colours. This act, a clear breach of international law, exposed the young Corsair to being treated as a pirate, and the irate Stackpoole did not hesitate to press on the admiral the necessity of making an example of Duguay Trouin. More humane than the captain, and secretly admiring the young captain for his gallant fight with the *Adventure* and the *Monk*, the admiral contented himself with ordering Duguay Trouin's removal to the Citadel, where, though circumscribed as to his exercise, he was still almost a prisoner at large, allowed to communicate with the outer world by means of his servants, permitted to receive visitors of either sex, to entertain guests, and generally treated as an officer of superior rank, not as a mere Corsair captain. The change, though irksome, was fraught with much good : as a prisoner on parole Duguay Trouin was in honour bound to make no efforts to escape, as a prisoner under watch and

ward he was at full liberty to use his utmost endeavours to obtain his freedom, and though months elapsed ere his wound healed, and autumn turned to winter and winter to spring ere the use of the shattered limb was regained, Duguay never lost hope, nor did he shrink from the many difficulties which stood between him and liberty. Opportunities of gaining that freedom were few and far between, and if it was to be gained, it must be effected by the most precarious means.

At last an opening presented itself. Duguay Trouin, from the days of his truanthood at Caen, had always been a devout admirer of women, and if we may judge from some of his biographers his successes in the field of love had been no less striking than those gained at sea. Even at Plymouth he had experienced a double captivity, and had found himself, when a prisoner on parole looking anxiously forward to his release by exchange, entangled in the meshes of a fair *compatriote*, the wife of a Devonshire merchant. The lady apparently was willing to risk a good deal on behalf of the brave young sailor; availing himself of the privilege accorded him of receiving visitors in the Citadel, Duguay Trouin extended his invitations to the worthy merchant's wife, and she, nothing loth, paid frequent visits to the wounded hero. She was soon won over to the congenial task of assisting him towards obtaining his liberty, and with the shrewdness of her sex brought her batteries to bear on the captains of neutral ships, who in the course of business visited her husband's house. The interest

she suddenly developed in mercantile affairs must have somewhat surprised her husband, and the eagerness with which she sought after knowledge on matters nautical ought to have awakened his suspicions ; but, he, good worthy man, slumbered on in contented ignorance, whilst she day by day increased her store of knowledge, and day by day kept her countryman informed of the vessels in harbour, their nationalities, the ports to which they were bound, and the dates of their sailing. Week after week, month after month, vessels entered and cleared from Plymouth, and Duguay Trouin still beat his heart out in the misery of his confinement ; but the fair *intriguante* still worked on, undisheartened by failure or undismayed by the difficulties before her. A year had nearly elapsed since that foggy May morning on which the *Diligente* struck her flag to the English squadron, when a Swedish vessel commanded by an old admirer of Duguay Trouin's fresh love, entered the Hamoaze. At once the young Frenchwoman brought all her power to bear on the still faithful Swede, and finally succeeded in enlisting him in her cause. At the young Corsair's suggestion the Swede's pinnace, its masts, sails, and oars, together with six muskets and six cutlasses, were purchased, and such a handsome price was paid for these—to the captive—priceless articles that the Swedish captain would gladly have sold his ship from truck to kelson at the same rate. The gallant deeds of Duguay Trouin were still the theme of public talk in Plymouth, and the Swedish sailors were glad enough to wend their way to the Citadel

and listen to the yarns of the Corsair crew. With true sailor-like generosity, these tars soon busied themselves with projects for Trouin's escape, and more than one suit of clothes was quietly smuggled into the Citadel to facilitate this great end. At last all plans were completed: the pinnace lying in a little cove outside the town was well freighted with cooked meat, bread, biscuit, water, and a keg of good English beer. Thanks to the liberal largesses of the good merchant's wife, Duguay Trouin succeeded in bribing one of the officers of the garrison, and on the 18th of June, taking advantage of this gentleman being on guard, the Corsair captain, his first lieutenant, Nicolas Dupré, his doctor, Antoine l'Hermitte, and his own servant, dressed in the clothes of the Swedish sailors, boldly left the prison, and sauntered through the town to an inn where every preparation had been made for their reception. As night fell they drove down to the cove where the pinnace was lying in charge of a trusty Swede, and at once pushed off to sea. Twice in the course of the night they found themselves hailed by English ships-of-war and twice did they give themselves up for lost; fortunately these vessels were making for harbour and held a fair wind. Seeing the little craft standing out to sea, they were satisfied with the answer "fishermen" shouted back in response to their hails, and with thankful hearts our escaped prisoners saw the Englishmen hold on their course without troubling themselves any further about such a cockle-shell. With the dawn the breeze freshened and soon

developed into a strong gale, heavy seas broke over the little craft, threatening every moment to engulf her, and whilst Duguay Trouin at the tiller was occupied every moment in guarding against her rounding to and capsizing, his crew at the bottom of the boat were busy baling out the water which poured in in gallons. Fortunately the kindly thoughtfulness of the little Frenchwoman had provided them with a good meal before embarking, otherwise they would have fared badly in mid-channel; the salt water had thoroughly soaked the tasty patty prepared for them, and their cask of beer in a sudden lurch had gone over the side. Happily the wind veered round to the north-east, and now all Duguay Trouin's efforts were needed to prevent the little boat being overwhelmed by the great waves which, dashing on in tempestuous confusion, seemed as if nothing could prevent their sweeping over the frail boat. To heave-to was to increase the danger of capture, so with close-reefed sail and two oars out over the sides, the little pinnace sped on. Her crew were Bretons, well used to open boats in heavy weather, and they were leaving behind them the unpleasant memories of an English prison, whilst before them, in their mind's eye, loomed high the cliffs of Brittany. Small need had Duguay Trouin to enjoin them to be watchful. Night came on, and by means of a small lantern thoughtfully provided by the Swedish captain, the young captain was enabled to steer a compass course for the Breton coast. The state of the sea compelled him to avoid the dangerous race of Alderney, its tumbling waters

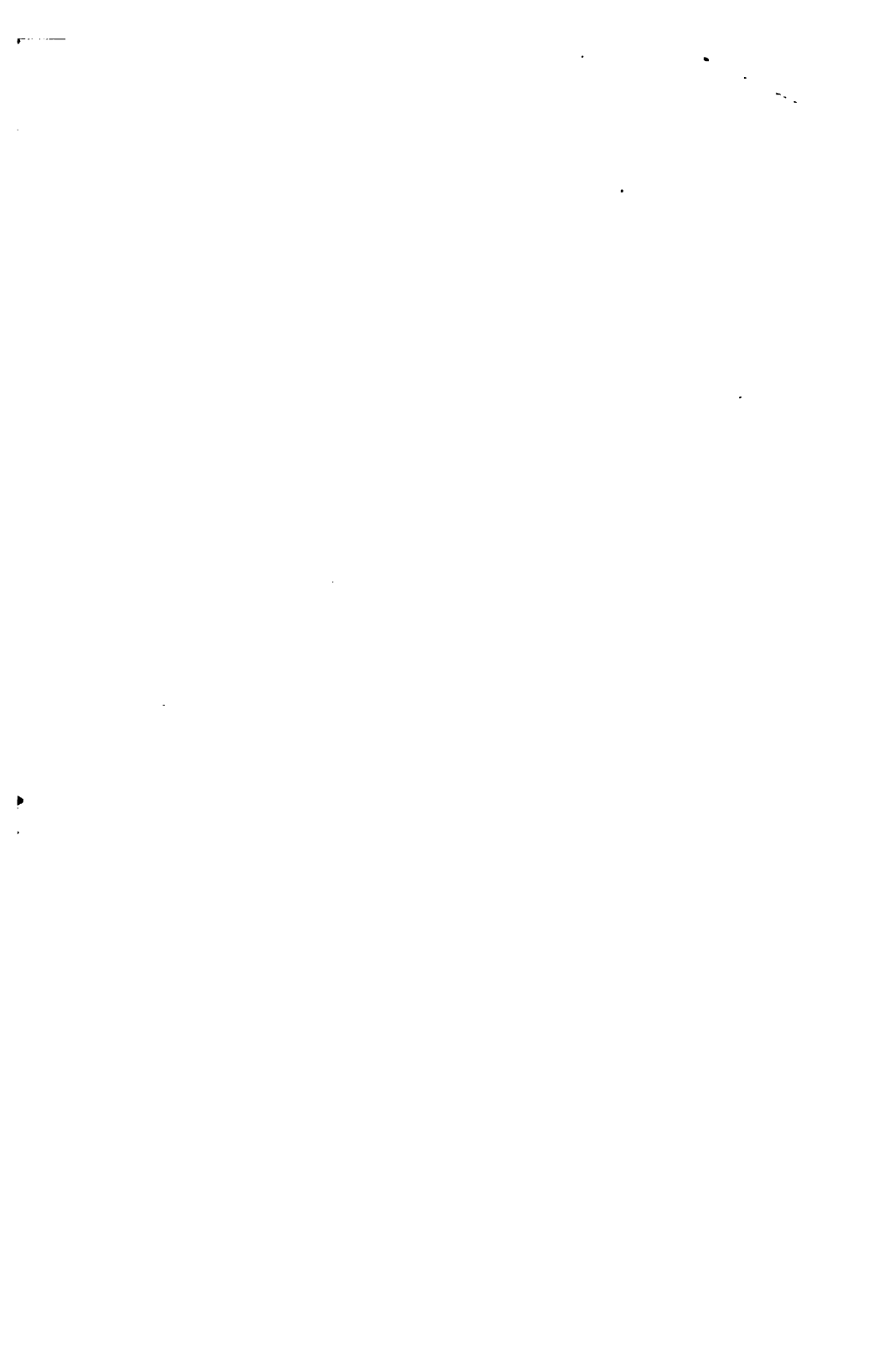
would most assuredly have swamped his boat, and so, giving the islands a wide berth, he passed to the westward of Jersey. Small rest had the little crew that night, constant baling was necessary to keep the boat afloat, and constant watchfulness both at the sheet, the oars, and the helm, to prevent the heavy rollers dashing over her stern. As morning broke the wind fell considerably, and with it the sea calmed down; all cause for anxiety, except from the enemy's cruisers, was now at an end, and Duguay Trouin gave orders to shake out the reefs from the main-sail and then to set the mizen, and now the little craft leaning over under the pressure of canvas bowled through the waters as if she too shared her crew's anxiety to sight the coast of France. Hungry and thirsty, the little crew dared not drink salt water, and the taste of the sodden biscuit was merely conducive to thirst. As the second night drew on their sufferings became more acute, but Duguay cheered them up assuring them that ere dawn broke they would be in sight of land. Unprovided with instruments save a tiny compass, they were unable to judge their position, though from the rough dead-reckoning kept by the captain they judged they must be abreast of Jersey. The wind held favourable throughout the night, and all hands were able to get some rest—such rest as only sailors can appreciate, who have been tossed at the sport of the winds and the waves in a five-and-twenty foot open boat. As the sun rose, Duguay awoke his men with a joyous cry; for there, dead to leeward, were the rocky isles of Brehat, behind which he had sought

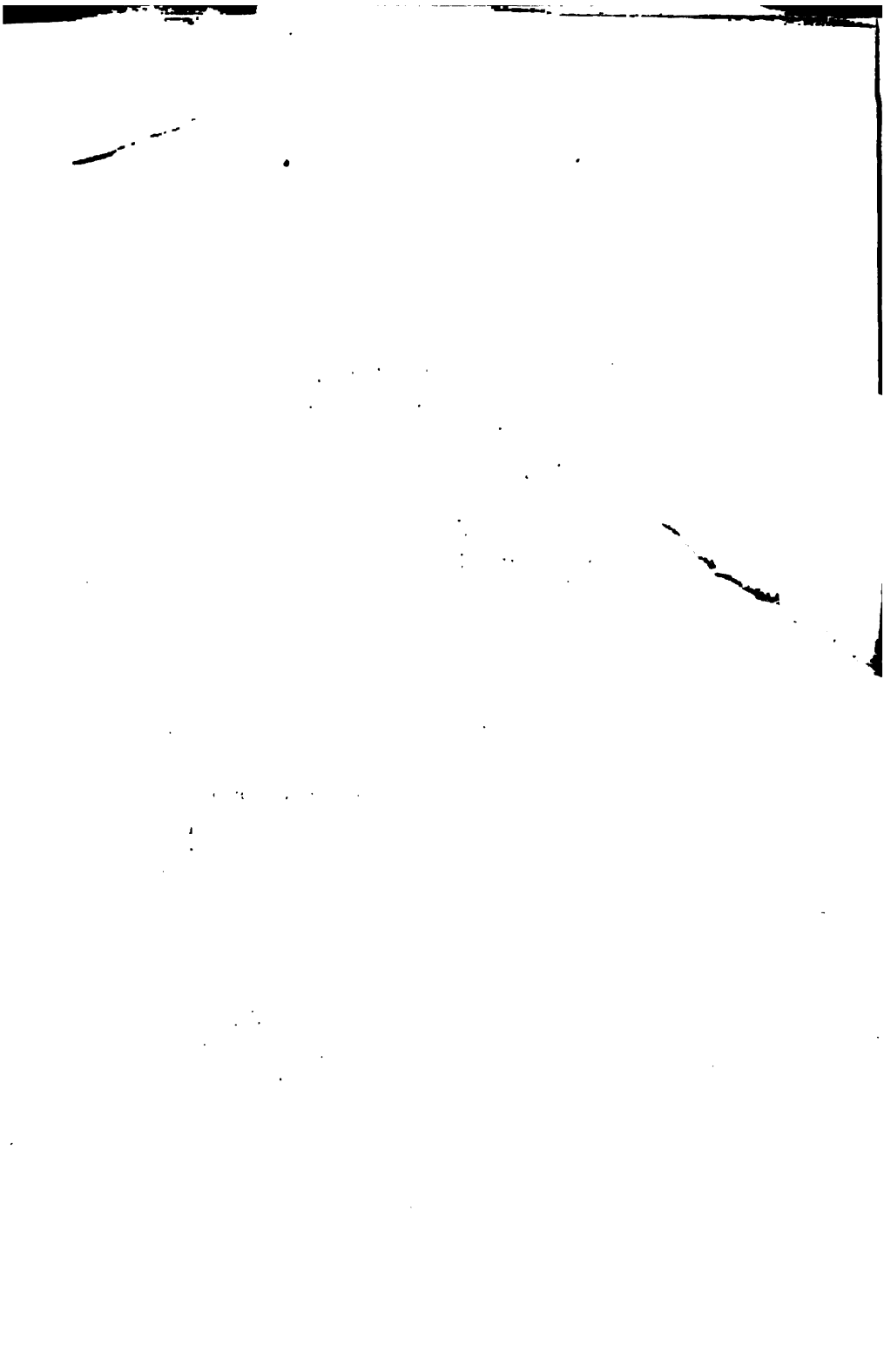
shelter from the English frigates just three years previously, and behind them was the rugged coast of Brittany. In less than an hour the boat was entering the little harbour of Treguier. With the simple faith of Breton fishermen—a faith still undiminished by the proselytizing effects of Republicanism—the first act of the escaped Corsairs was to repair to the village church of Treguier, and there, amidst the votive offerings of many a shipwrecked sailor, to return thanks for their happy deliverance. Already one of Breton's best known heroes, Duguay Trouin and his brave companions were accorded a hearty welcome by the good people of Treguier. Fresh clothes were supplied them, and a hearty meal prepared and eaten amidst general rejoicing; then hiring a country cart, the whole party set off for St. Malo, there to lay before the Naval Commandant the whole story of the loss of the *Diligente*, now a twice-told tale, and of the fortunate escape of a portion of her crew. Their rude passage from Plymouth to Treguier occupied but fifty hours, their jolting ride from Treguier to St. Malo took them ten days.

Duguay Trouin was not permitted to remain long inactive. The gallantry he had displayed in his action with the English squadron outweighed, in Pontchartrain's mind, the loss of the *Diligente*, and within a month of his landing at Treguier the young captain received directions to repair to Rochelle, and there commission the new frigate *François*, 48 guns, which had been placed at the disposal of the now wealthy firm, Trouin de la Barbinais. In the

month of October, Duguay Trouin was ready for sea, and shaped his course for the Irish coast. Prizes tumbled in fast; ere the year closed five vessels, averaging from 300 to 500 tons, laden with tobacco and sugar, fell into his power.

The new year opened auspiciously, for on the 3rd of January, 1694, a large ship, hailing from New England with a rich cargo of skins and a deck-load of spars destined for masting ships of the English navy, was captured without a shot being fired. From this vessel Duguay Trouin learnt that a large and rich fleet of merchantmen hailing from North America was but a few hours' sail astern, and that their sole escort was two men-of-war, the *Nonsuch* and the *Boston*. Though his own ship's company was weakened by the crews working his six prizes to France, though his decks were encumbered with nearly 200 English prisoners, and though the two vessels he proposed to attack carried eighty-eight guns against his own forty-eight, Duguay Trouin determined on inflicting on the English a defeat which should purge his own conscience of the defeat and loss of the *Diligente*. Towards noon the look-out signalled the English squadron, and at 3 p.m. the *François* was within gunshot of the *Boston*, a fine two-decker pierced for seventy-four guns, but on this occasion she carried none on her lower deck, and had but thirty-eight mounted. Duguay Trouin from the first showed the Englishmen he wished to fight. The white flag of France fluttered from his mizen-peak, and another hung over his taffrail, whilst the absence of the streaming pennant from







DUGUAY-TROUIN'S BATTLE.

soon in possession of the upper deck ; but in the meantime the lower-deck guns were being worked with terrible accuracy, and the French suffered heavily from a party of small-arms men barricaded in the high fore-castle—man after man fell dead, and not all Duguay Trouin's heroism could induce his crew to close on that well-served fire. The fight thus raged for well-nigh half an hour, when streams of smoke were seen issuing from the ports of the *Nonsuch*, and these curling upwards were quickly licking the shot-torn sails of the *François*. Still, loth to leave his nearly-won prize, Duguay Trouin called on his men to storm the fore-castle, and he himself led them forward with all his usual dash ; but soon a cry arose that the *François* too was in flames, and Duguay, calling off the boarders, cut his ship adrift. Having subdued the fire, which had taken but a slight hold of the *François*, he once more steered alongside the flame-covered Englishman and poured broadside after broadside into her. To these the *Nonsuch* replied with spirit and precision, and the *Boston* ever and anon sent her quota towards equalizing the fight. In the meantime the merchant-fleet had, in obedience to signal, stood on for Plymouth, and as night fell the Corsair and the two English men-of-war were alone visible. With the night the noise of the guns slackened and finally ceased altogether, and then the crew of the *Nonsuch* bent their utmost efforts towards subduing the fire, which threatened to destroy their ship, and the crew of the *Boston* worked hard at sending up a jury-mast, in order that they might offer more

serviceable aid to their consort than they had yet been able to afford. But fortune was to favour the French Corsair even more decidedly than on the preceding day. As dawn broke it was found that the *François* was some six miles from the *Nonsuch*, which in turn was nearly three miles from the *Boston*, and to Duguay Trouin's great delight, he perceived that the *Boston* had very imperfectly succeeded with her jury-rig. He determined then on first attacking the *Nonsuch*, and by 9 a.m. he was within range of her stern guns. Firing only an occasional shot from his light bow-chasers, Duguay Trouin waited until within half-range of the English ship; then, putting his helm hard down, ran under her stern and delivered a double-shotted volley from his twenty-four broadside guns. Slowly bending over to leeward, the good ship staggered under the effects of that discharge, and as she righted herself, her main and mizen masts fell over the side and left her a helpless wreck. But from the fore-top mast-head flew the English colours, whilst others were quickly nailed to the shot-torn stumps of the standing spars, and from her charred and still smoking ports an intermittent cannonade was yet kept up. Leaving the *Nonsuch* for a time, the *François* filled and stood on in pursuit of the *Boston*, which ship, foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining the combat, was crowding on all the sail she could spread in her crippled condition, in the hopes of escape. But the *François* at the best of times was more than a match for the American-built ship, and now that the latter was standing on

under jury main-topmast and with a mere apology for a main-yard, the Corsair was not long in overhauling her. Seeing the *Nonsuch* a helpless cripple unable to render any assistance, his own ship badly hulled, and his crew much reduced by casualties, the captain of the *Boston* for all answer to Duguay Trouin's first broadside hauled down his flag, and lowering a boat proceeded to consummate his surrender by handing over his sword to the young French Corsair on the decks of the *François*. The task of transferring a moiety of the crew of the *Boston* to the French ship and of manning the prize with Breton seamen occupied some time, and Duguay Trouin stood by her until he had personally satisfied himself by close inspection that there was little danger of the *Boston's* recapture, then he put his ship about and bore down once more on the *Nonsuch*. But the *Nonsuch* was in no condition to prolong the combat; the fire, though got under was still smouldering, owing to its ravages many of the main-deck guns could not be worked; her fore-mast was alone standing, and over 180 wounded men cumbered her decks—under these circumstances the captain had had no alternative but to haul down his flag at the approach of the *François*.

And now occurred an incident that must have afforded unparalleled satisfaction to Duguay Trouin. Until now the name of his antagonist was unknown to him, but on proceeding on board the last-captured prize to superintend the removal of prisoners, he learnt that the *Nonsuch* was the identical vessel which in May, 1689, had, after an equally severe

combat, captured the two Dunkirk Corsairs, the *Railleuse* and the *Jeux*, commanded respectively by Jean Bart and Forbin, and that the commissions as captains in the French navy of these two renowned sailors had been carefully preserved as trophies on the *Nonsuch*. In handing over his sword to the Malouine Corsair, the captain of the *Nonsuch* said, "Sir, five years ago this vessel, after a fight as gallant and obstinate as the one fought to-day, captured two of your countrymen. You have emulated their brave deeds, and with this sword I have the honour to transfer to you the commissions of Captains Jean Bart and the Chevalier de Forbin. The goddess of war is a fickle dame to serve, and she has treated the *Nonsuch* very cavalierly in thus compelling her to surrender her most cherished trophies. The bitterness of my surrender is softened by the knowledge that my crew have done their duty, and that I have been conquered by the smartest sailor and most gallant fighter I have yet met."

The remainder of the day was spent in repairing damages and placing all three ships in a condition to make the run to the coast of France. The *François* had suffered heavily: her fore-topgallant and mizen-topmast had been shot away, her sails were in ribbons, her mizen-yard burnt and charred, her bulwarks almost entirely carried away, and half her crew either killed or wounded. Indeed the journey to Brest was beset with many dangers, for Duguay Trouin had twice as many prisoners on board his own ship as he had fighting-men, and he was compelled to batten down his hatches and keep these

men below, in order to avoid the possibility of their attempting to capture his ship. Jean Boscher, who was placed in command of the *Nonsuch*, had even a more arduous task to perform. Duguay Trouin could spare him but twenty-five men to work the prize home, and he was compelled to make the slightly wounded prisoners work at the pumps in order to save the ship from sinking. The *Boston* had suffered little in comparison, and was soon sufficiently provided with jury-spars to warrant Nicolas Thomas, who was placed in command of her, parting company from the other ships and standing on alone for France. To add to the troubles which beset the *Nonsuch* and the *François*, a heavy gale sprang up, and Boscher was compelled to throw all his guns and anchors overboard in order to lighten the ship. Perseverance and seamanship as we all know—did not Rous navigate the *Pique* home without a rudder?—will accomplish everything, and on the 24th of January the *Nonsuch* and *François* entered Brest, little more, it is true, than floating wrecks; yet in their crippled, shattered condition, they were still prouder tokens of Duguay Trouin's gallant fight. As for the *Boston*, her fate was not so fortunate. Having parted from the *Nonsuch* and *François* on the morrow of the fight, Thomas shaped his course for St. Malo. The heavy gale, which nearly proved fatal to the *Nonsuch*, drove him much to the eastward and compelled him to take shelter under the lee of the island of Ouessant; Thomas then determined to bear up for Brest as soon as the weather moderated, but his crippled condition attracted the notice of

four Dutch Corsairs, who, like him, had run for shelter to the Fromveur channel, and after as sturdy a fight as circumstances would permit, Nicolas Thomas had the mortification of seeing his prize retaken and himself transferred to the cabin of a Dutch craft.

Duguay Trouin met with a joyous reception at Brest as well as at St. Malo. Merchant-ships and Corsairs commissioned by letters of marque were prizes common enough in those days, but an English line-of-battle ship was quite a different matter: few of these had been brought into Brest harbour and the capture of one by a mere Corsair captain was a red-letter day in the annals of the young French navy. The news was received with the most intense satisfaction at Versailles; and Pontchartrain, the Minister of Marine, wrote a most flattering letter to the young Malouine, thanking him for his gallant behaviour, and announcing to him that the king had been pleased to bestow upon him a sword of honour.

The name of the young Malouine was now familiar enough in the mouths of all French seamen, and it was foreseen that he would be soon lifted from the ranks of those who fought under mere letters of marque; but the jealousy of outsiders was strong in the French navy, and though Duguay Trouin was second to no man in the service, either in aptitude for warfare or for seamanlike qualities, and far ahead of any man of his own age and standing, Pontchartrain hesitated before granting him permission to don the king's livery. He was,

however, to be employed in a more honourable manner than mere privateering, and was directed to join the fleet under the command of the Marquis of Nesmond so soon as the *François* should be ready to proceed to sea. It was late in July, 1696, before the *François* left the port of Brest; her injuries had been more severe than had been anticipated, and Duguay Trouin was too practical a sailor to overlook anything when fitting her out, as the cost of this fell on his brother's firm, and he was largely interested in the success of his captures. He spent much time in thoroughly overhauling her, giving her entirely fresh masts and spars, mounting heavier guns in her waist, and rendering her in every way fit for her new calling.

Within a very few days of putting to sea, the squadron, which consisted of five vessels mounting from forty-eight to fifty-six guns, encountered three English men-of-war, the largest of which, the *Esperance*, carried seventy-four. Nesmond signalled to carry on all sail in pursuit, and soon the *François*, the fastest sailer in the squadron, was within range of and had opened fire on the *Esperance*. The other French ships were some distance astern; Nesmond, anxious for the safety of the *François*, which was nearly overmatched, signalled Duguay Trouin to heave-to until the rest of the squadron was abreast of him; the Malouine had no course but to obey, though he had the mortification of seeing the *Esperance* stand on and rejoin the other English ships. In less than a quarter of an hour, Nesmond once more signalled to resume the chase, and

ere evening closed in, the *Esperance* had struck, not, however, to the *François*, but to the *Excellent*, Nesmond's flag-ship. The young *Malouine* bitterly complained of the conduct of the Marquis, and stoutly asserted that jealousy was at the bottom of his vacillating and contradictory orders. A few days later two large ships bound from the Dutch East Indian settlements, laden with sugar, spices, and a valuable general cargo, fell into Nesmond's hands. Satisfied with his successes, the Marquis returned to Brest, and Duguay Trouin, irritated beyond measure at the treatment accorded him, made interest with Pontchartrain, and succeeded in being removed from Nesmond's command.

On leaving Nesmond's squadron, Duguay Trouin was directed to proceed to the coast of Spitzbergen, in company with the *Fortuné* frigate, there to harry the Dutch fishing-fleets. But news of their approach had been obtained through spies in Paris, and on the arrival of the French ships off the island; they found the fleets had dispersed to neighbouring harbours; blockading these for some weeks, in the hope of picking up a stray prize, the Corsair had the mortification of seeing his provisions diminish and his water give out, before a single stranger had been signalled. Disaffection was rife amongst the crews, and Duguay Trouin felt obliged to bear up for the coast of Ireland, where it was hoped, by a raid ashore, he might refill his water casks and seize some live-stock. For himself, ever sanguine, he felt convinced the cruise would terminate auspiciously, and endeavoured to instil

his own cheerfulness into the hearts of his men ; he reminded those who had sailed with him in other voyages of his prediction when in command of the *Hercule*, and promised them similar good fortune this voyage. Still the discontent spread, and Duguay Trouin had to promise that, if within a week no prize was captured, he would bear up for St. Malo. Once more the Corsair's good fortune came to his aid, though we hear of no prophetic dream this time. On the morning of the seventh day, three sails were sighted ahead, and to the intense delight of the Frenchmen, these vessels, powerfully armed ships, hove-to, ran up English colours, and evidently were prepared to fight. The *Fortuné* was nearest the enemy, and passing under the stern of the sternmost ship gave her a raking volley, and then stood on to engage the second ship, leaving the one flying the commodore's flag to the care of Duguay Trouin. In a few moments the *François* was alongside the Englishman, and hotly engaged ; reverting to his old manœuvres, Duguay Trouin succeeded in lashing his ship alongside the Englishman, and his crew, inflamed by the promise of plunder, were not long in capturing the enemy. Turning his attention to the unengaged ship, Duguay Trouin carried her by boarding also ; the *Fortuné*, not belying her name, after a severe and prolonged fight, had likewise succeeded in compelling the third ship to haul down her colours. The prizes proved to be the *Defence*, 58, *Resolution*, 56, and *Black Prince*, 40, armed East Indiamen, laden with silk, indigo, copper, and gold-dust.

Having secured his captures, Duguay Trouin bore up for Brest, but being driven south by contrary winds, took his prizes into Port Louis, and handed them over to the Admiralty agent there.

At Port Louis, Duguay Trouin received instructions to proceed to Versailles; the news of this successful cruise had reached the court, and the Malouine Corsair was now to be numbered amongst those men whom kings delight to honour. The young captain was overwhelmed with his reception; in his memoirs he quaintly says, "The great Monarch deigned to appear satisfied with my poor services, I left his presence penetrated to my inmost heart with the sweetness of his character, and the nobility displayed in his very smallest actions; my desire to render myself worthy of his esteem is more ardent than ever."

Before leaving the court, Duguay Trouin was appointed by Pontchartrain to the command of his old prize, now metamorphosed into the *Sanspareil*, mounting fifty guns of the heaviest calibre. Proceeding to Port Louis, the young captain busied himself in superintending her equipment: he had great hopes that her English build and appearance would impose on foreign vessels, and so enable him to get within range of ships which now kept at a respectful distance from French-built craft.

In the month of July, 1697, the *Sanspareil* was ready for sea, and Duguay Trouin at once proceeded to the coasts of Spain, in the hope of intercepting the West Indian fleets. On nearing Vigo he learnt from a French fishing-craft that three large Dutch

vessels were in that port, filling up with water. Never hesitating an instant, Duguay Trouin, running up English colours, boldly entered the port, and of course was permitted to do so without question; two of the Dutchmen were just weighing anchor to start on their homeward voyage, and this they did with all the more confidence as they were expecting an English vessel-of-war to escort them through the Channel. Standing out of harbour in their wake, Duguay's movements excited but little surprise until, when clear of the guns of the harbour works, he hauled down English colours, threw out the white flag of France, and summoned the Dutchmen to surrender. Resistance was useless; they at once surrendered, and Duguay Trouin, placing prize-crews on board, steered a course for Port Louis. During this voyage he narrowly escaped losing his own ship and her two prizes, for on the morning of the 28th of July he found himself a few miles to leeward of an English fleet, which detached a 26-gun frigate to speak him. Flying English colours, the *Sanspareil* proceeded on her way, whilst the prizes, in obedience to Duguay's instructions, carrying on all sail endeavoured to make good their escape. Surprised that the *Sanspareil* took no notice of her signals, the frigate, which had outdistanced the English fleet, fired a shotted gun to call the attention of the supposed English ship; upon which Duguay Trouin hove-to until the frigate was within easy range, then running up the white flag, the *Sanspareil* opened such a terrible fire on the astonished frigate that she was compelled to sheer off and hang

out signals of distress for her consorts to come up to her assistance. These were too near at hand for Duguay Trouin to hope to carry her by boarding before they came up, so he was forced to content himself with the damage already inflicted and to stand on his course, thankful to have secured the escape of his prizes.

On his arrival at Brest, Duguay Trouin induced his brother's firm to fit out a small craft, the *Lenore*, of sixteen guns, and to entrust her to the command of his younger brother Etienne, a youth not yet twenty years of age, but who in the three years he had sailed in the *Hercule* and *Sanspareil* had shown himself possessed of skill and courage. Alas! that the lad's career was to be such a short one.

Late in August the two vessels, the *Sanspareil*, 50, and *Lenore*, 16, left Brest for the coasts of Spain, off which they cruised for some weeks without sighting a possible prize. Duguay Trouin, however, was determined not to leave these waters, as he was most anxious to intercept merchantmen known to be due from the Philippines: he had ever found Spanish ships richly laden and not given to vain fighting, and, though a very tiger in his love of blood himself, Duguay was sensible enough to know that easily-captured prizes involved less risk, and entailed greater profits than those craft which were only mastered after heavy and sanguinary engagements. Desirous then of not leaving the coast of Spain, Trouin determined to fill up with water at some convenient spot, and so avoid the voyage to Port Louis or Bordeaux. Putting into a sheltered bay

between Vigo and Cape Finisterre, the two vessels came to an anchor, and Duguay Trouin disembarked in the *Sanspareil's* pinnace with twenty well-armed men; pulling in to where a small stream emptied itself into the sea, the captain was preparing to land, when he was warned off by desultory shots from a small work on the brow of a neighbouring hill. Not stopping to count the odds, and knowing that, in compliance with the instructions he had left with his brother Etienne, a strong landing-party would be sent ashore as soon as the sound of the firing reached the ships, Duguay Trouin immediately sprang on shore followed by his little crew, and at once proceeded to mount the hill whence the shots came. As they reached the crest some ten or a dozen men hastily left the work, and retired quickly on to a neighbouring village, round which groups of armed men were seen collecting. To carry this before the arrival of his reinforcements Duguay knew to be impossible, he therefore contented himself with keeping up a sharp fire on a body who seemed disposed to oust him from his position, and on the arrival of Etienne with 150 well-armed men, he at once made plans for assaulting the village and carrying off its corn, oil, wine, and live-stock to his ships. Directing Etienne with a company of fifty men to work round the flank of the village, and attack it where it seemed more open, Duguay Trouin himself advanced against the place through some groves of olive-trees, which partly sheltered his men until they arrived within some seventy yards of the place; then, with drums beating and loud shouts of "*En avant, mes*

gars, en avant," Duguay Trouin dashed to the front. His men were as keen to follow him here as in any boarding expedition, and the Spaniards equally averse to meeting him hand to hand, for no sooner had the little party of Frenchmen emerged from the olive-trees than the fire which had galled them considerably in their advance ceased, and the leader of the Spaniards with lowered flag came forward in token of surrender, whilst his men in obedience to his commands grounded their arms. On the far side of the village the French had suffered more severely, and Duguay Trouin learnt with the most profound sorrow that his brother Etienne had been shot through the body by a musket-ball. The faithful L'Hermitte, who had shared Trouin's captivity and stood by his side in many a bloody fray, did all that the surgical skill and science of that day could do for the badly wounded lad, but from the first the case was hopeless. Carefully the boy was carried down the hill and placed on board the *Sanspareil*, Duguay himself superintending the removal, whilst Boscher stayed on shore to collect all the plunder possible, and to cover the re-embarkation of the landing-party. For two days the little squadron lay moored in the bay, filling up with water and scouring the neighbourhood for wine and live-stock. All this time Duguay never left his brother's side, and when at last the cruel ball had done its worst, and the lifeless body of the brave boy alone remained to mourn over, Trouin weighed anchor and stood into the Port of Viana, a small town on the borders of Spain and Portugal; then with full military honours,

and in the presence of all the military officials of the place, young Etienne Trouin was laid to his last rest. At Viana Duguay Trouin stayed but two days, then heavy at heart, for he was both proud and fond of his brother, he again set sail and steered for Brest, meaning to relinquish the sea for a time. *En route* he fell in with and captured a large Dutch Indiaman, which attempted no resistance when overhauled by the *Sanspareil* and her little consort. Having paid off his crews, and handed over his prize to the Admiralty agent, Duguay Trouin set out for St. Malo, there to spend the winter with his mother and family.

Towards Duguay Trouin, Pontchartrain, the Minister of Marine, had a strong affection. The almost unvarying success that attended his cruises had resulted in very considerable profit to the Crown, and the minister was well aware that in securing Captain Trouin's service for the navy, he would be adding a pillar of strength to the maritime forces of the country. The jealousy of the nobles, however, still stood in his way, and Pontchartrain saw himself obliged again to delay the inevitable promotion. As for Duguay Trouin he was as modest as he was brave, and never even in his memoirs, which were not intended for the public eye, does he allude to what all French Corsairs were then discussing—the unaccountable delay in promoting the Corsair captain to a position in his Majesty's fleet. The young Malouine was easily satisfied with flattering letters and swords of honour, and these were more easily granted by Louis XIV. than commissions in his

very exclusively officered fleet. Pontchartrain, in forwarding to Duguay Trouin the expression of his Majesty's high satisfaction at the capture of the Dutch Indiaman and at *l'action de rigueur sur la côte d'Espagne*, offered him the command of a little squadron consisting of the *Saint Jacques des Victoires*, 48, *Sanspareil*, 40, and *Leonore*, 16, with instructions to cruise off the coasts of Spain and destroy their Indian commerce.

On the 15th of March, 1698, the three vessels sailed from Brest, and before the week closed, during a heavy gale from the south-east, ran right into the middle of the Spanish merchant-fleet, numbering over thirty sail. The convoy was found to be under the escort of three Dutch men-of-war, the *Delft*, 54, *Houslaerdich*, 54, and *Nassau*, 38. As the majority of the Spaniards were heavily armed, and carried powerful crews, Duguay Trouin hesitated for a moment before venturing to attack; indeed, the state of the weather forbad a naval engagement. The whole fleet, under close-reefed topsails and furled courses, were beating off the land, and our Corsair contented himself for the moment with merely keeping them in sight. On the morrow two more sail were in view, and to Duguay Trouin's keen delight these proved to be the St. Malo Corsairs, the *Faluère*, 28, and *Aigle Noire*, 26. Signalling these ships to approach, Duguay Trouin desired all the captains to assemble on board the *Saint Jacques des Victoires* as soon as the weather moderated. That evening the five captains met in the cabin of Duguay Trouin's ship, and decided on

the plan of action: the *Saint Jacques des Victoires*, leading, was to pass under the stern of the *Houslaerdich* and, pouring in a broadside, was to pass on to the *Delft*, lash herself alongside the vessel, which flew a rear-admiral's flag, and carry her by boarding; the *Sanspareil*, following in the immediate wake of Duguay Trouin's ship; was to lay herself alongside the *Houslaerdich* directly the *Saint Jacques* had cleared her; the *Faluère* and *Aigle Noire* were to range up on either side of the *Nassau*; whilst the *Leonore* was to devote herself exclusively to the merchant-men. In this manner Duguay Trouin hoped not only to capture all three Dutch ships-of-war, but a considerable number of Spanish vessels too. At midday on the 24th of March the weather was sufficiently calm to admit of the Frenchmen carrying their main-deck gun-ports open, and Duguay Trouin at once hoisted the signal for action. The Dutchmen, anxious to save their convoy, hove-to to windward of the fleet, and also cleared for battle, the *Houslaerdich* astern, the *Delft* in the centre, and the *Nassau* leading. On observing Duguay Trouin's signal, the *Faluère* and *Aigle Noire*, both extremely fast ships, pressed on past the Dutch line-of-battle ships and engaged the *Nassau*, one on either side. The *Saint Jacques des Victoires* arriving within half-range of the *Houslaerdich*, poured in her agreed-upon broadside, meaning to put her helm up when clear of her and steer on after the *Delft*; but the *Houslaerdich*, divining her intention, at once put her helm down, and treated Duguay Trouin's ship to a broadside just as she was putting about, inflicting grievous damage to her top-hamper and also killing

several of her crew : the *Delft* at the same time came up in the wind, and poured in a second murderous discharge into the *Saint Jacques*. The French plan was thus interfered with, but the gallant Boscher in the *Sanspareil* never hesitated a moment. Seeing the *Saint Jacques* engaged with the *Houslaerdich* and the *Delft* (as yet unattacked), he boldly laid his craft alongside the Dutch admiral's ship, and took up the position Duguay had reserved for himself—as gallant an action as ever performed at sea, for the armament of the Dutchman consisted of fifty-six heavy guns against the forty lighter pieces of the *Sanspareil*, whilst the crew of the *Delft* was more than twice as numerous. The *Saint Jacques*, crippled by the united fire of the two Dutch line-of-battle ships, nevertheless succeeded in pushing alongside the *Houslaerdich*, and the grappling-irons having caught in her main-chains, he threw himself with 120 selected men on her decks. And now ensued a murderous fight. The Dutchman, surprised at the suddenness of the onslaught, had more than two-thirds of her crew below working the main-deck guns, and Duguay, with that ready wit which ever characterized him, stationed strong parties of small-arms men at the hatches, to prevent these gaining the upper deck, whilst he with picked swordsmen made himself master of the ship. Whilst the fight raged above, below the Dutchmen poured broadside after broadside into the *Saint Jacques*; gun touching gun, port against port, hull grinding against hull, the murderous fight continued, until some Bretons, clambering through the open ports gained the lower deck of the *Houslaerdich*,

and carried the fight into those regions. There, in the well-nigh pitchy darkness of the lower deck, illumined here and there by the dimly burning battle-lanterns, the hellish fight raged on with fury: men naked to the waist, grimed with powder, stained with blood, fought with sponge and rammer, axe and bar; and as the vessels surged apart, the still heavy rollers would sweep between them, swirling up tons of water on the deck, and dashing eager combatants stunned and senseless against the smoking guns; and then the two ships once more would crash together, and the noise of creaking timbers and falling spars would drown the roar of battle. With disciplined rush, Duguay's swordsmen drove the Dutchmen from break of poop to break of forecastle, until the hard-pressed enemy plunged through the open hatchway and added to the infernal scene below.

On deck the *Houslaerdich* was won, and the white flag flew from truck and peak; but below the fight continued long after the vessel had struck, for, in the din and turmoil of the blacky darkness, orders were difficult to convey and men loth to obey them. At last, cutting his own ship adrift, more light was thrown on to the lower deck, and by the united efforts of the French and Dutch officers, the French sailors were called up on deck and the prisoners ordered below. Then the Dutch officers descending carried on the work of disarmament, and when this was completed, busied themselves in removing all traces of the terrible strife from the blood-stained decks, and in plugging the many shot-holes through which the water was entering and flooding the hold.

Having left a strong prize-crew on the *Houslaerdich*, Duguay Trouin stood off to aid the gallant Boscher, who was hard-pressed by his powerful antagonist. Boscher, following his commander's lead, lashed the *Sanspareil* to the *Delft* and tried to carry the Dutch flagship by boarding; but a shell having fallen into a large tank containing cartridges for the guns on the poop, had caused a fearful explosion, destroying the whole of the after-part of the ship, carrying away the mizen-mast and killing over eighty men. Boscher was forced to cast off his grappling-irons and stand away from the *Delft*, so as to employ all his men in endeavouring to subdue the fire which threatened to reach his main powder-magazine, and to repair as well as he was able the shattered poop. In this helpless condition he was exposed to the full fire of the *Delft*, and was unable to answer except by a few guns from the waist of the ship. Still no thought of surrender entered Boscher's mind; he knew full well that as soon as Duguay Trouin had captured his opponent, help would arrive, and he—brave man that he was—was content to wait until that help should come. He had not to wait long. Passing the weather-quarter of the *Sanspareil*, Duguay Trouin shouted a few words of praise to the brave Boscher, and then prepared to throw the *Saint Jacques* on the broadside of the *Delft*. The Dutch admiral made no effort to withstand the shock beyond putting his helm hard down as the French ship approached, so that, instead of running up alongside and lashing the two vessels broadside to broadside, Duguay Trouin found his bowsprit crashing into the main rigging of the *Delft*, and he

being raked from stem to stern by the Dutchman's powerful broadsides. Not a moment was to be lost; already the Dutch admiral, seizing his advantage, had lashed the *Saint Jacques'* bowsprit to his own main-shrouds, and was encouraging his gunners to fire low into the hull of the French ship in order to sink her. Duguay saw his danger, and at once calling on his men to follow him, dashed sword in hand over the forecastle-head into the Dutch ship. A terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued: three times did Duguay Trouin lead his men to the assault, three times were they driven back with heavy loss to their own ship. At last, seeing the hopelessness of carrying on the fight under such conditions, Duguay cut his ship adrift, and bore off from the enemy to recuperate his crew and repair damages. But he was by no means prepared to relinquish the fight. Seeing that the French flag was flying from the *Nassau's* mast-head, he signalled to the *Faluère* to engage the *Delft*. Without a moment's hesitation the little craft ranged up, and commenced to exchange broadsides with her formidable antagonist; overpowered by the superior weight of metal, the frigate would most undoubtedly have been sunk, had not Duguay Trouin once more borne down on the flagship, and reopened fire. The crew of the *Saint Jacques des Victoires*, refreshed by half an hour's respite and a liberal ration of *eau-de-vie*, were ready for a fresh attempt at boarding, and in this their fourth attack, they were aided by fifty men from the *Faluère*, who, unfatigued by previous struggles, bore a great share in deciding the day.

This time Duguay laid his ship alongside the *Delft* and lashed the *Saint Jacques* to her chains. At the same moment, the *Faluère*, in the most spirited manner, came up on the opposite side and threw her crew on to the Dutchman's decks. Gallantly as the enemy fought, they were now clearly out-matched, and the admiral, seeing he could expect no aid from his consorts, at last consented to haul down his flag. Proud must have been the *Malouine Corsair* that day: three men-of-war and twelve merchant-vessels of heavy tonnage were the trophies of that gallant fight, in which an admiral had handed over his sword to a Corsair. But though as the sun went down the struggle with man ceased, the battle with the elements was about to commence. The wind, which had dropped during the day, now increased to a heavy gale, and the sea, which had moderated its violence during the height of the action, now rolled in almost resistless billows from the Atlantic. The frigates and the merchantmen were alone uninjured in the fleet; and Duguay Trouin signalled the *Faluère*, *Aigle Noire*, and *Leonore*, to escort the *Nassau* and twelve merchant-vessels, to Port Louis with all speed, whilst he and the *Sanspareil*, in company with the *Delft* and *Houlaerdich*, would heave-to until the gale abated. Truly the position of these four vessels was a perilous one; little there was to choose between prize and victor, all were grievously wounded in their top-hamper, all had been hulled in many places, all were short-handed, and all were encumbered with several hundred wounded. In spite of the most

strenuous efforts of whole and wounded, crew and prisoners, the water gained on the pumps, and if on the following day the weather had not abated, there is no doubt all would have foundered. Fortunately they were near the coast, and the *Leonore*, standing in to land, signalled their perilous position, and then returned to offer what help she was able. She was speedily followed by a whole fleet of *chasse-marées*, and by the sturdy efforts of these willing seamen the leaks were got under, and the four crippled men-of-war entered Port Louis in safety. As may be supposed, Duguay Trouin's reception was of the warmest, and he, with the modest courtesy of the French sailor, insisted that the honour of the day equally belonged to the brave Boscher, and the unfortunate admiral whom the fortune of war had deserted.

On the news of the victory reaching Versailles, the king gave instructions that Duguay Trouin was to repair to the capital, in company with the Dutch admiral, the Baron von Wassenaër. The reception of the vanquished admiral was as considerate and courteous as that accorded to the Corsair captain was warm and distinguished, and Duguay Trouin gained not a little in public estimation by the very flattering encomiums passed on his gallantry and seamanship by the captive admiral. This time professional jealousy was stilled, and the king, despite the objections of some few who even yet maintained that the king's uniform should be reserved for the nobility, offered the Malouine Corsair the rank of commander (*capitaine de frégate*) in his navy.

The appointment was proudly accepted, and with it Duguay Trouin passed from the ranks of the Corsairs to that of the navy of France. His deeds when in the king's service were no less brilliant than—nay, they even excelled—those performed when yet but a Corsair, but with them we shall only briefly deal. He commanded single ships and squadrons and fleets, and in all his commands he showed the same modesty of demeanour, gallantry, and readiness of resource that characterized the Corsair captain.

At the close of the Peace of Ryswick, which lasted from the date of his entering the French navy until the year 1701, he was appointed commander of the line-of-battle ship, the *Dauphine*, commanded by the Comte de Hautfort, a disciplinarian and aristocrat of the bluest blood. This was doubtless with a view of accustoming the young officer to the regulations on board king's ships, for at the expiration of the year (1702) he was placed in command of a squadron of light frigates, with instructions to cruise between the Orkneys and Spitzbergen; several small prizes were captured and safely convoyed to France, but a large Dutchman which surrendered after an obstinate fight, was driven ashore and lost on the coast of Scotland, and Duguay Trouin and his two consorts narrowly escaped this fate.

The following year he again was placed in command of a squadron for a similar purpose, and was fortunate enough in the single month of May, 1703, to capture six English prizes, four of which were safely taken into Brest. Early in July he ran

a narrow escape of capture at the hands of a fleet of fifteen Dutch men-of-war; after a running fight of some hours, he succeeded in shaking off his pursuers, thanks to the superior sailing powers of his ships. In the same month, when off Spitzbergen, he captured some Dutch whalers who were ransomed for a considerable sum, and on his homeward voyage he captured a large English merchantman bound from the West Indies with sugar.

The next year Duguay Trouin was furnished with a more powerful squadron, and directed to cruise in the Channel. The season opened inauspiciously, for the sloop *Mouche* belonging to his squadron was captured by the English; but the following day its loss was amply revenged, for, after a brilliant defence, the *Coventry*, 50, fell into his hands, and whilst escorting her to Brest, his consorts and himself succeeded in taking twelve English and Dutch coasting-craft, and in beating off a very determined attack on the part of the *Revenge*, 60, and the *Falmouth*, 54, who attempted to retake the *Coventry*.

In the year 1705, again cruising in the Channel, Duguay Trouin had a sharp engagement with two English ships-of-war, the *Elizabeth*¹ and *Chatham*; the former, owing to superior force was forced to surrender, the latter, one of the smartest vessels in the navy, escaped. Once more on his homeward voyage he was fortunate enough to add to his prizes; in this instance a powerful Dutch privateer, mounting forty-two guns, which, after a gallant struggle

¹ Captain Crosse of the *Elizabeth* was tried by court martial, cashiered, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

against overwhelming odds, was forced to surrender. The cruise, however, was marred by the death of Nicolas Trouin, Duguay's youngest brother, a promising young man commanding the Corsair *Valeur*. In the engagement with the Dutchman, Nicolas received a mortal wound, to which he succumbed two days after reaching Brest. In the month of July, when continuing his cruise in the Channel, Duguay narrowly escaped capture at the hands of an English fleet of twenty-one sail; then, finding the seas near home too well patrolled, he sailed south to the coast of Spain, where better fortune awaited him. Three Dutch East Indiamen, laden with cocoa, spices, and silver, two English armed merchantmen, mounting thirty-two and twenty-eight guns, bound from the Levant to Bristol, and a fine English vessel of 500 tons, carrying powder to the West Indies, all fell into his hands; and finally, in rounding Cape Finisterre, a fourth English ship was captured. All these prizes were safely carried into Brest, where Duguay Trouin paid off his crews and busied himself in the fitting-out a squadron for the next year's cruise.

Amongst the promotions made on the occasion of the new year (1706), the king was pleased to include Duguay Trouin, who was raised to the rank of post-captain (*capitaine de vaisseau*). At the same time he was nominated to the command of a squadron, with instructions to proceed to Cadiz and afford every assistance to the governor, the Marquis de Valdacagnas. On his way thither he fell in with and captured an English privateer, the *Marlborough*,

and a few days later attacked a convoy of thirty sail escorted by six Portuguese men-of-war; by these he was grievously maltreated, and had to return to Port Louis for refit. Once more sailing for Cadiz, Duguay Trouin on his arrival endeavoured to afford the governor every assistance; but the pompous Spaniard rejected all advice, and behaved most insolently to the French officers. On Duguay remonstrating, he was thrown into prison; but the intervention of the ambassador not only procured his release, but also the removal of the ill-conditioned governor. Duguay Trouin was then instructed to return to Brest with his squadron, as all fear of Portugal acting with a fleet against Cadiz was at an end. On his homeward voyage, Trouin ran into a convoy consisting of fifteen English merchantmen escorted by a 36-gun frigate, the *Gaspard*. After an encounter lasting two hours the *Gaspard* struck, and in the meantime Duguay's consorts had made so good use of their time that twelve out of the fifteen merchantmen had been manned with prize-crews. On reaching Brest with his thirteen prizes, Duguay Trouin was pleased to receive letters from the minister announcing the king's high appreciation of his services at Cadiz, and summoning him at the same time to Versailles, there to be invested with the accolade of the Order of St. Louis, as a reward for his past brilliant services.

Duguay Trouin was not allowed to remain long idle. No sooner had his ships filled with water and shipped fresh stores, than he was ordered off with a squadron of six vessels to cruise off the Portuguese



coast. Here five more English merchantmen, laden with sugar and tobacco, fell into his hands, and on conveying them to Brest, he was instructed to join the squadron under the Count de Forbin, and cruise under his orders, with a view of intercepting a large convoy of munitions of war about to sail from England for Portugal. On the 24th of October, 1707, a convoy, escorted by a strong squadron of ships-of-war, was sighted, and Duguay Trouin with his usual ardour pressed on to attack; his movements, however, were checked by signal from Forbin who, with the true aristocrat's jealousy, showed himself as morbidly sensitive to Duguay Trouin's honours as he had previously with regard to Jean Bart. Despite Forbin's conduct, a general engagement ensued, and thanks to Trouin's courage and dexterity—qualities generously recognized by the captured English captains, though studiously ignored by Forbin both in his despatches and in his memoirs—three English men-of-war, the *Cumberland*, *Chester*, and *Ruby*,² were captured, and one, the *Devonshire*, was sunk in addition; a number of merchant-vessels composing the convoy were also taken. Forbin's idiosyncrasies were well known at court, and Pontchartrain at once addressed a letter to Duguay Trouin according him a pension of a thousand livres a year. In acknowledging this, and tendering his gracious thanks to the king, Duguay Trouin solicited permission to proceed to Versailles, and there enlist

² According to Lediard, the *Royal Oak*, not the *Ruby*, was the third ship captured. All the captains were tried; Edwardes of the *Cumberland*, and Balchin of the *Chester* were acquitted; Lord Wyld of the *Royal Oak* was dismissed the service.

the king's protection for the commanders and men who had fought so bravely under him. This was granted, and Duguay had the satisfaction of seeing all his subordinate captains promoted, and one of his petty officers granted a gold medal.—How unlike was this conduct to that of Forbin!

On his return from his successful cruise, Duguay Trouin spent the winter in superintending the fitting-out of a powerful squadron of eight vessels, with which he intended to intercept the Portuguese Brazilian fleet. The produce of the South American colonies left the shores of Brazil annually about the month of July, 1708, under a strong escort, which, owing to the activity displayed by the French Corsairs since the commencement of the war, generally received a considerable reinforcement at the Azores. Duguay Trouin's recent successes strengthened the confidence of his townsmen, and his brother, Barbinais de la Trouin, had no difficulty in forming a syndicate of Breton merchants to provide the funds for the equipment of the ships that the king had entrusted to the Malouine captain. It was the month of August before all preparations were complete, and the eight well-found ships sailed from Brest. On nearing the Azores, Duguay Trouin learnt that a squadron of seven large ships-of-war were there awaiting the arrival of the Brazilian merchant-fleet, and he determined therefore to cruise to the eastward of the islands until he could assure himself of the rich booty. Every day's delay, however, worked against the success of the scheme. The voyage from Brest to the Azores had been long

and arduous, owing to heavy weather and bad winds, and both provisions and water commenced to run low, Duguay Trouin's captains therefore urged upon him the advisability of attacking the ships-of-war in the harbour, seizing them, and thus lessening the difficulties that would otherwise attend the capture of the merchant-fleet, and, in addition to this undoubted advantage, he would be able to fill up with live-stock and water before the arrival of the fleet from the Brazils. Unfortunately for the success of his expedition, Duguay Trouin refused until it was too late to agree to this proposal, and when at last he consented and bore up for Fayal, the Portuguese men-of-war were no longer in the harbour. Still the want of water necessitated a landing, and Duguay Trouin, after a sharp engagement with the land-forts, disembarked a strong body of seamen and small-arms men, and completely defeated the garrison. Large quantities of wine, fruit, corn, and live-stock were seized, fifteen standards and 100 pieces of cannon captured, and the ships filled up with water. From prisoners the French commander learnt that the Portuguese men-of-war had sailed for Lisbon, and that the Brazilian fleet had not yet touched at the islands. The fine season was now drawing to an end; a succession of violent gales compelled Duguay Trouin to re-embark and give the islands a wide berth. During these storms his squadron became scattered, many of the vessels suffered severely and were forced to run for France, and he himself with the two vessels that remained in his company were driven far to the northward. Ere he could again

make the islands, the Brazilian fleet had succeeded in gaining the Tagus in safety, and Trouin, disappointed of his great prize, returned to Brest with three Dutch merchant-ships and an English vessel laden with iron.

The failure of his expedition during the preceding year caused the merchants of St. Malo to look with no very favourable eye on Duguay Trouin's proposal to equip a second squadron for the same purpose, and the brave Malouine found himself compelled to limit his cruise to the west coast of Ireland, off which with four vessels he took his station. In the month of March, 1709, he encountered a large English convoy under escort of three English men-of-war; after a heavy engagement, in which he lost one of his own ships, but beat off the English vessels, Duguay found himself in possession of five large merchantmen laden with tobacco and other American produce. After escorting his prizes to Brest and making good his defects, Duguay Trouin once more sailed for the entrance to the Channel, and once more his good fortune did not desert him. After a running engagement of sixteen hours he came up to and boarded the *Bristol*, 60. The fight was long and obstinate, and the victory, though it undoubtedly remained with Trouin, was dearly purchased; not only did his losses amount to two officers and eighty men killed, but shortly after surrendering, the *Bristol* foundered with her prize-crew, and, as if to add to his misfortunes, an English squadron hove in sight, which at once engaged the French ships. These, all crippled as they were with their recent fight with

the *Bristol*, were neither in a condition to prolong the engagement nor to fly. Night fortunately put an end to the pursuit, and Duguay Trouin was able to reach Brest in safety; his consort, the *Gloire*, less happy, fell into the hands of the English. Before reaching harbour Trouin managed to pick up a fine English armed-merchantman of 500 tons, which, with his five previous prizes, constituted a fair profit for that year's cruise.

On reaching France he was further honoured by the king, by the receipt of a letter granting to him and to his elder brother, Barbinais Trouin, letters of nobility and permission to bear arms. The letter conferring these rights, relate succinctly all Trouin's principal actions, and further bear official witness to the fact that, since he had embarked on his career as a Corsair, he had convoyed to the ports of France more than 300 merchant-ships and twenty vessels-of-war or armed privateers!!

In the succeeding year 1710 Trouin once more selected the entrance to the Channel as his cruising-ground, and with his little squadron of five vessels made several prizes, the most important being the *Gloucester*, a new man-of-war mountingsixty-six guns.³ A violent attack of dysentery, however, compelled him to leave the squadron and proceed homewards, where he arrived more dead than alive. Months elapsed ere he recovered his health sufficiently to warrant his again proceeding to sea, and these months were spent by him in evolving a project

³ Balcher, the Captain of the *Gloucester*, had been captured by Trouin in the *Chester*, on the 10th of October, 1707.

which should at once raise him above the ordinary run of Corsair heroes, whose visions of conquest were limited by the destruction of an enemy's commerce and the occasional capture of a ship-of-war. His project, however, required considerable expenditure, and though, if successful, it would result in conferring benefit on the State, the condition of the National Exchequer was such that the Minister of Marine was reluctantly compelled to withhold State assistance from the enterprise. The capture of the Brazilian fleet had, as we have seen, been previously contemplated by Duguay Trouin, and his failure to achieve the object had rankled considerably in his mind; he now determined to go further, and by storming Rio Janeiro reap at the fountain-head the riches of Portugal's richest possessions. The scheme, though daring, seemed feasible enough; Duguay Trouin, at any rate, succeeded in convincing many of the wealthiest merchants of Brittany of its practicability, so that, when he proceeded so Versailles to solicit State countenance if not pecuniary support, he was in a position to assure the Minister of Marine that the greater part of the necessary funds had been already subscribed or guaranteed. A similar attempt had been made by a Monsieur Du Clerc with five vessels-of-war and 1000 troops, but this had been an ignominious failure. Little information was obtainable as to the cause of Du Clerc's defeat, but it was generally supposed that he had first of all undertaken the expedition with too small a force, and secondly, that he had allowed himself to be entrapped into negotiations whilst the Portuguese

were strengthening their defences and bringing up reinforcements, so that when at last he delivered his attack, he was opposed by far stronger forces than he would have found had he not been beguiled into delay. Du Clerc's disaster necessarily caused many people to throw cold water over Duguay Trouin's scheme. Nothing daunted, however, by the prophets of evil, the brave Malouine set off for Versailles, and there laid all his plans before Pontchartrain. He had previously secured the support of M. Gallet de Coulanges, Comptroller of the King's Household, of M. Beauvais Lefer, and his cousin M. Saudre-Lefer, M. Belle Isle-Pepin, M. Epine Danycan, M. Nicolas Chapdelaine, M. Langrolé-Colin, and his own brother, Barbinais Trouin, who between them guaranteed the necessary funds, and in the face of this guarantee M. Pontchartrain submitted the scheme first to the Count of Toulouse, Lord High Admiral of France, who accorded it his warmest support, and then to the king, who also considered it favourably. The Minister of Marine was instructed to afford every assistance, and steps were at once taken to fit out a force which should put the expedition beyond all chance of failure. Not only was a powerful fleet requisite but a strong land-force was also necessary, and in the equipment of these Trouin now busied himself. It was June before all preparations were completed and the armament ready to set sail. The utmost secrecy had been observed, and vessels commissioned at every port from Port Louis to Dunkirk, for it was feared that, were the English to suspect the real

destination of this large number of vessels it was rumoured were being prepared, the expedition would be attacked in mid-ocean, and the garrison of Rio Janeiro warned of the impending danger.

At last the whole force rendezvoused off the Cape de Verdes, and a proud command indeed was it for a post-captain to be entrusted with—a captain be it minded who boasted of no courtly influence, but had risen from the despised ranks of a Corsair crew. The squadron consisted of seven line-of-battle ships, the *Lys*, 74, flying Duguay Trouin's flag; the *Magnanime*, 74, Chevalier de Courserac; *Achille*, 66, Chevalier de Beauve; *Brilliant*, 66, Chevalier de Goyon; *Glorieuse*, 66, M. de la Jaille; *Fidèle*, 66, M. de la Moinerie-Miniac; *Mars*, 56, M. de la Cite Danycan: eight frigates, *Argonaut*, 46, le Chevalier du Bois de la Motte; *Aigle*, 40, M. de la Mar; *Chancelier*, 40, M. Durocher Danycan; *Bellone*, 36, M. de Kerguelin; *Amazon*, 36, M. du Chesnay le Fer; *Glorieuse*, 36, M. de la Perche; *Astrée*, 22, M. de Rogou; *Concorde*, 20, M. de Pradel Daniel, and the *Françoise* and *Patient* bombships.⁴ In addition to their own armament and crews these vessels carried a strong detachment of the king's troops, both artillery and infantry, making up a total of 738 guns, six mortars, and 5684 men.

On the 6th July the expedition, having escaped the English fleet which had endeavoured to intercept the Brest detachment, left St. Vincent, and on the

⁴ Dotted along the lovely banks of the Rance, may be seen *Chateaux* yet belonging to the descendants of these brave men. The names De la Jaille, De la Mar, Chesnay le Fer, De la Perche, De la Motte, and Moinerie-Miniac, are highly honoured still in Brittany.

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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be clearly documented, including the date, amount, and purpose of the transaction. This ensures transparency and allows for easy reconciliation of accounts.

In addition, the document highlights the need for regular audits. By conducting periodic reviews of the financial records, any discrepancies or errors can be identified and corrected promptly. This proactive approach helps in maintaining the integrity of the financial data and prevents the accumulation of mistakes.

Furthermore, the document stresses the importance of keeping records secure. All financial documents should be stored in a safe and accessible location, protected from unauthorized access. This is crucial for preventing data loss or theft, which could have significant consequences for the organization.

The document also provides guidelines on how to handle receipts and invoices. It advises that all receipts should be kept for a minimum of three years, as they may be required for tax purposes or legal proceedings. Similarly, invoices should be filed and organized systematically to facilitate the billing process and ensure that all payments are accounted for.

Finally, the document concludes by reiterating the overall goal of financial record-keeping: to provide a clear and accurate picture of the organization's financial health. By following these guidelines, the organization can ensure that its financial records are reliable, transparent, and compliant with all relevant regulations.



DUGUAY-TROUIN FORCES THE ROADSTEAD OF RIO DE JANEIRO.



19th August sighted Ascension; standing to the westward it again rendezvoused at Bahia on the 27th of the same month. Having filled up with water, Trouin bore up for Rio Janeiro, which he sighted on the 11th September; the wind being favourable, the hardy *Majouine* determined to stand at once into the harbour, taking no notice of the works at the entrance, and led by the *Magnanime*, the commander of which knew the port, the fleet crowding on all sail dashed through the narrow outlet, not a mile across, under a terrible fire from the astonished Portuguese, who little anticipated such a reckless proceeding, and who were prepared for a lengthy bombardment from the open sea rather than from the inner harbour. Handled in the most masterly way the *Magnanime* swept through the entrance without firing a shot, then exchanging broadsides as she passed with four Portuguese line-of-battle ships moored just inside the harbour, brought up beyond the range of the defensive works opposite the town itself. Each vessel as it passed received the fire not only of the forts at the mouth of the harbour and of the seven ships of war moored just inside it, but also of the forts Notre-Dame-de-bon-voyage, Ville-gagnon, Saint Alousi, de la Misericorde and Chevres, mounting on the aggregate over 200 guns. Owing to the advent of an English frigate, which had been despatched by Queen Anne to warn the Portuguese Governor of the probable destination of Duguay Trouin's squadron, the works had been strengthened, more guns mounted, and the garrison considerably

reinforced. When once inside the harbour Duguay Trouin still had a difficult task before him ; the number of troops opposed to him exceeded 13,000 men, and these too were flushed with the victory obtained over Du Clerc's expedition. The French commander felt that he must act with promptitude and yet with caution. On the 13th September a strong party under the Chevalier de Goyon stormed and seized the Chevres fort, and turned its guns upon the city. At nightfall 3300 men were disembarked on the mainland and formed into three brigades under the Chevaliers de Goyon, de Courserac, and de Beauve, and at once commenced the siege of the city, erecting batteries which caused considerable damage to the works on the surrounding hills, and so galled the enemy that when on the 21st of September Duguay Trouin determined to assault the town, he was met by an escaped prisoner, one of Du Clerc's aides-de-camp, who informed him that the place had been evacuated during the night. One by one the sea-forts also surrendered, and all the defensive works were at once occupied by the French so as to guard against any attempt at surprise on the part of the Portuguese, who it was known were collecting forces in the interior. Negotiations in the meantime were opened with Don Castro Morais, the Governor-General of Brazil, and finally a treaty was signed, Duguay Trouin agreeing to evacuate the place upon payment of 600,000 crusados, 5000 cases of sugar, and all the Portuguese and English ships in the harbour. These terms having been complied with, the French squadron set sail for

Europe on the 13th November, just two months after its gallant entry into the bay. From this time, however, misfortune never ceased to attend the expedition; a series of head-winds and heavy gales caused the vessels to separate, and Duguay Trouin signalled each to steer her own course homeward: off the Azores the *Lys* again found herself in company with the *Amazone*, *Argonaut*, *Aigle*, *Bellone*, and *Brilliant*, all of which had suffered severely and were straining heavily from the bad weather: keeping together to avoid the risk of capture from the English frigates, these vessels reached Brest on the 6th of February, 1712; on the following day the *Achille* and *Glorieux* also arrived; about the same date the frigates *Chancelier* and *Glorieuse* and the bombships *Françoise* and *Patient* made the harbour of St. Malo, and a few days later the *Mars* under jury-masts was helped into Port Louis; these were all that returned. The *Magnanime*, 74, *Fidele*, 66, *Aigle*, 40, *Concorde*, 22, and a fine Portuguese prize, *Notre Dame de l'Incarnation*, were never heard of more, and what added to the bitterness of their loss was the fact that the greater part of the treasure, amounting to half a million crusados and several hundred cases of sugar, were on M. de Courserac's unfortunate ship the *Magnanime*. In spite of these heavy losses, not only did the officers and men of the expedition realize handsome sums in loot and prize-money, but the guarantors gained a profit amounting to 92 per cent. upon their outlay. It was subsequently ascertained that the Portuguese estimated their losses, irrespective of the four men-of-war and sixty

merchant-ships captured or destroyed, at about two million sterling.

Dark hints were thrown out at the vast sums made by pillage, both by officers and men, and though Louis XIV. accorded the brave Trouin a warm welcome and bestowed on him a pension of two thousand livres a year, he was unwilling, in face of the popular feeling, to advance him to the rank of commodore, a reward barely commensurate with the services rendered.

By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Duguay Trouin was once more put on the shelf, and he now retired to his pretty little cottage la Haute-Fleurie, overlooking the lovely valley of the Rance, where he busied himself in writing his memoirs. From the garden he had a full view of the rock-studded passage leading past the island of Cézembre to the rough reef of the Minquiers, up which in his younger days he had beat with many a hard-won prize; there, surrounded by Malouine friends, the brave Corsair—for his heart was still with the little craft in which he gained his first distinctions—would fight his battles o'er again, and draw up plans for the development of the colonial grandeur of France and the destruction of English commerce. He still looked forward to further employment, for when the bitter partisanship which enveloped the discussion of the Rio Janeiro treaty had somewhat modified, full justice was done to the courage and energy he had displayed. The foundering of the *Magnanime* and loss of treasure could not be laid to his charge, and as the firms who equipped the expedition rallied round

their brave commander, public opinion soon followed suit. At intervals Duguay Trouin would visit Versailles, to assure the monarch of his fidelity and anxiety to serve again, and he had the satisfaction of receiving at the hands of Louis XIV., the month previous to his death (1715), the commission of Commodore in the French fleet. He was then called to the Board of Council of the French East India Company, and in this position he was enabled to give the new king and his advisers sound practical advice, but with the capture of Rio Janeiro Duguay Trouin's active career closed. He gradually rose in the navy list, receiving the rank of rear-admiral and the knight commandership of the Order of St. Louis in the year 1728, and three years later he hoisted his flag in command of the Mediterranean fleet. This was but a peaceful cruise, though at one time it was anticipated that the brave Malouine might have rough work cut out for him. The pirates in that sea interfered much with European commerce, and Duguay Trouin was entrusted with the task of compelling the Beys of Algiers and of Tunis to keep their subjects in order; fortunately, the firm attitude adopted by the French admiral had the desired effect, and after a cruise of some months, and showing the white flag in the principal ports of the Mediterranean, Duguay Trouin returned home and paid off his fleet at Toulon.

His next employment was as naval commandant of Brest, with the rank of lieutenant-general of the king's navies; and it was whilst holding this appointment that he was overtaken by the final stages

of a disease from which he had long suffered. By the advice of local physicians he was moved by slow stages to Paris, in the hopes that the famous surgeons of the capital might ease him of his malady. Their efforts were in vain, and the brave admiral, feeling his end approaching, addressed a touching letter to Cardinal Fleury, in which he announced his approaching end and solicited from the king some pecuniary help for his family, who had benefited but little from his exploits.

The cardinal's answer removed all causes of anxiety from the mind of the dying man, who then, turning to religion for its last consolations, passed away peacefully and without pain on the 27th of September, 1736.

Without rising to the heights of Tourville or Duquesne, Duguay Trouin throughout his career showed all the attributes of a good sailor. He was not merely daring in action, but he had the happy knack of inflaming his crew with his own valour he was equally steadfast under adversity, and whether we see him navigating the Channel in the open boat in which he escaped from Plymouth; or working the sinking *Saint Jacques des Victoires*, into Port Louis after his victory over the Dutch admiral Von Wassenaër; or pressing past the batteries of Rio Janeiro without firing a shot; or boarding an English line-of-battle ship with his corsair crew,—we cannot withhold an admiration which the more carefully worked out combinations of greater admirals fail to evoke. Like so many of his Breton compatriots, Duguay Trouin was a devout Catholic.

His first act on landing from that hazardous voyage across the Channel after his escape from Plymouth, was to repair to the little church of Treguier, and there return thanks for his deliverance; and at the capture of Rio Janeiro he hung—considering them unworthy of a more honourable death, some of his own men, taken in the act of pillaging churches. The handsome gifts made by him to the churches of St. Malo, testify to his possessing the religious feeling of the Breton sailor, and is perhaps the reason that his most eulogistic historians are the Abbé Manet and M. le Curé Cunat, both members of the Catholic Priesthood. Like other corsairs sprung from humble origin, Duguay Trouin by sheer bravery forced himself into the good graces of the Minister of Marine, and his nomination to the navy was but a tardy acknowledgment of the most brilliant services—services, indeed, never surpassed by one so young, on a par with those of Lord Dundonald or of Jean Bart.

Professional jealousy thwarted him at every turn, Nesmond and Forbin, under whose command he sailed, were both aristocrats, and whilst the one, as we saw on page 202, signalled the corsair captain to abstain from pressing an advantage gained over an English ship, the other in his despatches arrogated to himself captures really made by Duguay Trouin's own vessel. Despite the disadvantages of lowly birth, and the jealous hatred of the blue-blooded naval officers, Duguay Trouin triumphed over every obstacle. Early in life he gained the love and admiration of his fellow-townsmen, and ere he had

attained middle age, he was high in favour with his king. His name still lives, not merely enshrined in the hearts of Breton sailors or in musty volumes of contemporary historians, or even on the indifferant statues raised in various places to his honour, but as he would have it live, in the impersonal personality of a French man-of-war, carrying into distant waters the living memory of one of France's bravest sailors and one of England's bravest foes. During the long period of war, from 1793 to 1815, the name Duguay Trouin was often found in the log of British ships-of-war, as causing us an immensity of trouble in the West Indies. On more than one occasion we read in history of vessels bearing his name perpetuating his tactics against his old enemies the English. A line-of-battle ship, the *Duguay Trouin*, was one of the four vessels that escaped from Collingwood after Trafalgar, only to be captured by Sir Richard Strachan a few days later in a futile effort to reach a French port. Since then the guns of a *Duguay Trouin* have never been fired in earnest; should France ever be engaged in another naval war, we may be sure that officers and men entrusted with the task of manning any *Duguay Trouin* would bear aloft the Tricolour of France as proudly and as bravely as the gallant corsair bore the Lilies of France close on two centuries ago.

List of Prizes captured or sunk by Duguay Trowin.

Date of capture.	Name of capturing ship.	Name or number of prizes.	Remarks.
1682	Coetquen, 18 guns	14 English coasting-vessels. 1 " armed merchantman, 16 guns. 1 English armed " " 14 guns.	
	Profonde, 33 "	1 Spanish merchantman, 24 guns.	
1683	Hercule, 23 "	4 English coasters.	
Sep	" "	2 English merchantmen.	
Nov.	" "	1 English merchantman.	
"	" "	1 Dutch " "	
1684	Diligente, 40 guns	2 large Dutch merchantmen.	
Feb.	" "	1 English coaster.	
April	" "	Fanther, 32; Dutch corsair.	
May	" "	captured by English squadron.
1685	Francois, 50 "	5 English merchantmen of 500— 700 tons. H. M. S. Nonsuch. H. M. S. Boston	retaken by Dutch cor- sairs; for this action Trouin received sword of honour.
1686	" "	Defence, 58 Resolution, 56 } armed Indiamen Black Prince, 48 }	
1687	Sanspareil, 40 }	2 armed Dutchmen.	
	Leonore, 16 }	1 Dutch Indiaman.	
1688	Saint Jacques des Vic- toires, 48	Captured Dutch convoy under Rear-Admiral Von Wassenaer.	granted commission as Commander in French Navy.
	Sanspareil, 40	Delft, 54.	
	Leonore, 16	Houlsardich, 54. Naasun, 3. 12 merchantmen.	
1703	5 English merchantmen. 3 Dutchmen.	
1704	H. M. S. Coventry, 50. 12 English and Dutch merchant- men.	
1705	H. M. S. Elisabeth, 50. 1 Dutch corsair, 42. 2 English armed merchantmen. 3 Dutch Indiamen. 2 English traders	
1706	Corsair Marlborough. H. M. S. Gaspard, 36. 12 English merchantmen.	Promoted Post Captain.
1707	5 English merchantmen. H. M. ships Chester, Cumberland, Ruby, and Devonshire.	in conjunction with Forbin's squadron.
1708	3 Dutch merchantmen. 1 English merchantman.	
1709	H. M. S. Bristol, 60. 6 English merchantmen.	
1713	4 Portuguese men-of-war. 1 English corsair. 66 merchantmen.	at capture of Rio Janeiro.

Giving a total of 10 English men-of-war, 3 privateers, 7 heavily armed merchantmen, and 66 traders, all flying the English flag; in addition to these we have 4 Portuguese and 3 Dutch men-of-war, 3 powerful Dutch corsairs, and 94 merchantmen of other nationalities.

CHAPTER V.

FRANÇOIS THUROT OF BOULOGNE—1727-1760.

Thurot born in an inland town—Destined first for the priesthood, and then for the medical profession—Quits his home—Trudges across France to Dunkirk—Shows his surgical skill in a tavern brawl—Ships as surgeon on a Corsair—Captured by the English—Escapes from Dover and enters as seaman on a Boulogne privateer—Turns honest trader—On outbreak of war commands Corsair *Friponne*—Made Enseigne de Vaisseau—Placed in command of a squadron—Gallant action with the *Southampton* frigate—Ill-success of his cruise in the *Belle-Isle*—Heavy fight with the *Dauphin* and *Solbay*—Change of fortune—Captures numerous prizes off coast of Denmark—Runs towards west coast of Scotland—Takes several fine English prizes—Returns to France and proposes a descent on the Irish coast—Project supported by the Marquis of Belle-Isle—Entrusted with the command of an expedition—Quarrels between Thurot and the military commanders—Mutinous spirit shown by his captains—Lands on north coast of Ireland—Seizes Carrickfergus—Threatens Belfast—British squadron appears off coast—Thurot re-embarks—His gallant fight and noble death.

ALTHOUGH Boulogne claims this gallant corsair as one of her sons, and named one of her principal streets in his honour, there is no doubt that this claim is absolutely unfounded, and that the specious arguments of the eminent Egyptologist, the late Monsieur Mariette, are incapable of support. To us in England, it is of little importance whether Thurot was born in one town or another; but in France, where the heroes of one administration are dethroned to make room for those of another, and where there is but little

continuity of fame, much jealousy is evinced by the various communes with regard to those who without having leaned to Royalty or Imperialism, can now, in these days of Republican simplicity, be handed down to posterity as heroes sprung from the people. Under this head Thurot may undoubtedly be classed. As a corsair in this he does not stand alone, but what is peculiar in his career is that of all the corsairs whose histories I have been able to trace, he is the only one whose early associations are not connected with the sea, whose youth was not spent amongst those who were the veritable sea-wolves of France.

Jean Bart, with corsair blood flowing in his veins, was born in Dunkirk, and his infant lullaby was the thunder of the English cannon besieging that oft-captured town. Duguay Trouin, the son of seafaring people, was wont as a lad to bask on the mole at St. Malo and weave dreams of his own future from the tales he had heard from his father's men of their encounters with the hated English. Jacques Cassard in like manner imbibed the love of his future profession on the quays at Nantes—quays now named in his honour. But François Thurot was born in the vine-clad valleys of Burgundy, and none around him were in any way connected with the marine.

It was in the now well-known town of Nuits, better known perhaps in England by the excellence of its wines than by the beauty of its situation and the loveliness of its surrounding scenery, that on the night of the 21st July, 1727, the wife of the

worthy postmaster presented her husband with his first-born son. At that time, in addition to his official calling, François Thurot the elder, cultivated his family acres, and made a comfortable living out of the good wine he sold; but the doctrines of Malthus had not in those days obtained a hold on the population of France, and children came to the young couple with annual precision, and alas! with annual precision came also a long succession of bad vintages. The two combined served to plunge the good postmaster into pecuniary embarrassments, and when in 1735 his office became vacant and his wife a widow, little was left for the support of his family.

Kind friends came to the front and offered to relieve the mother of the education of her eldest son; but he, more than probably a spoiled child, cared little for the career these friends had marked out for him. The first idea was to make him a priest, and for some few years he pursued his education at a Jesuit college in Dijon, but it was soon evident that the young Thurot was little fitted for the "frock;" his wild untamable disposition grated on the reverend fathers, and his mother was fain to think of more secular employment. On leaving the Jesuit college, he was apprenticed to a worthy surgeon of the same town, and showed some interest in this direction. Unfortunately the pecuniary circumstances of his mother became more and more embarrassed, and Thurot, overwhelmed with grief at her position and willing to sacrifice all for his mother, was tempted to purloin some valuables belonging to

his aunt, and selling them handed the money thus obtained to the widow, and then knowing that discovery was inevitable, he quitted Dijon to seek his living as best he might.

The gallant deeds and brilliant successes of Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin had penetrated even to the peaceful valleys of Burgundy; and Thurot, albeit that he had never seen the sea, determined on following the calling which had brought fame and riches to so many. Alas! he little thought of the misery it had brought to the thousands, whose lingering captivity in English prisons was chronicled by no historian, or of the desolation spread throughout the coasting population of Northern France by the loss of those gallant men who, falling in many an unknown conflict—unhonoured and unsung—left their families dependent for their daily bread on the charity of their poor, warm-hearted fellow-villagers.

Thurot, blessed with youth and health and strength and spirit, looked only on the bright side of the picture, of the reverse little was known in Burgundy. It will be a bad day for a country when its youth weighs the *pros* and *cons* before entering one of the sterner professions, when the empty sleeve is pitted against the cross of valour, and the priceless decoration considered the least valuable of the two.

Thurot had but one aim in view: to put as great a distance as possible between himself and Dijon, and to hide his early history from every eye. In both of these he was successful. Paris offered but slight temptations to one with such an empty

purse, and pushing through the capital, Thurot never stayed his steps until he found himself at Dunkirk. Here, his evident ignorance of the sea stood in the way of his employment. Tall and well-grown for his age, he was too old to be taken as a *mousse*—these urchins usually began their career at the age of eleven or twelve—and for some days the forlorn landsman saw his offers of service scouted on every side. At last a chance opportunity gave him the necessary opening. Hanging about the doors of cabarets frequented by the wild Corsairs of Dunkirk, Thurot happened to be present when a drunken brawl terminated in an open fight; knives were drawn and lives were threatened, and ere the *patron* of the cabaret had cleared his premises of the shouting, fighting crowd, two of the number were lying on the floor, their life-blood welling from gaping wounds. Pushing his way through the gesticulating throng, Thurot entered the darkened room, and with the air of a practised hand, knelt by the side of the wounded men. One he immediately saw was past all hope, but the other might be saved by prompt aid, and calling for linen and water, the future Corsair busied himself in staunching and binding up the bleeding wounds. The cool, methodical air with which the lad removed the wounded man's clothes and bathed his hurts, the skilful manner in which he applied the bandages, and the authoritative way in which he demanded the man's address, and having seen him carried to his humble rooms, enjoined perfect quiet, and forbad the entrance of any of his messmates,

struck more than one of the rough Corsairs, who witnessed the scene. On the morrow the patient was better, and though Thurot still enjoined absolute quiet, he himself was ready enough to explain as much of his past as he chose should be known, as well as all his aspirations for the future. Now had his opportunity come. The wounded man was mate of a small lugger which had made some name as a Corsair in the Straits of Dover, and he promised to interest himself for the young Thurot. Nay more, he assured the lad that such a skilful surgeon as he would never lack employment, for a recent ordinance of the king laid down that every craft to which letters of marque were issued, should bear on her rolls one *chirurgien*. What stamp of man it was expected would ship on board a lugger of twenty tons in the capacity of surgeon it is hard to say, still the fact remains that the Government of France, ever solicitous for the welfare of those engaged in the destruction of English commerce, had determined that no Corsair should put to sea without a doctor to attend to the sick and wounded of her crew.

Thurot's qualifications, backed up as they were by the recommendations of his patient, soon secured for him the looked-for employment, and early in 1744 we find him embarked as surgeon on board the Corsair *Cerf Volant*, a small lugger carrying four 4-pounders, and a crew of twenty-eight men. Fortune, however, was against the youth, for in this first cruise his craft was captured after a sharp resistance by an English cruiser, and carried

a prize into Dover. Still Dame Fortune was not altogether unkind to our hero, for as the English officer deputed to work the prize into harbour stepped on the *Cerf Volant's* decks, Thurot was seen busy with the wounded men, and as the English cruiser carried no doctor, the young man was at once transhipped to the king's vessel to perform the same work of charity to the wounded English seamen; and so it came about that when the *Cerf Volant's* crew were lodged in watch and ward at Dover, Thurot was allowed out on his *parole*.

The hours of his captivity dragged wearily enough we may be sure; but the lad had more in him than the average Corsair, and he determined that every hour should be well employed. Thanks to the kindly intercession of the captain of the cruiser that had captured the *Cerf Volant*, Thurot obtained permission to attend his own wounded. There, in the hospital attached to the prison, he was thrown into daily contact with the English surgeons, who, hearing the lad's history, were willing enough to aid him in his self-imposed duties, and to impart to him as much surgical knowledge as he chose to learn. But Thurot was by no means content to look forward to no higher career than that of surgeon of a Corsair or, may be, even of a king's ship; he was determined to enter the combatant ranks, and every moment that he could spare from the hospital was devoted to a study of navigation, of the charts of the Channel, and of the English language. Weeks rolled on, and still no hope of release; at every fresh exchange of prisoners,

the Corsair crew found themselves still unfriended. It was those in the king's service who were first selected for exchange; privateers' men were left to make their own arrangements for escape, unless, as too rarely happened, high State influence could be brought to bear in their favour. Thurot was little inclined to rest quietly at Dover until a general peace should release all prisoners, and he determined on making an effort to secure his own liberty.

The question of prisoners of war was just then exciting much attention. The Marquis de Belle-isle had been despatched on a mission from Versailles to the Courts of the Emperor Charles (then in Bavaria), and thence to Frederick in Silesia. On his return to France, the marquis had been seized when passing through Hanover, and, despite his own personal remonstrances and the indignant protests of the French Government, had been carried a prisoner to London. The French insisted that the sacred person of an ambassador was free from capture; the English, on the other hand, maintained that Belle-isle, although an ambassador, should have avoided entering Hanover, then subject to the English crown; that had a passage through the electorate been necessary for his return to France, he should have applied to the Court of St. James's for a safe-conduct, and that by voluntarily entering the enemy's territory, he voluntarily placed himself in that enemy's power. Matters were eventually arranged, and Belle-isle permitted to return to France. During the ambassador's sojourn in London, Thurot, obtaining leave from the com-

mandant at Dover, contrived to gain access to the marquis, and implored him to exert his influence to obtain the release of the many thousand Corsairs now prisoners in English ports. As Thurot very justly pointed out, these men were fighting France's battles, and playing France's game as effectually as any of the seamen belonging to the king's navy. Many of the vessels worked by these Corsairs were the king's own ships, and one-tenth of the sums realized by their prizes went into the king's coffers. Belle-isle, struck by the lad's arguments, promised to bring the matter before the Minister of Marine; more he could not do, his instructions as to obtaining the release of prisoners at that moment referred only to soldiers and sailors of the king's forces.

Thurot disheartened returned to Dover, and once more threw himself heart and soul into the pursuit of those studies which were destined to gain him pre-eminence in his calling. Days passed, and yet no sign that the Marquis of Belle-isle had made representations to Versailles regarding the French Corsairs now prisoners in English gaols, and Thurot, despairing of obtaining freedom by legitimate means, determined on making one bold bid for escape.

Taking advantage of the bustle attendant on Belle-isle's departure for France: a departure attended with the ceremonial usually bestowed on ambassadors by the town of Dover, which was wont on these occasions to deck itself in holiday array, and cause the representatives of Foreign Powers to be escorted to the craft destined to convey them across the Channel, by the military and municipal

authorities, and to be wafted on their journey by the thunder of the Castle guns.

England, willing to atone for the rude circumstances connected with Belle-isle's capture, was ready to give as much *éclat* as possible to his embarkation; troops were drawn up on the old pier, and amidst the rattle of arms and the booming of cannon, the ambassador to the Courts of Bavaria and of Brandenburg, stepped on to the English ship-of-war destined to convey him to Calais. And Thurot saw the craft cast off her hawsers, warp out beyond the jetty, and then under a crowd of canvas press on before a strong northerly breeze to the French coast. That night, warily evading the ever-watchful sentries, Thurot found his way down to the jetty, and leaping on board a small dingey attached to a fishing-lugger, he silently sculled her outside the harbour; then, feeling the influence of the northerly breeze, he rigged up his shirt into a temporary sail, and once more taking to the oars steered by the stars his southerly course. As dawn broke the little boat was descried by some Calais fishermen, and Thurot, exhausted with his long pull, was taken more dead than alive on board their hospitable craft.

The noise of his escape from a British prison soon spread through the French town, and, coming to the ears of the Marquis of Belle-isle, caused the ambassador to command that the brave lad should be led into his presence. There he was at once recognized as the unsuccessful suitor of London, and Belle-isle, struck by the youth's determination, promised that

he would never lose sight of him. He kept his word with greater exactness than French gallants of the last century were in the habit of doing, and Thurot, thanks to his intervention, obtained almost immediate employment on board a Corsair. This time in the capacity of seaman, not surgeon, for Thurot was determined that he would work his way up, and learn how to obey ere he sought to command. And now his education stood him in good stead. Naturally quick, he soon mastered the manual work of his profession; whether Belle-isle's influence had aught to do with his rapid advancement I know not, but at the end of the year 1747 we find him in command of a small Boulogne lugger, plying the trade all craft of her build and port were wont to ply in those days.

In the following year peace was declared, and Thurot now turned honest trader, and made a series of successful voyages to England; but legitimate trading was but sorry work after the exciting life of a Corsair, and it was soon found that smuggling was more profitable, combining as it did a spice of danger more to the fancy of Thurot and his crew, than sober trips to the Thames or the Avon. Throughout the years that peace lasted, the Marquis of Belle-isle never lost sight of his *protégé*, and when, in 1755, war once more broke out with England, the Intendant of Marine at Boulogne received instructions from Paris to hand over the king's ship *Friponne* to François Thurot, to be armed by him as a Corsair. It is more than probable, though history is silent on this point, that Belle-isle furnished Thurot with the means of equipping the

Friponne, and stood guarantee to the State for her, as it is extremely unlikely that Thurot could have amassed enough money in his seven years' Channel trading—or smuggling, if you will—to undertake such a weighty responsibility on his own shoulders, and had any local merchants shared the risk with him, local historians would have recorded the fact and immortalized their names.

Unfortunately no details of this cruise have been preserved, but we may be certain that it was successful beyond all expectations, from the fact that when in December, 1756, Thurot returned to Boulogne to lay up and pay off the *Friponne*, he was called to Paris by the Minister of Marine, and there nominated to a commission as *enseigne de vaisseau* in the king's navy. Many of his biographers, in writing of this cruise, say:—

“Avec ce petit bâtiment, il alla croiser dans la Manche et se distinguer par plusieurs combats, et nombre de bonnes prises.”

On the other hand an anonymous author writes:—
“Pendant la campagne qu'il fit avec ce petit bâtiment il livra plusieurs combats et prit un grand nombre de navires de commerce. On en a porté le chiffre à soixante environ.”

When in Paris, Thurot laid before the Minister of Marine a project for the destruction of Portsmouth by means of a fire-ship, and offered to take command of the expedition himself. The scheme, however, found no favour with the court officials, and Thurot was compelled to renounce all hope of earning fame this way.

The success attending the cruise of the *Friponne* had very naturally increased the favour with which the Marquis de Belle-isle regarded his *protégé* and through his interest the young *enseigne de vaisseau* was entrusted with a command less hazardous and promising greater results even than the scheme for the destruction of Portsmouth Dock-yard.

The havoc committed by Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin on English trade had not been forgotten at Versailles, and in Thurot was seen a worthy successor to the Corsairs of Dunkirk and St. Malo. He combined all the qualities needed for a successful Corsair—great personal gallantry, a knack of winning to himself the confidence of his employers and of his subordinates, and an intimate knowledge of the English coasts and the seas surrounding them.

Belle-isle pressed forward his claims and his qualifications, with the result that Thurot was ordered to proceed to St. Malo, and there superintend the fitting-out of a small squadron destined to cruise in the North Sea, but with the primary intention of capturing a valuable convoy bound from Archangel to London with furs and Eastern produce.

Thurot's squadron was composed of the *Belle-isle*, a full-rigged ship of nearly 400 tons, carrying thirty guns, and a crew of 140 men, her sister-ship, the *Chauvelin*, 30; a brigantine, the *Gros Thomas*, carrying six 3-pounders and thirty men, and a large cutter, the *Bastien*, ten guns and sixty men. The two smaller craft were to be used as tenders

and despatch-boats, to convoy prizes into port, and to return to the squadron with prize-crews, fresh provisions, and water.

At dawn on the morning of the 12th July, 1757, Thurot sailed from St. Malo, and heading to the northward, endeavoured to beat out between the islands and Cape la Hogue; but as the sun went down, two large men-of-war were discerned cruising off Granville, and Thurot, seeing that one was a line-of-battle ship and the other a powerful frigate, determined to bout ship and run under the shelter of the land for the night. The Englishmen, divining his intentions, crowded on all sail after him, and the frigate standing in between him and the island of Cézembre, prevented his entering St. Malo. He, however, succeeded in anchoring with the *Chauvelin* and *Gros Thomas* under the guns of the batteries on Cape Frehel, and so narrowly avoided capture. The *Bastien*, not so fortunate, was captured in endeavouring to enter the Rance. For more than a week the two English vessels standing on and off compelled Thurot to remain at anchor, but a heavy northerly gale coming on forced them to gain an offing, and as when the wind went down no signs of the Englishmen were visible, Thurot once more hove anchor and stood out to sea. On the 24th he sighted the English coasts, and on the following day made his first prize, a fine brig, the *Rotterdam*, bound from St. Vincent to Southampton with sugar and coffee. The same afternoon, having parted company with his prize, Thurot sighted a large vessel standing to the westward close under the land.

Taking her for a merchantman, the *Belle-isle* crowded on all sail in chase, but on coming within range discovered that her antagonist was flying a captain's pennant and was a heavy-armed frigate. Although the *Chauvelin* was hull down and no hope could be expected from her, Thurot determined on attacking the frigate, and at once opened fire with his 12-pounder bow guns. The Englishman promptly responded and with such good effect that she cut away the slings of the *Belle-isle's* mainyard, thus effectually stopping further pursuit. Still the Englishman was very severely handled, and was glad enough to escape before the arrival of the *Chauvelin*. The *Belle-isle's* casualties amounted to seven killed and twenty-six wounded, the *Southampton* suffered a loss of sixty killed and wounded. Throughout the night the crew of the Corsair were busily engaged in repairing damages, sending up their mainyard and a new mizen-topmast in lieu of the spar badly wounded by the *Southampton*, and on the morning of the 26th, finding himself within sight of several large craft which looked suspiciously like English men-of-war, Thurot determined to gain an offing and bear up for a French port, in order to land his wounded and prisoners. Before reaching Calais he was fortunate enough to fall in with a Dutch brig—prize to an English privateer—the prize-crew were too weak to offer any resistance, and hauled down their flag on being summoned to surrender. On the 28th Thurot entered Calais, and having sent his wounded to hospital and shipped fifty fresh men, he once more put to sea. On the 30th of July he fell

in with and captured the packet-boat carrying passengers from Ostend to Dover, but a heavy gale springing up he nearly lost his own ship as well as his prize in trying to work into Boulogne. His spars, crippled in the engagement with the *Southampton*, were in no state to weather a fresh north-wester, and in order to save his ship Thurot was compelled to cut away his masts and signal the *Chauvelin* to come and take him in tow. In this predicament three English privateers bore down on the French squadron, but M. Desages and M. de la Tour Audaye, two gallant Malouines serving on the *Chauvelin*, gave proof of rare devotion and courage, and showed such a bold front with that frigate that the Englishmen hauled off without persevering in their attempt, and Thurot, getting some canvas on the stumps of his lower masts, was enabled under the escort of the *Chauvelin* to work his way with his prize into Flushing. There he determined to give the *Belle-isle* a thorough refit, and it was not until the 18th of September that he was once more ready to take the sea. Ill-fortune still clung to him. On the following morning he fell in with an English squadron of five ships-of-war, and once more narrowly escaped capture, being compelled again to run for shelter and safety into Flushing.

In the engagement the *Belle-isle* lost her bowsprit and fore-topmast, besides being hulled no less than sixty-five times; her casualties, however, only amounted to five killed and seven wounded. Once more a thorough refit and overhaul became necessary, and whilst Thurot was engaged in preparing the

Belle-isle for sea, the *Chauvelin* and *Gros Thomas* made short excursions in the hope of picking up a prize. In this expectation they were not only unsuccessful, but M. Desages was unlucky enough to lose the *Gros Thomas*, which was captured by an English frigate. Early in October, Thurot again put to sea, and this time stood to the northward, intending to cruise off the east coast of Scotland. Heavy weather now ensued, and whilst Thurot hoisting English colours ran into the Bay of Findhorn for shelter, the *Chauvelin* stood out to sea; thus the two craft parted company, and for the remainder of the cruise the *Belle-isle* was alone. On the weather moderating, Thurot, who had learnt that the Archangel fleet had reached London whilst he was repairing ship at Flushing, determined to stand across the Northern ocean to Bergen, and pick up what prizes he might at the entrance of the Baltic. But the severity of the weather told heavily on the *Belle-isle*, and on arrival at Bergen, Thurot was obliged again to lay up his ship for repairs. On the voyage he picked up a prize which Thurot's biographer, M. de Marcy, asserts to have been "*une frégate du roi*," and this capture to a certain extent calmed the mutinous spirit of the *Belle-isle's* crew, who found the constant cruising in heavy weather in a leaky ship far from according with their ideas of a Corsair's career. Throughout the month of November the crew worked away at repairing ship, and about the middle of December, Thurot again set sail. Again his evil fortune attended him: heavy gales pursued him wherever he went, and late in

December, when off the Orkneys, he was once more dismasted and driven helpless far to the northward. On the gale abating, Thurot rigged up jury-masts, and favoured by a westerly breeze succeeded in working his crippled craft into Gottenburg. Here he determined to spend the winter, and before starting on his summer cruise to submit the *Belle-isle* to a thorough overhaul. It was not until the month of May that Thurot recommenced operations, and now fortune deigned to smile on the vessel she had so rudely treated throughout the preceding year. Standing to the southward, Thurot's plan was to cruise off the east coast of England, and intercept vessels engaged in commerce with the Baltic. His first prize for the year was made on the 17th of May. She was the *William and Charles*, a collier brig bound from Newcastle to Arundel; this was but the opening of a fortunate week, for in the ensuing five days he had captured the *Martha*, the *Prudent Mary*, *Friendship of Sunderland*, and the *Russia*, all laden with coal. King's ships, however, were cruising in these latitudes, and Thurot's voyage was not destined to be one of uninterrupted success. On the 26th he sighted four large vessels, evidently ships-of-war, and he prudently endeavoured to avoid them; in this he was disappointed, as two of them, fine, fast-sailing frigates, overhauled him, and ranging up alongside hailed him to surrender. Thurot, paying no attention, stood unconcernedly on his course. To the summoning gun the *Belle-isle* replied with a broadside, and the unequal engagement at once com-

menced. For seven hours the running fight continued, and then a lucky shot from the *Belle-isle* having carried away the fore-topmast of one of the frigates, and the other being in flames, the pursuit slackened, and Thurot was enabled to shake off the larger ships in the course of the night. The Englishmen proved to be the *Dauphin*, whose captain, Macleod, was killed during the engagement, and the *Solebay*, whose commander, Craig, was dangerously wounded in the throat. The *Belle-isle's* casualties amounted to nineteen killed and thirty-four wounded.

In her engagement with the English frigates the *Belle-isle* had been very roughly handled, and his ship's company was much weakened by the prize-crews placed on board the five colliers captured in the course of the preceding fortnight, as well as by the heavy casualties sustained on the 26th May; Thurot therefore determined to put into Bergen once more for repairs and to recruit his numbers. In those days the crews of privateers were generally a heterogeneous mass; men of all nations shipped under any flag, and as in France there were very stringent rules, forbidding corsairs to carry more than a very limited number of French sailors (this with a view of retaining the services of the seafaring population for the king's ships), it generally happened that the majority of men serving on French corsairs were either landmen or sailors of other nationalities. Many an Englishman might have been found sailing out of Dunkirk or Calais, and if the records of those cities are true, some of their most famous corsairs

were either English or American seamen who had good reason for not sailing under the Cross of St. George. Swedes, Norwegians and Danes had then, as now, a great reputation as honest, sober, good sailormen, and now that the tide of luck had turned in his favour, Thurot felt sure he would have little difficulty in filling up his crew in Bergen.

The voyage across the North Sea was unmarked by any incident save the capture of a small English schooner, which being a smart sailer Thurot determined to turn into a tender to the *Belle-isle*. On reaching Bergen the *Belle-isle* was at once put into the shipbuilders' hands, and fearful of losing touch of his good fortune Thurot, placing one long twelve-pounder and six four-pounders upon the prize, which he named the *Homard*, he started off in her himself for a cruise off the coasts of Denmark. Once more fortune favoured him, and he returned to Bergen on the 4th June with two prizes, the brig *Christian*, laden with coal from Newcastle to Riga, and the barque *Bourgan*, bound for London with hemp. In the course of a few days the *Belle-isle* was again ready for sea, and Thurot, finding that a stream of English traders was pouring into the Baltic, determined to continue his cruising to intercept these vessels. In the three weeks that intervened between his again putting to sea and his return to Christiansand for provisions and water, he captured nine prizes, the *Amity*, *Catherine*, *Lothian*, *Margaret*, *Elizabeth*, *Sally*, *Jenny*, *Success*, and *Jane and Elizabeth*; with the exception of the last named, none of these vessels attempted any resistance, and

the essence of fight died out of the *Jane and Elizabeth* when a round shot, in reply to her first gun, plunged on to her poop, carrying away her tiller, killing the man at the wheel, and wounding three of her hands.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and of this proverb Thurot felt the proof; his crew were now in good fighting order and in capital spirits, no signs of disaffection since the prizes had been tumbling in so fast; still Thurot felt it wise to give them a run ashore now and then, for obvious reasons. Reaching Christiansand on the 27th July, he determined to wait there until the *Homard* should rejoin him with some of the men working his prizes to a French port, and consequently it was not until the 12th of July he made the sea again.

The opening of this cruise was inauspicious enough. As dawn broke on the 13th he found himself within sight of a large English convoy of seventeen fine merchantmen and two ships of war; the two latter, at once divining the character of the *Belle-isle*, bore down upon her, and it needed all Thurot's skill and ingenuity to escape them. It was not until night fell that Thurot shook off his pursuers, and this he did by the then common ruse of dousing all his own lights and setting a boat adrift with a square sail set and rudder lashed, to carry a lantern away to leeward; then, putting about, the *Belle-isle* ran through the convoy and was safe. The escape had been a narrow one, for the pursuing craft had kept up an accurate fire on the *Belle-isle* for some hours, and though the range had been

long and the Corsair had suffered little in spars or rigging, Thurot had to deplore the loss of four killed and twelve wounded amongst his already too depleted crew.

As dawn broke, the convoy was out of sight, and Thurot drew a sigh of relief. This was soon turned into one of self-gratulation as he saw coming towards him a fine brig, whose every spar showed her to be an Englishman. Running up the English flag, Thurot signalled the brig to send a boat aboard with papers, and as the Englishman, in obedience to the summons, hove-to and prepared to obey these orders, the *Belle-isle* ranged up alongside, ran up her true colours, and hailed the brig to surrender.

Resistance was out of the question, and in an hour the brig *George and Joseph*, from London to St. Petersburg, was bowling along towards Boulogne with a prize-crew on board. That same evening a second prize was captured, the *Blankncy* of Leith; but on the following day the *Belle-isle* herself had a narrow escape, being chased until right fell by three English frigates, the *Chatham*, *Deptford*, and *Aquilon*. It was evident that cruisers were too plentiful in these latitudes, so Thurot continued his northerly course, and ran to the Faro isles for shelter and for fresh water. On the 10th August he ventured to sea again, this time standing down the west coast of Scotland and on the 18th of the same month he captured two brigantines, the *John* and the *True-love*, the former in ballast, the latter laden with pig-iron.

On the 31st of the month, being close off the land,

he ran into Lough Swilly, and sent his long-boat ashore to buy fresh meat; the officer in command came across a farmer, who refused to make a deal unless he purchased his whole flock of 150: the privateersman, with ready wit, paid for a dozen, which he put into the long-boat, and told the farmer if he would come off to the ship the captain would pay for the remainder and send other boats ashore to ship them. On reaching the *Belle-isle*, the Irish farmer at once saw the real nature of the craft, and roundly abused the officer who had deceived him into selling his sheep to a Frenchman. To put the man ashore would have been once more to put the English Admiralty on his track, so Thurot at once put to sea, carrying the Irish farmer with him. Standing to the northward, on the following day Thurot sighted a barque, and on coming up to her saw two more craft ahead; placing a prize-crew on the barque, which proved to be the *Henry*, a fine vessel, bound from St Vincent to Glasgow with sugar, the *Belle-isle* stood on after the two strange sail, which proved to be two armed merchantmen, who evinced a disposition to fight, but the *Belle-isle's* crew were well drilled and disciplined, almost ready to hold their own with a man-of-war of equal size, they served their guns with rapidity and precision, and the two merchantmen soon saw that they had no chance against a powerfully-armed and well-manned Corsair. After a few rounds from the *Belle-isle*, these vessels hauled down their colours, and Thurot, on taking possession, found them to be the *Charlestown*, twelve guns, and *Britannia*, four-

teen, both bound from Liverpool to New York. Placing prize-crews on board, with orders to take the vessels into Brest, Thurot determined himself to return to Bergen, there to ship fresh men in place of the many hands placed on board his prizes, and to land also the prisoners, who, being exceedingly numerous, rendered the working of the ship difficult, and occupied a considerable number of the crew in guarding them. When off the Mull of Kantyre, Thurot fell in with a Dutch ship, the *Admiral Ruyter*, carrying eighteen guns, and in charge of a prize crew of H.M.S *Boyne*, which frigate had captured her in the West Indies. The young officer commanding the *Admiral Ruyter* did not feel himself justified in opposing force to Thurot's summons to surrender; he had but sixteen English seamen on board, and with only these to work her guns resistance was well-nigh useless. Still further weakening the *Belle-isle's* crew by sending men on board his new prize, Thurot determined to put into the nearest neutral port without delay, and was thankful enough to reach Bergen on the 13th September, where, landing over 270 prisoners who cumbered his decks, he proceeded to careen and repair his ship.

Upwards of a month was spent in Bergen. There, being rejoined by the *Homard*, with eighty of his old hands from Boulogne, Thurot again put to sea, this time for a cruise off the east coast of England. On the 30th of November, the *Buxton*, bound from London to St. Petersburg, with cotton goods, and on the 1st of December, the *Dublin*, a collier brig, was captured. And now winter was

closing in, a succession of heavy gales, which tested the seaworthy capacity of the crank old *Belle-isle*, warned Thurot that he would be foolish to run the risk of a second winter campaign. Well satisfied with the twenty-seven goodly vessels that had fallen into his hands during the summer, he hauled his wind, and standing to the southward made for Boulogne. Nearing the French coast, he learnt that a numerous English flotilla was watching the ports of Boulogne and Calais, so Thurot, wisely avoiding all risks, put into Ostend, and there paid off the *Belle-isle*, and proceeded at once to Paris, to solicit anew the protection of his powerful patron, in whose name he had carried on such a successful expedition.

We have seen that during his recent cruise, Thurot had been enabled on several occasions to take refuge in Scotch and Irish ports, merely by hoisting English colours and taking advantage of the service of the many English-speaking men on his vessel. He had played the rôle of an English ship, and when, owing to stress of weather or shortness of provisions, he had deemed a run to port necessary, he had never hesitated to make for one in the north of Scotland or of Ireland. The facility thus afforded him of landing on an enemy's shores, very naturally opened up to him dreams of utilizing the credulity of the people in order to inflict upon them those ills which France was desirous of inflicting upon England. A descent upon the coasts of Scotland or of Ireland was practicable enough, a compact force landed suddenly in a spot far from

regular garrisons might ravage the country far and wide before compelled by superior force to beat a retreat to its ships, and Thurot found no difficulty in explaining to the minister of marine that it was feasible enough to pay England back in her own coin—that France could play the part of organizing minor expeditions as well as England, and that the grand monarch was as capable of carrying the war into the enemy's country as was the king of England.

There were, of course, at Versailles men who stoutly opposed Thurot's project, and who, mindful of his dreams of destroying Portsmouth dockyard, endeavoured to cast ridicule on the more sober plan; on the other hand there were many who saw in it every element of success, and amongst these was Thurot's old patron, the Marquis de Belleisle; he, indeed, supported it with all his eloquence and all his influence, and though Belleisle was not able to secure for Thurot the chief command, he succeeded in getting him nominated to the charge of an independent squadron, acting in concert with the fleet under Monsieur de Conflans. The news of the intended expedition soon spread abroad, and caused the greatest consternation in England. Fresh credits were demanded from the House of Commons, in order to place the kingdom beyond reach of this threatened danger, and Parliament not only cheerfully voted the sums asked for the defence of the coasts, but sanctioned the issue of letters of marque to a large number of corsairs, destined to aid the more effectually in blockading the French

ports, and thus preventing the exit of the invading fleet.

Despite the fact that his designs had been betrayed, and no one knew better than Thurot that secrecy was the first element of success in an affair of this sort, the preparations for the expedition were pushed on with vigour—Rochfort, Brest, and Port Louis resounded with the din of toil—night and day workmen were busy in fitting out ships destined to take part in the invasion of England, and from all parts of France troops were concentrating on the shores of the Atlantic for embarkation on de Conflans' fleet. Thurot in the meantime was busily employed at Dunkirk on a humbler project; his orders were to make sail to the west coast of Ireland, in order to draw off the attention of the English from the true attack. The defeat of Conflans' fleet off Quiberon, by Hawke, forms no portion of my narrative, and I will confine myself merely to a recital of Thurot's exploits.

On the 15th of October, 1759, Thurot, now a *capitaine de frégate* in the king's navy, left Dunkirk on his perilous mission. His squadron was composed of five frigates; the *Maréchal de Belleisle*, 44, *Bégon*, 36, *Blonde*, 32, *Terpsichore*, 26, *Amarante*, 18, and *Faucon*, despatch-boat. These vessels carried, in addition to their crews, 1200 men, made up of detachments from the Grenadiers of the Guard, the Brigades d'Artois and de Bourgoyne, and the foreign legions; the whole under the command of M. de Flobert, general of brigade. A strong south-west wind had driven the English

blockading squadron away from the French shore, and consequently Thurot was enabled to get out of the port in safety; but, being ignorant of the exact whereabouts of the enemy, and knowing that instructions had been sent to the commanders of the troops in Scotland and Ireland to be on the watch for him, he determined to put into Ostend until he was certain of being able to make a clear run to the northward. On the 18th he once more stood out to sea, and on the 22nd put into Gothenburg, feeling sure that the fact of his being reported in these latitudes would induce the English commanders to scour the North Sea for him. During the voyage from Ostend to Gothenburg, Thurot made a couple of prizes, the brigantine *William*, and a three-masted schooner, the *Lincoln*. Here he was joined by his old despatch-boat, the *Homard*, which had done him such good service in his cruise during the preceding year. After a few days' stay in Gothenburg, in order to thoroughly overhaul his ships, Thurot once more put to sea, and on the 28th anchored at Thorshaven, in the Faro islands, where he took on board live-stock and other provisions. Throughout the voyage from Gothenburg the squadron had experienced extremely heavy weather, and had been compelled to separate. Thurot, however, had given Thorshaven as a rendezvous, and within a few days of his arrival all his fleet with the exception of the *Bégon* had entered the port.

And now commenced a series of quarrels between the naval and military commanders, which thus early threatened to mar the success of the expedition.

De Flobert, a general of brigade in the army, felt aggrieved at the position accorded him, and openly gave vent to his dissatisfaction : it was not long ere he had succeeded in ranging on his side not only the officers of the land forces, the majority of whom were men of birth and fortune, but also the captains of the *Amarante*, *Blonde*, and *Terpsichore*, who happened to be bearers of the king's commission, and as members of that aristocratic service the king's navy felt humiliated at being subjected to the indignity of serving under a man who had commenced life as a corsair.

Flobert openly showed his hatred of Thurot, and took every means of letting his feelings be known throughout the fleet : and, taking fresh offence at his being kept in ignorance of the ultimate destination of the expedition, openly, in the presence of some junior officers, demanded that Thurot should submit his plan of operations, if indeed he had any plan, to a council, consisting of the commanders of the various vessels and the officers of his Majesty's troops. Thurot had long foreseen that he was an object of aversion to de Flobert, but knowing that a cordial co-operation with the land forces was essential to the success of the expedition, had endeavoured so to comport himself as to remove all cause for jealousy, and even now he offered to explain his plans to Flobert, on consideration that that officer would keep them secret. The ministry had enjoined on Thurot the absolute necessity of secrecy in regard to his destination, and this in itself should have been sufficient to have induced de

Flobert to remain satisfied with Thurot's silence ; but jealousy, that demon which has ruined so many military enterprises, and which is so rarely absent from those conducted by French troops, again stepped in, de Flobert refused to listen to a word of explanation unless given fully and freely in presence of all his Majesty's officers. This Thurot refused to do, and de Flobert, galled to the quick at the firmness displayed by the plebeian sailor, was injudicious enough to threaten to place Thurot under the custody of a file of the grenadiers of the guard and return to France with him as a prisoner. The knowledge, however, that Thurot had powerful friends at court, prompted de Flobert to rest satisfied with the threat, but what induced Thurot to allow the mutinous general of brigade to remain in command of the troops it is difficult to say. Had the naval commander shown one tithe of the decision of character with regard to these unseemly dissensions, that he showed gallantry in action, the result of the expedition would have been very sensibly affected : had he placed de Flobert under the custody of a file of his own crew, and sent him a prisoner to France, the mischievous dalliyings which took place at Carrickfergus would never have occurred. France, perchance, would have been able to congratulate herself on the success not the failure of Thurot's enterprise.

De Flobert, too weak to carry out his threat of making a prisoner of Thurot, now formulated lengthy complaints as to the treatment accorded to his men. The provisions served out to them were

scanty, and of bad quality, water prior to putting into the Faroës had been undrinkable, the accommodation bad, sickness too had broken out which had impaired their health and efficiency; he therefore demanded that the squadron should return to France, its numbers being too weak to effect even a favourable diversion on the Irish coasts. Thurot listened to the complaints, and read the wordy documents with praiseworthy patience, but he was in no way moved from his original design. England is the objective of this expedition, he said; when the weather gets more favourable we will seek fresh food and water on the coasts of the British Isles, but to return to France before having made a raid on Great Britain was not to be thought of. Finding Thurot obstinate, de Flobert now endeavoured to seduce the captains from their allegiance, and succeeded in winning over the officers commanding the *Amarante*, *Blonde*, and *Terpsichore* to his side, these miscreants promising that directly they received their orders from de Flobert they would part company with the *Maréchal de Belle-isle*, and make the best of their way homewards. Thurot had some intuition of what was going on, for he insisted on de Flobert remaining on board his own ship—the better, as he said, that their schemes for landing on the Irish coast might be carried out, but in reality to prevent his plotting more with the sailors of the fleet.

With the break of the new year, the long succession of heavy gales moderated, and on the 6th of

January Thurot, with the *Amarante*, *Blonde*, and *Terpsichore* in company, put out from Thorshaven, and steering a southerly course, endeavoured to make Londonderry. The fair weather was not of long continuance, and though the isles of Lewis and St. Kilda were passed, and the Irish coasts actually sighted, a terrible gale from the west compelled Thurot to seek an offing, and gradually beat up to the northward. On the 10th of February, the weather having again moderated, Thurot once more bore up for Ireland. That evening the *Maréchal de Belle-isle* fell in with and captured an English brig, the *Boyne*, laden with grain and wheat-flour, and by dividing her cargo amongst the four ships of his squadron, Thurot was enabled to ameliorate the condition of his men, who had not touched soft bread since leaving Gothenburg.

Although the promised land was actually in sight, and a landing might be effected at any moment—a landing in which the highest qualities of his men would be needed in order to achieve success, de Flobert never hesitated in the course he had marked out for himself. His hatred and jealousy of Thurot had reached such a pitch that his one thought was to thwart the naval commander on every opportunity: he was always loudly asseverating the folly of persisting in the enterprise, the impossibility of its succeeding, and inveighing against the unfair treatment accorded to the soldiers on board the fleet. Thurot, of course, was well aware of this, and also aware that the crews of the other vessels were tainted with disaffection. He hoped, how-

ever, that the prospect of a fight with the hated English, backed up by the prospect of plunder, would induce the men to remain faithful to him until he had given them a chance of proving that the difficulties and danger of the enterprise were not so formidable as de Flobert chose to suppose. This was not to be. Even with the coast of Ireland on their lee, with the prospect of an engagement within the next four-and-twenty hours, the *Amarante*, refusing to obey signals to close with the flagship, stood on to the southward, and signalled her intention of returning to France. The *Blonde* and *Terpsichore* did the same, but Thurot, laying himself alongside the former vessel, threatened to blow her out of the water unless she hove-to and sent her captain on board the *Maréchal de Belle-isle*. The commanders of these two ships, overawed at Thurot's attitude, at once repaired on board the flagship, and there explained to their chief that they were practically helpless in the matter, as the officers of the king's troops had threatened them with death unless they at once made sail for France. Thurot was not long in making up his mind. Sending a second boat to the *Blonde*, he ordered M. de Rusilly, the colonel of the Brigade d'Artoise, to repair on board the *Belle-isle*, and then summoning de Flobert to his cabin, he found himself face to face with the instigator of the mutiny. De Flobert, a haughty aristocrat of violent passions, refused to listen to Thurot's explanation, but dashing out of the cabin, ordered a corporal and four men of the guard to place the naval officers in

irons. Matters were fast approaching a crisis. De Rusilly and the captains of the *Blonde* and *Terpsichore* counselled prudence, and besought de Flobert not to proceed to extremities: the latter raged and fumed and gesticulated, inciting his hesitating men to carry out their orders. Thurot alone preserved his *sang-froid*. First taking his loaded pistols out of their case and seeing that the priming was fresh in the pan, he warned the grenadiers halting in indecision at the cabin-door that the first one who entered was a dead man; then turning to his servant, he ordered him to tell the boatswain to pipe all hands aft, and then unlocking his desk, he took from it an imposing-looking document, sealed with the royal arms, and angrily striding past the shrinking grenadiers, mounted the poop, where de Flobert, de Rusilly and others were in close talk.

On the crew assembling under the break of the poop, Thurot addressed them in a few well-chosen words, reminding them of the successful termination of their cruise of the preceding year which had opened so inauspiciously. Many of those now before him had sailed in the old *Belle-isle* too, and could trust him when he promised them an equally happy ending to this expedition. The dissensions that had unfortunately broken out had been none of his seeking; it was impossible harmony could exist, or success be hoped for, as long as two men aspired to the chief command. "Here, then," said Thurot, "is my commission from the king—here are my instructions. If M. de Flobert can show me aught

placing him over me, I will bow to his Majesty's decision; if not,"—and here Thurot turned to de Flobert, and with a stern and solemn air added, "I promise him that, should he fail to obey my every order, or endeavour to incite further mutiny, I will carry him a prisoner to Versailles, and there have him shot as a mutineer."

The reading of the king's commission had a great effect on de Rusilly and the doubting captains, and when Thurot, turning to his clerk, ordered him to make out four copies of each of the documents in order that they might be posted on the decks of the other ships, these gentlemen saw that their only course was submission, and this they also counselled de Flobert to follow. Checkmated for the present, the proud soldier agreed to follow Thurot's orders so long as he was on board the *Belle-isle*, but with a bad grace threatened that on their return to France he would bring before the king Thurot's hesitating, vacillating conduct, and point out how valuable time had been wasted and priceless opportunities ignored by their senseless delays at Gothenburg and Thorshaven. Satisfied with this temporary truce, Thurot permitted the captains of the *Blonde* and *Terpsichore* to rejoin their ships, and warned M. de Rusilly against any further tampering with his officers.

That night heavy weather again broke, the French squadron once more was driven to the nor'ard. Finding himself near the isle of Isla, Thurot determined to run in and purchase live-stock and provisions for his men, but the High-

landers were afraid to have any dealings with the French, fearful lest such might be construed into treachery and draw down upon them the punishment of a not too lenient government. Provisions Thurot was determined to have, so landing four companies of grenadiers, he marched to the principal farms and succeeded in seizing over forty head of cattle and a considerable amount of grain and flour. It was no part of French policy to irritate the Highlanders, and Thurot paid the men a goodly price for what they were glad enough to part with under compulsion.

On the 17th February Thurot once more stood to the south, and on the 19th captured the *Ingram*, a large ship bound from Lisbon to Glasgow with oranges and wine, a prize specially valuable at that juncture, when the men were suffering somewhat from scurvy. On the following day, being in sight of land, and the weather giving every promise of holding, Thurot explained to de Flobert his project for a descent on the Irish coast. His two principal objects were to release the French prisoners in Belfast and Carrickfergus, and to lay these towns under contribution. Their garrisons were weak, and consisted chiefly of militia, their defences consisted of some old stone castles, unworthy the name of fortifications, and happily no vessels of war were in the neighbourhood, nor was it yet known to the English that the French squadron was in these waters. At Isla Thurot had learnt from a Scotch gentleman that Conflans' fleet had been ignominiously defeated by Hawke, and that the English

Government was under the impression that Thurot had been recalled to France.

It was not in de Flobert's nature to acquiesce tamely in the projects of another. Thurot wished to land at Whitehouse, and then to move rapidly on Carrickfergus and Belfast. De Flobert, after studying the map, insisted on landing at Kilroote and then moving on Carrickfergus and Belfast. That Thurot should have given in, though against his better judgment, is not to be wondered at. De Flobert was a man of considerable military experience, of high military rank, and many years the senior of the young naval captain, and after a short discussion it was decided that de Flobert, with all the troops, should be landed at Kilroote, and that Thurot, with the squadron, should anchor at Whitehouse and afford such assistance as might be necessary.

The landing was unopposed, and de Flobert at once marched on Carrickfergus. Here he met with most determined resistance; but, with the aid of four guns, dragged by the blue jackets of the *Belle-isle*, he soon knocked a breach in the castle walls, and then attempted to carry the place by assault. But the English soldiers, though outnumbered four to one, held out gallantly; twice were the assaulting columns repelled, but the commandant knew that though he might perchance hold his own in the castle he could not protect the town from sack, and after a consultation with the mayor, he hung out a

NOTE.—In the text I have adopted the French version; for an account published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1760, see Appendix.

white flag and despatched an officer to treat with de Flobert. The terms were soon arranged. The town was to be spared assault and pillage, and in return was to furnish the French with a stated quantity of live-stock and provisions, the garrison were not to be considered prisoners of war, Colonel Jennings agreeing that an equal number of French prisoners in Belfast and Carrickfergus should be handed over to Thurot in exchange; the place was to be evacuated by the English garrison immediately, who were to march out with all the honours of war, suitable hostages being left in de Flobert's hands to answer for the fulfilment of the terms. The fight, though short, had been severe; the French, working in the open, had suffered more heavily than the English, sheltered as they were behind the walls of the castle. Colonel Jennings' force had lost but four killed and twelve wounded, whilst the casualties of the French had been nineteen killed and thirty-four wounded, amongst the latter being de Flobert, who, in gallantly leading on the second assault, had been shot through the leg by a musket ball.

On disembarking at Whitehouse, Thurot learnt of de Flobert's wound and of his success, and he at once sent orders that the next senior officer should assume command and should move immediately on Belfast. Thurot felt there was no hope of making more than a series of dashing raids on the nearest towns and inflicting as much damage on the English as he possibly could in as short a time as possible. News of his descent would speedily reach Dublin, and then not only would troops be moved northwards to

drive his small force into the sea, but a fleet would most assuredly be sent round to the north coast to prevent his escape. He was in no condition either to face regular troops on land or to fight king's ships on the high seas. The *Amarante* had deserted him, the crews of the *Blonde* and *Terpsichore* were tainted, their officers openly disaffected, and his own ship's company had been considerably weakened by the necessity of embarking prize-crews on the captured English merchantmen. De Flobert once more refused to fall in with Thurot's projects; he was either of a more cautious mood or was determined to thwart Thurot to the very end: he absolutely refused to move on Belfast until the terms of the surrender of Carrickfergus were carried out to the letter, and not all the orders nor all the threats of Thurot induced him to abate his fixed resolve.

Finding himself in this *impasse*, Thurot landed, and at once inaugurated measures for a raid on Belfast; two officers of the king's troops, M de Beauhamel and the Comte de Scordich, volunteered to command the expedition; but de Flobert addressed such a powerful remonstrance to Thurot that that officer, feeling the weight of military opinion was against him, and feeling also that in the event of defeat he would be held responsible at Versailles for the loss of his Majesty's grenadiers, reluctantly consented for the moment to abandon the enterprise. Still Thurot did not abandon all hope of inducing de Flobert to change his opinion, and answered de Flobert's remonstrance with a despatch, in which he cogently advanced the advisability of an advance.

De Flobert was immovable. He pointed out that his men were weak in numbers (the *Amarante* had carried away 250 of his best troops); that they had been cooped up on shipboard for some months, that their health as well as their discipline had suffered, and that their *morale* had been impaired by the disinclination shown by Thurot to land them on the Irish coast. Finding that there was no hope of making the raid on Belfast, and knowing that every hour's delay rendered attack on the part of the English more probable, Thurot gave instructions for the re-embarkation of the troops. The town of Carrickfergus, in lieu of the unprovided balance of provisions, agreed to pay Thurot the sum of a thousand pounds, and the mayor and three of the principal inhabitants were conveyed on board the *Maréchal de Belle-isle* as hostages for the due performance of Colonel Jennings' terms of surrender. De Flobert and a few of the more seriously wounded cases were left on shore, the English commander promising to take them under his special protection.

On the 25th February the troops re-embarked, but Thurot still remained anchored off Whitehouse, waiting for the money and provisions: the monotony of the proceedings were varied by the capture of a vessel called the *Clyde*, laden with tobacco and sugar from the West Indies. On the 27th, Thurot learnt that the Duke of Bedford had despatched a squadron to the nor'ard to attack him, and feeling himself all unequal to the combat, he weighed anchor and stood to sea, in the hope of escaping action. Scarcely had

he left the harbour, before the English ships were sighted; these were the *Æole*, 36 guns and 240 men, Captain Elliot, who was also in command of the squadron; the *Pallas*, 32, Captain Clements; and the *Brilliant*, 32, Captain Logie; each of these frigates carried 220 men. The details of this fight are fully given in "Contemporary Historians," and are familiar enough to naval readers; suffice to say that the French commander was basely deserted by his consorts, the *Blonde* and *Terpsichore*, who crowded on all sail and endeavoured to escape; they paid no attention to his signals of *ralliement* which were flying throughout the engagement, and that for two hours the *Maréchal de Belle-isle*, alone and unaided, bore the united attacks of the three English frigates. At last, dismasted and helpless, and with ninety of her crew *hors de combat*, her flag was silently lowered: but not by Thurot's orders, for on an English officer pulling alongside to take possession of the prize, it was found that the brave young Corsair had been struck in the pit of the stomach by a round shot and killed on the spot; then, and not till then, did his officers venture to think of surrender, and ere admitting the English to the ship Thurot had fought so well, they had, with feelings of misplaced chivalry, consigned the body of their gallant commander to the sea, in order that he in death might avoid the fate he so dreaded when alive—of falling into the hands of his hated foe.

The *Belle-isle* captured, Elliot ordered the *Pallas* and *Brilliant* to stand after the two other French ships, and these, as might have been expected from

their previous conduct, hauled down their flags without attempting further resistance. That evening Elliot worked his squadron, with their prizes, into Ramsey harbour (Isle of Man), and then set to work to repair damages. The *Belle-isle*, it was found, had eight feet of water in her hold, the *Æole* and *Pallas* were in but slightly better condition, the former vessel having been hulled forty-seven times, and having lost a large proportion of her crew. The representatives of the Duke of Athol, who then owned the Isle of Man absolutely refused permission to Captain Elliot to land his prisoners on the island, so that, as soon as the vessels were sufficiently repaired to undertake the voyage to Belfast, the little fleet set sail for that port, and the Frenchmen, after a short stay in Ireland, where they were treated with every kindness, the officers being allowed the most perfect liberty, were embarked on board two English ships, the *William and George* and the *Lord Dunluce*, and conveyed to St. Malo, where they were released.

The news of Thurot's defeat and death caused a violent sensation in France. By those who remembered the achievements of Duquesne, Jean Bart, and Duguay Trouin, all of whom had sprung from the ranks and had been compelled to fight against the jealous enmity of the aristocrats of the king's navy, he was looked upon as a martyr to aristocratic jealousy; the failure of his expedition was attributed to the conduct of de Flobert, and his death laid at the doors of the cowardly captains of the *Blonde* and *Terpsichore*. On the other hand, there were many who rejoiced in the collapse of his enterprise, and

who saw in it a death-blow to the system which gave plebeian Corsairs high commands, and subjected men of noble blood to the ignominy of serving under them. The most unjust accusations were levelled at the dead hero. It was asserted that his ultimate defeat was due to his rapacity, and that had he been content with the meagre success won at Carrickfergus (and knowing that he could no longer aid de Conflans, it was maintained that he ought to have been so satisfied), and at once re-embarked his troops and made sail homewards, he would have avoided Elliot's squadron, and in all probability have returned unharmed to France.

Thurot's whole career, short as it was, gave the lie to these aspersions. He had ever shown himself generous to his prisoners, and his treatment of the people of Isla, as well as the small sum which he accepted in lieu of provisions at Carrickfergus, show that he was actuated by no mercenary motives, but looked on his expedition not as a mere buccaneering excursion, but as one waged on the higher principles of war. If further proof were necessary of the integrity of his main motives, it may be found in the fact that he through whose hands such vast sums had passed, and who had captured so many prizes and had enjoyed so many opportunities of amassing a fortune, left his wife in absolute penury. Her circumstances were made known to the Minister of Marine, but he, fearful of offending the king's navy, the members of which looked upon Thurot as a personal foe to their interests, and his memory as a blot on their escutcheon, was afraid to

aid the poor woman with even a paltry pension. Fortunately there were others about the Court less fearful of courtly favourites than the Duc de Choiseul; and Madame de Pompadour, learning the straits to which Madame Thurot was reduced, sent her a handsome remittance, and in a galling letter to the Marquis de Belle-isle announced her intention of providing for the widow of one of the bravest men France had ever possessed. It were charitable to believe that Belle-isle had been till then in ignorance of the real circumstances of Madame Thurot, and that his future action was based on real generosity not on false shame. At any rate he now moved in the matter, and the monarch, on Belle-isle's representation, administered a severe rebuke to the Minister of Marine, with the result that a pension of fifteen hundred livres tournois¹ was bestowed on the young widow.

It is evident, from the very nature of the force placed at Thurot's disposal, that the French government did not regard the enterprise in any very serious light. The real invasion of England was to be effected by de Conflans, Thurot was to arrange a diversion which should distract the English fleet from the real point of descent, and then leave the coast clear for the high-born admiral to reap fresh honours. Hawkes gallantly nipped the enterprise in the bud, and after the battle of Quiberon it was well known in England that Thurot could accomplish nothing that could not be stamped

¹ About 60*l.*

out by a handful of men under a determined and energetic leader. Even when he had landed and Carrickfergus had been seized, there was no danger of his making good his foothold in Ireland, and the temporizing policy pursued by Colonel Jennings, so easily fallen in with by de Flobert, was well calculated to keep the French expedition on the coast until the Duke of Bedford should be able to crush it by sea and by land. I am far from grudging Captains Elliot, Clements, and Logie, or even Colonel Jennings, the high honour accorded them of a vote of thanks by an Irish Parliament, though the speeches delivered on that occasion were worthy the repulse of a powerful army, not a pitiful 600 scurvy-stricken men led on by a mutinous commander, and would have been more in keeping with a vote of thanks to Hawke, who really saved England, rather than to Elliot, who, with three well-found, well-equipped vessels, succeeded in capturing one stoutly-defended ship and her two craven consorts, who struck without firing a shot. All credit is due to our military and naval officers, who did their duty then as they have ever done it since. The boastful vapourings of a verbose Parliament, reflected humiliation not on the officers who were the recipients of the thanks of its terror-stricken members, but rather on those members themselves who magnified a comparatively innocuous descent into a grave national danger.

Thurot was the only one of the great Corsairs of France who perished in action, and his striking career is also noticeable for the fact that his early

life was spent far from the sea and that he did not embrace a sailor's calling until he had reached an age when Jean Bart, Duguay Trouin and Jacques Cassard were already in independent commands. More than this, he attained fame at an earlier age than any of them, and though he held but the rank of commander (*capitaine de frégate*) when he so bravely fell on the *Belle-isle's* decks, there is no reason to doubt that had he been spared he would have reached the highest honours, and, like Duquesne and Duguay Trouin, have shown that a humble origin was no bar to a man possessed of bravery, energy and self-reliance aspiring to, aye and obtaining, the command of the fleets of the King of France.

For a short five years only did Thurot wear the king's uniform, and surely history has not handed down to us the name of one officer who in such a brief period achieved so much. The determination evinced in his daring escape from Dover, won for him one powerful friend, and then good seamanship, gallantry, and self-devotion achieved the rest. Though his career was cut short at an age when other Corsair heroes were but wooing fame, the name of François Thurot stands on a par with the greatest seamen France has yet possessed. The halo of nobility and the prestige of having commanded large fleets clings to the memory of D'Estrées and of Tourville, but although the makers of history have chosen to place the Corsair captains on a lower footing, the blue jackets in the 'tween decks of a French man-of-war have a warmer affection and a truer admira-

tion for those brave commanders, who, coming in at the hawse-holes, raised themselves to the top of their profession, than for the blue-blooded gallants of Versailles whose connection with the navy, as a rule, resulted much to their own glorification and but little to their country's advantage.

CHAPTER VI.

LEVEILLÉ OF DUNKIRK.

Eagerness of the Dunkerquois for Privateering—Antagonism between Naval officers and Privateers—Protection offered to the latter by members of the Convention—Leveillé's first cruise in command—Captures twenty English prizes—Sharp contest with two Indiamen—Captures English barque *Eliza*—After a heavy fight takes three English vessels, one the *Coldstream*, with troops on board—Carries them into Ostend, despite efforts of English cruisers to recapture them—Renewed successes in the *Vengeance*—Offered a Commission in the Republican Navy—Dislike to Government service—Given command of the Corsair *Psyche* of Bordeaux—Captures several English and Portuguese vessels—Returns to France, pays off the *Psyche*, and returns to private life.

THE biographies of Jean Bart and of François Thurot have shown us that the shipowners of Dunkirk were keenly alive to the advantages to be gained from the pursuit of privateering. Situated opposite the mouth of the Thames, and on the very frontiers of Holland, the port is well placed as a harbour of refuge for Corsairs, or as a base for their operations against vessels bound for London or Antwerp; this accounts for the fact that it has ever been noted as one of the most successful privateering ports in France. When the year 1793 saw France and England once more in arms, the merchants of Dunkirk threw themselves heart and soul into the old calling. The hatred of the Dunkerquois towards the English was

intense and of long standing ; the numerous bombardments their town had sustained at the hands of its hereditary foe, and sometime master, had left traces which time could never efface, and which its inhabitants could never forget. On the outbreak of every fresh war, no matter what flag might be flying over their ramparts, the sturdy mariners of Dunkirk were ready to carry on their raids on English commerce. The wars of the Republic and the Empire proved no exception to those which had preceded them. No sooner had the Convention sanctioned the commissioning of privateers, than Dunkirk prepared itself for the fray, and within three weeks of the date on which the Decree of the 31st January was promulgated, seven and twenty craft had applied for letters of marque to the Commissary of Marine at Dunkirk.

It was late on the evening of the 2nd February that the Decree reached Dunkirk, and ere that month, the shortest of all the year, had drawn to a close, ten English prizes were lying in the port.

Into the details of the doings of the Corsairs of Dunkirk it is not my intention to enter, nor is it possible to give even a brief *résumé* of the career of the many gallant sailors who, deprived of the opportunity of navigating merchant-ships, were of necessity driven to command privateers. Their names are now forgotten in France, what need then to revive them in England? but a reference to the archives of the Marine in Paris or to documents at Lloyd's would show that these privateers of Dunkirk, at the beginning of this very nineteenth century,

carried many hundred English vessels prizes into the port which Charles II. bartered away from the English crown.

A few lines will show with what success the Corsairs of Dunkirk followed their calling. In the month of February, 1793, as I have just said, ten English prizes were worked into Dunkirk; in the following month eight more were captured, and in April eighteen were brought in. Then, finding that the cruisers and revenue-cutters of Dover and Harwich were exercising too rigorous a control over their movements, the bolder spirits suggested a bolder course of action, and we find the Corsairs of Dunkirk cruising with their fellows of St. Malo in the very chops of the Channel, and far away into the blue waters of the Atlantic. Here the same good fortune followed them, and though the prizes now captured were taken into Cherbourg, Dieppe, on some occasions even to Brest and Rochefort, for disposal, the proceeds of their sale found its way into the pockets of the shipowners and seamen of Dunkirk. It is impossible to ascertain accurately the number of vessels captured by vessels fitted out in Dunkirk for this reason, but this we know, that 407 English prizes were sold in that port alone before the Treaty of Amiens put an end to the war: of these doubtless many were coasting craft of small tonnage, others colliers worth but little, but some were fine merchantmen, bound from the East Indies with rich freights of silks and jute and indigo, or from the West India islands, with equally valuable cargoes of sugar, tobacco, coffee, and rum.

It has been seen throughout these lives what scant support the Corsairs of France, in all wars prior to 1793, had received from the government they served so well. Between the officers of the king's navy and these men a broad gulf was fixed, a gulf few indeed ever succeeded in bridging, and of those who did succeed the majority sank into the obscurity of disfavour; and yet, to all thoughtful men, it was well known that the French privateers had worked more harm to England than ever had done the French fleets. Successive Ministers of Marine had become so persuaded of this that we have seen. Colbert, Seignelay, Pontchartrain, and others, endeavouring to beat down class prejudices, and to throw open to the Corsairs of France situations and appointments which Court jealousy and class prejudices had forbidden them. . But all was of no avail, the commissions in the King's Navy, despite the valour and successes of Duquesne, Jean Bart, Duguay Trouin, Cassard, and Thurot, plebeians all of them, were reserved for the blue-blood of France; and when, by chance, a Corsair more fortunate than his fellows worked his way by merit into the charmed circle, he was doomed to be denied the highest rank, and oftentimes was deprived of his well-earned honour or his hardly-earned wealth.

On the outbreak of the Revolution, the leaders of the Convention were not slow in perceiving how all this class-hatred might be turned to good account. The officers of the mercantile marine were reminded of the treatment accorded to their comrades who had been grudgingly received into the charmed

profession. They were reminded how Duquesne had been deprived of rank and estates, because he clung to the Protestant faith, how hardly Duguay Trouin had been used, and what unjust suspicion had been levelled against him on his return from Rio Janeiro: how Cassard had been cast into prison, and how Thurot had been abandoned in fight. Such treatment was now at an end, the broad pennant of an admiral of France was now within the reach of the *mousse* in the fo'c'sle as the *bâton* of the marshal within that of the private soldier. The seafaring population of France was called upon to aid their country in its peril, and by sweeping English commerce from the seas, to deprive England of that maritime supremacy which enabled her to wage so successful a war against France. Every inducement was offered the French seaman to embark in privateering, and the worst passions were aroused by the dissemination of the most glaring falsehoods as to the treatment of French prisoners of war in Great Britain. The downfall of the monarchy and the wholesale massacre of the aristocracy had deprived France of her navy, she now turned to her mercantile marine to supply its place.

Citizen Boyer Fonfrède in the Convention said,
“ We now have to wage a war of iron against gold.
“ We must ruin the commerce of our enemies,
“ and in order to remove all opportunity of
“ reprisals we must suspend our own. Our ship-
“ building yards must build nothing but Corsairs, and
“ our manufactories turn out nothing but munitions
“ of war.”

Other members followed in the same strain, and far away in inland cities subscriptions were raised for the purchase of ships destined to ruin the commerce of *la perfide Albion*. A company, styling itself "les Armateurs de la liberté," with a capital of twenty million francs, offered to provide the Convention with an auxiliary fleet, consisting of two seventy-four gun ships, six frigates of forty, and six of thirty-six guns, twenty corvettes of twenty-four guns, and twelve smaller craft; but the government, not yet alive to the advantage to be derived from private assistance, insisted on the imposition of the usual tax on the profits of this society, the project consequently fell through. Other schemes proved less abortive. A club in Strasburg fitted out a Corsair, named the *Jacobin*, which made several successful cruises and well repaid her owners the 7000*l.* spent in her outlay. The municipality of the city of Bordeaux equipped three Corsairs, one of which, the *General Dumourier*, in her first cruise, returned with prizes valued at 240,000*l.* Several hundred craft, of all rigs and all sizes, were speedily commissioned; blank letters of marque were issued to the commissaries of marine in every port of France, and from Dunkirk to St. Jean de Luz the coast was studded with companies formed on commandetarian principles, whose sole aim and object was the destruction of English commerce.

Foremost among the Corsairs of Dunkirk at this period were John Blackmann, by some said to be an Irish patriot, by others an American, and Louis Leveill , a native of Dunkirk itself: there were

others too, too numerous to mention, whose imagination and hopes of fortune had been fired by the inflammatory speeches delivered by the members of the Convention.

Leveillé was one of that race of hardy seamen indigenous to the soil of Northern France; his whole life had been spent at sea, and the greater part in vessels hailing from his native port. He had served in traders between Dunkirk and Leith, in fishing craft on the Doggerbank, and in the smugglers which plied so lucrative a trade between Ostend and the Sussex coast. He was well known as a daring and skilful seaman, one looked up to by his men, and one who enjoyed the confidence of his employers. When, therefore, the decree of the 31st January turned the attention of the hitherto peaceful traders to the more exciting and presumably more profitable game of privateering, Leveillé was early selected by some of his former patrons for the command of a Dunkirk Corsair.

It was not, however, until the year 1795 that his name began to make itself heard on both sides of the Channel. Not that Leveillé ever achieved the fame of his fellow-townsmen Jacobsen and Jean Bart, or of those world-renowned Malouines, Duguay Trouin and Surcouf. He was no Corsair scouring distant seas at the head of powerful squadrons, or commanding buccaneering expedition on a grandiose scale; he was a privateer pure and simple, whose field of operations was, until his last cruise, confined to the Channel, whose vessel was little adapted for long sea voyages, and whose success depended on

the swiftness of his ship and his knowledge of the coasts round which he sailed. The success which attended his first and humbler efforts led to his being placed in a more important command, but it was in the waters nearer home that his fame was gained.

It was in the month of September, 1795, that Leveill  cleared out of Dunkirk on the *Vengeance*, a smart brig, carrying twelve guns and a crew of eighty-four men. Constructed especially for privateering, the *Vengeance* was built on extremely fine lines, and her armament intended to enable her to cope, if necessary, with the numerous small government craft which the English Admiralty had commissioned to check the depredations of French privateers. Her broadside guns consisted of ten six-pounders, and a couple of long twelves were mounted, one on her top-gallant fore-castle, one under her poop. Her crew, largely composed of the usual riff-raff with which French Corsairs had to content themselves, numbered some fourteen sturdy seamen who had sailed under Leveill  in more peaceful days, and who were well prepared to follow him now in these more exciting times, and twenty landsmen who had yet to learn their calling.

Leveill 's first cruise was crowned with the greatest good fortune; he was absent from port but thirty-three days, and yet in these short five weeks he made no fewer than twenty English prizes; of these five were either sunk or burnt at sea by Leveill 's orders, their crews and gear, and cargoes having been first removed; the remaining fifteen were

convoyed into harbour by the *Vengeance*. The feeling of generosity and of pity was rarely to be found in the breast of a privateer, and though the ransoming and wanton destruction of an enemy's ship was against the rules laid down by the National Convention for the guidance of captains holding letters of marque, these gentry, when their prizes were small craft not worth the trouble of sending into harbour, would either ransom them, if the captain of the prize was able to give satisfactory evidence of his ability to draw a bill in favour of the captor, or, failing this pecuniary indemnification, they would quietly send the ship to the bottom—many and many an English fishing-smack or small trader was thus summarily disposed of.

The fifteen prizes Leveillé convoyed or sent into port during his first cruise produced a rich profit. Four of them were laden with Admiralty stores, four with wheat, and two with wood from Russian ports: Two were fine East Indiamen which had left Calcutta before the declaration of war, and were totally unprepared for resistance. These vessels, proceeding up Channel under a fair breeze, were nearing home after a long voyage; their crews, looking forward to the delights of Wapping and Ratcliffe highway after having been cooped-up for five months in the fore-castle of an Indiaman, were busy painting ship and making everything smart and ship-shape before hauling into dock. The summoning gun of the vicious little brig which was standing across their bows as they neared the South Foreland, had but small terrors for them, she was

merely a British cruiser, anxious to show a little spell of brief authority to the large merchantman, socially her inferior. In accordance with the universal custom of French Corsairs, the *Vengeance*, on firing the summoning gun, had hoisted English colours, and the leading Indiaman, thinking she was a ship of war, first lowered her royal and top-gallant-yards in salute, and then bracing her main-yard in answer to the summons, prepared to send a boat on board. Suddenly, as the brig ranged up within pistol-shot, the English colours were hauled down, the tricolour flew out in their place, and a peremptory summons to surrender was heard from the crowded decks of the brig. In the open sea, and with no passengers on board, the captain of the Indiaman might have made some show of fight, but now resistance was out of the question. Some of the hands were aloft blacking yards and stays, others were over the side painting ship, some bending on the anchors and lightening up the cable. The 'tween decks, on which stood some long nine-pounder carronades, were lumbered up with passengers' luggage, whilst the poop was crowded with eager forms anxious to make out the man-of-war brig which was slipping through the water to speak to them.

The stern summons to surrender sent a thrill of excitement and of horror through the ship. For a few brief seconds the true purport of the Frenchman's demands were scarcely grasped, then, for an equally short space of time the thought flashed through the minds of all on board. With Old

England on our lee, with her white cliffs standing high in the noonday glare, capture is impossible, escape certain. "Square the main-yard, hands to those royal and top-gallant halyards," was the captain's first order, and at the word all hands came tumbling down from aloft, or clambering up from the stages over the ship's sides, whilst the carpenter and some of the junior mates running aft, endeavoured to cast loose some of the carronades in the waist of the ship, determined to make one effort at any rate, one big bid for freedom. The main-yard swung slowly round, the royals and top-gallants were quickly sheeted home, and as the Indiaman gathered way upon her and gradually forged ahead, Leveillé fired a shotted gun across her bows, and then letting his own ship fall off, poured a broadside into the merchantman. In another moment he had filled and was standing on parallel to the Indiaman, and his men merely waiting orders to fire their second broadside. On the merchantman all was disorder. With all the will in the world, it was impossible to bring her guns into action. The doors of the magazines were lumbered up with passengers' baggage, and valuable time was wasted ere a single round of ammunition could be obtained, port-fires were then wanting, and even the galley fire could not produce a hot iron for firing off the charge.

The first broadside of the *Vengeance*, purposely aimed high, had cut about the rigging and sails of the Indiaman, and the captain, seeing how unequal the combat would prove, and fearing for the lives of

his many passengers, in the interests of humanity felt constrained to strike his flag. The second vessel made no attempt at resistance, and Leveillé, placing a strong crew on each of his prizes, personally escorted them into Dunkirk.

Some few weeks were occupied in refitting the *Vengeance*, furnishing her with heavier spars, and shifting some of the nine-pounder guns from the captured Indiamen on to his own decks, in place of the six-pounders which formed her broadside pieces, so that it was not until the 3rd February, 1796, that Leveillé found himself ready to take the sea, this time with a heavier armament, a greater spread of canvas, and a far stronger crew. The success which had crowned his first venture, had won for him no small notoriety in Dunkirk, and when Leveillé announced to the owners of the *Vengeance* that he should require 120 hands, one-sixth of whom were to be seamen borne on the rolls of the Inscription Maritime, these merchants, who had made such a handsome profit out of his first cruise, were ready enough to fall in with his views. No difficulty was experienced in selecting twenty able seamen as the nucleus of his crew. Indeed, had he wished it, it would have been easy enough for Leveillé to ship ten or twenty times that number: but the navy of the young Republic had need of all the seamen she could find, and the officials at every port exercised a strict surveillance over every Corsair commissioned within their districts, so that the clause restricting the number of sailors to one-sixth the total crew was very difficult of evasion.

As to the remaining 100 hands, there were plenty of daring spirits loafing about the streets of Dunkirk, willing enough to ship under a popular commander. These were of all trades and of all professions, of all nations, and of all religions, and it required no little knowledge of character to choose the right men from the motley crowd, and no little force of character, after having chosen them, to keep them in order. As sailors, they were at first practically useless, but when once they had got their sea-legs they were valuable enough in boarding a strange craft. Desperadoes, all of them, they fought for plunder, and they fought with fury; and the great majority, quickly falling into the rough and ready ways of a privateer's life, soon picked up the mechanical duties of seamanship, and in course of time became valuable sailors.

This second cruise was short enough. Standing up to the nor'ard, Leveillé sighted many craft, but these were flying neutral flags, and were in too close proximity to English cruisers for him to venture to show his true colours, and so the *Vengeance* once more made the Channel her cruising-ground. On the 8th of February, at dawn, he found himself within gun-shot of a fine barque which was lazily running up Channel under her courses and topsails, the skipper evidently acting on the good old plan "more days, more dollars." In answer to the summoning gun she ran up English colours and stood unconcernedly on. The *Vengeance* replied by a shotted gun across the English barque's bows, at the same time displaying the tricolour from her mast-head.

The Englishman, a smart sailer, now learnt the true nature of her neighbour and made a gallant attempt to escape; sheeting home her top-gallant sails and loosening her main royal, she tried to show a clean pair of heels to the privateer, but the *Vengeance* could sail as well as most vessels that were to be found in the Channel, and she had gunners on board who had won the Communal prizes in the artillery competition on the Dunes. The English barque soon found that if she did escape, her escape would be due as much to luck as to good management. Though the good management was all there, the luck was found wanting, shot after shot from the long twelve-pounder on the fo'c'sle of the *Vengeance* came whistling alongside the barque which, with every inch of canvas set, was tearing away to the English coast; but with all her spread of canvas she could not shake off her pursuer, nor did the shot from the little four-pounder carronades which were replying to the *Vengeance's* twelve-pounders, ever succeed in reaching the Frenchman. Still, a stern chase is a long chase, and every knot brought the Englishman one mile nearer home, every moment increased the chance of a friendly sail appearing on the offing. Leveill e knew this full well, and his crew were equally alive to the necessity of putting an end to the chase; yet, though every shot fell either alongside the Englishman, or whistling overhead, plunged into the waters beyond her, she seemed to bear a charmed life, and hull and spar and rigging remained intact. Going forward, Leveill e encouraged his

guns' crew by promises, and finally offered ten louis to the man who should dismast the enemy. The prize was won by a seaman named Cardon, who by a lucky shot struck the English barque just at the cap of the main-mast head, and cutting through the topmast, sent topsail, topgallant and royal yards in hopeless confusion on her deck. A wild shout rose from the Frenchman's crew, it was answered by one of stern defiance from the barque, and it was clear that even now warm work would be required ere the *Vengeance* would be in full possession of the prize. As the privateer overhauled the Englishman and brought her broadside guns into play, she was answered with a very accurate and galling fire, and as she sheered up alongside with a view of carrying her by boarding, the resolute attitude of the English crew and the murderous volleys of small arms poured in from a group of English soldiers on her decks, caused Leveillé to stand off out of musket-shot and recommence the artillery duel. The fight was hopelessly unequal, and at noon, no sign of help being visible, his main-topmast and all its gear gone, fourteen of his crew badly hurt and his ship hulled in many places, the brave English captain reluctantly hauled down his colours. Leveillé was a brave man, and he could appreciate bravery in others, and when the fight was over he received the English crew with warmth and made his own doctor attend on their wounded. The *Vengeance* had not come scathless out of the fray; two of her men had been killed and eight wounded by the musketry fire of the prize, and her foretop-

sail-yard had been badly wounded by a four-pounder shot. Placing a prize-crew on board the *Eliza*, Leveillé stood by her until a spare topmast was fitted and sent up, and then escorted her into Dunkirk, reaching it on the 9th February, 1796. The speedy return to port of the *Vengeance*, with a richly-laden prize of 400 tons, was not merely a matter of congratulation in a pecuniary sense to both captain and owner, but at once placed Leveillé at the head of the privateer captains sailing out of Dunkirk.

It was the 20th of the month before the *Vengeance* was again fit for sea; a new fore-topsail-yard was necessary, and Leveillé thought it desirable to strengthen and to heighten the bulwarks round the waist of the ship, so as to afford his guns' crew more protection from the musketry fire of their opponents. This ever-watchful care for the safety of his men was not lost upon them, and whilst it rendered Leveillé the most popular of all the privateer commanders who sailed out of Dunkirk, it gave him the pick of the seamen in the port, and caused his fame and the noise of his kindness to be spoken of in every shipping town in France.

The *Vengeance*, on leaving Dunkirk, shaped her course for Yarmouth, and on the 22nd of February arrived within sight of that port. Leveillé had learnt that a convoy had left Hamburg for London, and he was anxious, if possible, to intercept it; it was necessary, however, to act with caution, the number of English cruisers in the Channel had been considerably increased, and many vessels bearing

letters of marque were always on the look-out for French privateers. He therefore stood in close enough to Yarmouth to ascertain that no large vessels were in port, and then, dipping the English colours and running up some numbers which he took care should be indistinguishable, once more stood out to sea and beat up to the north-east. Ere the low-lying Norfolk coast had sunk below the horizon, a man on the look-out had signalled "a sail on the starboard bow," and then another and another, and in less than a quarter of an hour three vessels were seen running down to the southward with a fair breeze. In a moment the boatswain's whistle had called the Corsair crew to quarters, and though the odds seemed great against them, the men, confident in their skipper, answered his question as to whether they should stand away from the coming squadron or bear up to them, with loud cries of "Vive la République!" "À bas les Anglais!!"

The three leading vessels were Englishmen, of that there was no doubt, and as they showed themselves plainer and plainer above the horizon, until at last they were hull up, one was discovered to be a full-rigged ship, one a large brigantine, and the third a small brig. Putting his ship on the other tack, Leveillé now manœuvred to place the *Vengeance* between the land and his enemy, and they, at once divining his manœuvre, altered their course likewise, in order to checkmate him. To enter upon an artillery duel would be to waste valuable time, and to give time for the revenue cruisers lying in

Yarmouth to stand up to the noise of the guns, Leveillé determined, therefore, to lay himself alongside the largest of the three vessels, and to carry her by boarding. As this ship, the *Coldstream*, arrived within cannon-shot, the *Vengeance* once more altered her course, and, despite the efforts of the quartermaster of the English vessel to avoid the shock, Leveillé succeeded in lashing the Englishman's bowsprit to his own main rigging: as the *Coldstream* and *Vengeance* swung together with a shock, Cardon, the Corsair gunner, ever watchful for an opportunity of using his long twelve-pounder with effect, poured in a volley of small shot, scrap iron and chain links into the crowd of redcoats and blue jackets, who, staggered by the force of the collision, were crowding under the Englishman's poop. The smoke of the discharge had not cleared away, ere Leveillé, at the head of his boarders, dashed over the bulwarks, and, sword in hand, threw himself on the English crew. The fight lasted just one quarter of an hour, and then the colours of the *Coldstream* were hauled down and Leveillé found himself receiving the sword of an officer in command of a detachment of some seventy-five soldiers bound to reinforce the marines on Lord Bridport's Fleet.

But with the capture of the *Coldstream* but half Leveillé's work was done. Remaining himself on his prize with eighty of his own men, he directed his second in command to cut the two ships apart and to stand after the brig, whilst he, in the *Coldstream*, attacked the brigantine. It was a risky manœuvre;

the whole sea was studded with sails, several of which were evidently bearing down to the sound of the guns, and in addition to this danger there were upwards of one hundred Englishmen on board the prize; but Leveillé never counted the risk; disarming his prisoners, he hurried them all below and clapped the hatches on them, and then stood on after the brigantine, which had passed them during the fight and was now about a mile to leeward. The *Coldstream* proved a good sailer, and in less than a quarter of an hour was well within short range of the enemy, but Yarmouth was in sight and the brigantine carrying on all sail, strove to reach the friendly shelter of the English batteries. At the same time she returned the *Coldstream's* fire with vigour, but the big ship was sailing two fathoms for the little ship's one, and as Leveillé sheered up alongside and poured a broadside into the brigantine's hull, the captain saw further resistance was hopeless, though the possibility of recapture was by no means so, and in order to avoid further loss of life he struck his flag. In a few minutes some thirty sturdy Frenchmen were on the new prize's decks, her own crew were hurried below and her course altered for Dunkirk. The *Vengeance* in the meantime had not been idle, for she was also seen standing away to the eastward with the tricolour flying from the peak of the brig.

Although all three vessels had been taken, danger was by no means past, the chase after the smaller craft had led the *Vengeance* and *Coldstream* within long range of the Yarmouth batteries, and already

some of the shots from the heavy guns on the works were ricocheting around them, and what was more serious still, three cutters were visible standing out of the harbour in pursuit of the privateer. Signalling to the *Vengeance* to close with the *Coldstream*, Leveill  returned to his own ship, and ordered the masters of the three prize-crews to crowd on all sail for Ostend, the nearest port, whilst he determined to endeavour to hold the cutters in check, and so save his prizes. How he succeeded is best told in his own words.

“At dawn, on the 23rd of February”—he wrote to Monsieur Barnet, his owner—“being about four leagues from Ostend, I noticed three English cruisers within short range, astern of me; they were evidently the same that we had seen the preceding evening stand out from Yarmouth roads. The slowness of my prizes had compelled me to reduce my own speed during the night, and now I was again compelled to shorten sail. I opened fire upon the leading cutter with my twelve-pounder stern gun; but notwithstanding this, the three craft pressed on to within musket-shot. I then saw they carried respectively, fourteen, twelve and ten cannons. Wishing to protect my prizes, and seeing no French sail near enough to offer assistance, I signalled to the prize-masters to stand on to Ostend, and then falling off before the wind, I poured a broadside into the leading vessel which did much damage to her sail and rigging. As I filled again I gave her a well-aimed shot from my stern twelve-pounder. In a few moments I put the ship

about again, and poured a broadside from my port guns into the second cutter. For three hours I followed this manœuvre, then seeing that my prizes were safe under the guns of Ostend, and having only thirty men on board the *Vengeance*, not enough to warrant my attempting to board the well-manned Englishman, I stood on to port.

“The English cruisers suffered severely, their sails and rigging being especially damaged. You may judge of the continuity of the fire I kept up, when I tell you that I fired fifty-three rounds from my stern gun alone. All my officers and men showed a courage and coolness worthy of French Republicans, and when we were near enough to the slaves of St. George for them to hear us, we chilled their ardour with the cherished cry, ‘Vive la République.’ During this chase I suffered but one casualty, one man having his arm shattered at the shoulder by a round shot. The ship, however, was hulled on several occasions.”

At mid-day the *Vengeance* entered the port followed by her three prizes. The entire population of Ostend had been watching the progress of the fight between the three cruisers and Leveillé's ship with the most intense interest, and as the Corsair with her short torn sails, and pitted hull and splintered bulwarks, stood in to the harbour, loud cries of “Vive la République—Vive la *Vengeance*—Vive Leveillé,” went up from the hardy fishermen on the mole. The three English flags flew out in the breeze under the *Vengeance's* tricolour, whilst from the mizen-

peak of the three prizes the French colours now were shown.

The prizes proved to be the *Coldstream*, 450 tons, laden with munitions of war, and carrying seventy-five soldiers for Lord Bridport's fleet; the *Duke of York*, 250 tons,¹ also laden with ammunition and military effects, and the *Chancellor*, 300 tons, carrying coal for the fleet. All three prizes had suffered heavily in men, the one single round from the bow-chaser of the *Vengeance* having killed and wounded over thirty men on the *Coldstream*.

The various formalities connected with handing over the prizes to the Commissary of Marine at Ostend, arranging for their sale and obtaining a fresh letter of marque, kept the *Vengeance* nearly three weeks in harbour. The delay was welcome enough to Leveill , his vessel had received several shots between wind and water from the fire of the cutters, and her upper works and running rigging had been considerably cut about. Success in a Corsair was mainly dependent on the manner in which she was equipped, and the rich prizes made by Leveill  confirmed him in the determination that the *Vengeance* should never come to grief by reason of lack of care in fitting her out, and these three weeks were spent in thoroughly overhauling his ship.

On the 9th of March the *Vengeance* once more cleared out of Ostend. This time she stood down Channel, and on the 11th, when off the west of the Isle of Wight, overhauled a convoy which had just cleared out from Spithead. Taking advantage of the

¹ According to Lloyd's List, the *Duchess of York*.

confusion invariably attendant in convoys during the first few hours at sea, Leveillé, hoisting English colours, stood in amongst the sternmost ships, and noticing the slack supervision exercised by the English frigates escorting them, he determined as the sun went down to make a clean sweep of as many vessels as he could manage to board. How this was carried out we have no means of knowing, but this we do know, that on the 13th of March the *Vengeance* reached Cherbourg, escorting five prizes, the *Rouen Packet*, 250 tons, and the *Nancy*, 260 tons, both laden with salt pork and biscuit; the *Mayflower*, 230, corn, flour and biscuit; the *Intent* sloop, 190 tons, iron and zinc; the *Friendship* sloop, 170 tons, sugar, tea, and other stores.

On the 25th of March, having arranged about the sale of his prizes and given his men a run ashore, Leveillé once more quitted port and stood over towards the Isle of Wight. That evening he captured a fine brig, the *Fortune*, of 280 tons, but being surprised by a couple of smart corvettes, was obliged to abandon her, not before he had removed her crew and set her on fire. On the 27th, off the Lizard, the *Morgan*, a brig of 210 tons, laden with limestone, was captured; and the same evening a three-masted brigantine, the *Dædalus*, of 220 tons, with fruit and olive oil from the Levant, also fell into his hands. Two days later the *Fortitude* barque, of 430 tons, from the West Indies, was carried by boarding, the *Vengeance* losing one killed and seven wounded in the fight. The richness of the prize, which was fully laden with sugar, rum,

and precious woods from the West Indies, more than compensated for the risk attending her capture. Sending the *Fortitude* under a prize-crew to Cherbourg, Leveillé still stood to the westward, and on the last day of March, off the Scillies, was fortunate enough to fall in with and capture, after the exchange of a few rounds, the *Friendship*, another fine West Indiaman of 550 tons.

His crew was now so weakened by the many hands sent away in prizes, and he had so many prisoners on his own decks, that Leveillé determined to bear up to Dunkirk; there he remained ashore for six months. Either the owners of the *Vengeance* were satisfied with their profits and did not care to run further risk, or Leveillé, corsairlike, was seeing how well he could run through his money ashore; at any rate, we lose sight of him until early in November, when we find the *Vengeance* escorting into Brest the English barque *Brinhall*, 400 tons, and a vessel under Danish colours, the *Three Sisters*, both carrying English Government stores, and a few days later the *Eagle*, a collier brig, and the *Thomas*, a small brigantine, laden with salt, were both escorted by the *Vengeance* into Lorient.

And now Leveillé had won more than a mere local reputation; his name was known in every port in Northern France, from Dunkirk to Brest, and into most of them the *Vengeance* had convoyed some of her prizes. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the members of the Directory should have looked on Leveillé as being capable of better things than the command of a mere corsair, and should have

endeavoured to secure his services for the Republican Navy. To Leveillé himself the change was by no means welcome. In the *Vengeance* his authority was supreme, he was free to cruise north or south, east or west, at his pleasure, he could avoid combat with a superior force, and so long as good luck followed him he was sure of amassing a considerable fortune; he ran the risk of seeing the English hulks, it is true, but such a fate was as likely to befall him when serving in a man-of-war, and there, too, his freedom was curtailed, he was compelled to sail in accordance with his sailing orders, and could not avoid engaging a more powerful antagonist without incurring the risk of censure, perhaps of ruin. Much as he would have preferred remaining in the *Vengeance*, Leveillé felt, in the then unsatisfactory condition of the country, that it was scarcely politic to avoid government employ when offered it. Espionage was at its height, the guillotine was by no means idle, and suspicion would most certainly attach to the man who seemed to avoid the service of the state. Leveillé, therefore, with a heavy heart, felt constrained to accept the position of *Lieutenant de Vaisseau* on board the frigate *Terpsichore*, then lying in Lorient. His position on board this ship was not a pleasant one, the majority of the crew were Bretons, many of whom were heart and soul with Georges and Larochejacquelin; the whole population of the coast from St. Brieuc to Brest were wrath with the Republic and with reason: their brethren had been massacred after the shamefully perfidious conduct of

the Directory to the prisoners of Quiberon, and their country had been laid waste by Republican troops. It was well known that the crew of the *Terpsichore*, aye, and of many another vessel over whose decks flew the tricolour, would never fire a shot in defence of the colours they abhorred so cordially.

The spirit of disaffection was present too amongst the officers of the fleet, and Leveillé was made to feel that he was not a heaven-born member of the navy. Although a republican heart and soul, he was not made of that baser stuff which revelled in bloodshed and massacre, and though many an opportunity was doubtless given him of working evil to those amongst whom he was thrown, the brave young Corsair of Dunkirk avoided all attempts to retaliate on his messmates for their treatment of him, and merely busied himself in efforts to shake himself free from his present surroundings and to embark once more on his old career.

Three years passed ere he was able to accomplish his desires, and then, through the influence of some new-found friends at Lorient, Leveillé was introduced to a firm of Bordeaux ship-owners who were anxious to fit out a craft for privateering in the western seas. Obtaining leave to visit Bordeaux, Leveillé soon completed his negotiations with these gentlemen, and they, after some difficulty, succeeded in procuring Leveillé's discharge from the Navy and inducing the Minister of Marine to grant him letters of marque for the vessel they were fitting out.

Leveillé's new command was a fine full-rigged ship, carrying thirty-six guns and a crew of 250 men. In the letter of marque appointing him to the *Psyche*, she was designated by the Minister of Marine as a "*frégate corsair* ;" she had been fitted out under the personal supervision of Leveillé, whose anxiety that his ship should be well-found and perfectly equipped led him into an expenditure which rather frightened the worthy merchants of Bordeaux. The *Psyche* carried one long eighteen-pounder on her forecastle and two twelve-pounders and a second long eighteen on her poop; in the waist of her upper deck were eight nine-pounders, whilst on her main-deck were twenty-four twelve-pounders. In point of weight of metal she was one of the most formidable craft of her size afloat, and was certain to prove a very formidable opponent to any frigate that might fall in with her. Her crew consisted of Dunkirk fishermen, brought round from that port by Leveillé himself, and some few Basque sailors, but he also carried forty trained seamen borne on the rolls of the *Inscription Maritime*; some of these had sailed in the *Vengeance* with Leveillé, others had been with him in the *Terpsichore* at Lorient; all had been selected on account of their sailorlike qualities and steadiness. With a couple of hundred men on board unaccustomed to the working of a big ship, Leveillé felt that he would need a sprinkling of good reliable hands to form the basis of his crew.

On leaving Bordeaux Leveillé steered a course for the Western Islands; there he hoped to fall in with some of those large East Indiamen amongst

whom Surcouf and his fellows had been working such havoc in the Bay of Bengal. These vessels, in their homeward voyage from Calcutta, generally made the longitude of the Azores before running down their easting to the Bay of Biscay, and by cruising in these latitudes Leveillé promised the *Psyche* a succession of rich prize-money. His first capture proved but an indifferent one, a small brigantine of 110 tons, the *Sally*, bound from Bristol to the West coast of Africa; being picked up when three days from port, a prize-crew was put on board her, with orders to work her into Teneriffe, which port she reached in safety, and she was finally sold there for the sum of two thousand pounds. Leveillé looked on this capture as an omen of good fortune, she was fallen in with on the anniversary of the day on which he beat off the three English cruisers which endeavoured to rescue the *Coldstream* from the *Vengeance* outside Ostend in 1796.

Three days later (25th February, 1799), Leveillé made a second prize, the brig *Jeune Lyonnaise*, a French-built craft, captured by the English in the West Indies, and now carrying a valuable cargo from London to Jamaica; this vessel was taken within sight of the island of Madeira, and leaving four of her own crew on board, Leveillé sent six French seamen to take her into Teneriffe. She was sold there for 8000*l.* On the 2nd March the *Alfred*, of London, bound to Carthage, and on the 3rd the *Whitworth*, from Madeira to London, with wine, fell prizes to the *Psyche*. On the following day the dull routine of capturing prizes

unable to make any resistance met with welcome variation. At 6 a.m., a squadron of four ships were seen bearing down on the *Psyche*; they were heavily sparred, and evidently ships of war, but it was not until they approached to almost within gunshot that Leveillé could make out they were Portuguese. Although out-numbered, Leveillé felt so confident in the superior handiness and metal of his vessel, and so thoroughly satisfied that his men would do him justice on this occasion, that he made no effort to avoid the combat, but in answer to the summoning gun of the leading Portuguese man-of-war, ran up French colours and continued on his course; the summoning gun was followed by a ball which, cutting up the water under the dolphin-striker of the *Psyche*, was a summary signal for her to heave to.

“Lie close, my men, and aim only at the masts and spars of the flagship,” shouted Leveillé, and as the puff of a third discharge was seen curling away from the fo’c’sle of the Portuguese frigate Leveillé gave the word, and instantly eighteen heavy shot were hurtling through the rigging of the astonished enemy; the first broadside was followed up with a succession of admirably served shots from the heavy guns on the poop of the *Psyche*, which at once bore down on the *Amavel Luisa* with a view of finishing the combat by carrying her by boarding. But the Portuguese had no stomach for this kind of fighting; as the *Psyche* ranged up alongside, the frigate fell off to avoid the grappling-irons which the corsair crew endeavoured to throw on board, but she

received the full force of a broadside at short pistol range, which tearing through the bulwarks dismounted some of the upper deck guns, and killed fourteen of her crew. Passing on, the *Psyche* treated the second Portuguese vessel to her starboard broadside, and then putting his ship about Leveillé stood on after the crippled vessels, to repeat the same manœuvre. This time he was fortunate enough to grapple with the *Amavel Luisa*, and throwing 100 of his men over her sides, soon caused the captain to strike his flag.

The capture of one vessel of war carrying twenty-four guns was but a part of the day's work; hastily disarming the crew and driving them down below, Leveillé left a prize-crew of fifty men on the ship, and stood on after the largest of the remaining three; she had been much cut about in her top hamper by the *Psyche's* broadsides and was overhauled in a very few minutes. Seeing that she was now entirely overmatched, her captain likewise struck his flag, and Leveillé, shifting her officers on to his own ship, placed a strong crew on board her and stood on in chase of the other vessels, which, poor sailers as they were, had succeeded in putting some miles between themselves and the Frenchman. It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon ere the *Psyche* overhauled these two vessels, which made no efforts at resistance, but hauled down their flags directly they found themselves within range of the *Psyche's* heavy guns.

Leveillé had so weakened his ship's company in despatching prize-crews in the four prizes already

despatched to Teneriffe and in the two ships of war already taken, that he determined to sink his two last prizes; but the weather being calm he removed their brass guns, some of their spare spars and gear, food, powder, and over 140,000 francs in specie on board the *Psyche* before firing them. He then stood back to the two vessels now far astern; these proved to be the *Amavel Luisa*, 20, *Activo*, 16, whilst the burnt ships were the *Amizade*, 12, and *Aurore*, 10, all four bound from Lisbon to Pernambuco, carrying government stores, and under charter to the Portuguese Admiralty, whose flag they were flying.

The *Psyche* had not come scathless out of the fray, her mizen-topmast and her main-yard had been badly hurt, her sails had been much cut about, and two of her guns had burst during the fight; these last were replaced by fine brass twelve-pounders from the *Amizade*, and her wounded spars were quickly sent down, others from the Portuguese prizes being sent up in their places. All night long prisoners and crew toiled at the task of refitting the *Psyche* and her prizes, new sails were bent in lieu of those cut to ribbands during the fight, fresh running gear was rove, and by the following morning the three craft bore few traces of the struggle they had been engaged in on the preceding day.

Leveillé now determined to bear up for Teneriffe, there to get rid of his prizes, and pick up his prize-crews. The voyage was one presenting many risks, numerous English cruisers were in these waters, and

every neutral port was closely watched. Still it was easier to reach Teneriffe than Bordeaux, and accordingly the *Psyche*, with her two consorts, shaped her course for that island.

Light winds and calms prolonged the voyage, and it was not until the 18th of March that the island hove in sight. Even now it was a matter of doubt whether it would be advisable to try and force an entrance, or to bear away for a French port; for Leveillé had learnt from a passing vessel whom he had spoken under Portuguese colours that the English frigate *Métisse* was cruising on and off the island, waiting the arrival of a French corsair, whose prizes were already in the port. On nearing the island, the spars of the English frigate were distinctly visible against the dark hill-sides, and as soon as she made out the approaching squadron her sails were sheeted home, and she stood out to meet them. Leveillé's mind was soon made up. His own ship was an exceedingly fast sailer, and having only been some forty-five days at sea, her bottom was clean enough to enable her to keep up her greatest speed. He therefore determined to entice the *Métisse* away from his prizes, or to fight her should she refuse to be enticed.

He ordered the commanders of the *Amavel Luisa* and *Activo* to stand in to the land, coast along the shore, and then enter the port of St. Croix, whilst he himself bore straight down on the *Métisse*. Not having the English account of the succeeding fight, I must confine myself to Leveillé's own description, which is bald enough. The two vessels merely ex-

changed a couple of broadsides, when the *Psyche*, keeping away from the Englishman to avoid being boarded, succeeded in gaining the port without being struck.

At St. Croix, Leveillé got rid of his prizes, which realized the large sum of 98,000*l.*, and then, in obedience to instructions received from home, he carried the *Psyche* back to Bordeaux, and then paid her off. The Peace of Amiens shortly supervened, and Leveillé, finding his occupation gone, returned to Dunkirk. From this time all trace of him is lost. On the outbreak of the war no mention is made of him as applying for a letter of marque, nor do the archives of Dunkirk make any reference to his name. I have included him amongst the *Corsairs of France*, not because he achieved greatness like Jean Bart or Duguay Trouin, but merely to show what terrible damage was inflicted on British commerce by men who, devoid of all the higher forms of naval education, knew how to reef and steer, how to work a dead reckoning, and how to serve a gun. It was men such as these who played havoc with our merchant fleets in the last great war, and it is against men like these we shall have to guard in future years. The days of buccaneering expeditions are over ; we shall see no more a Duguay Trouin seizing Rio Janeiro by a *coup de main* ; no Cassard over-running the West Indian Islands. Such expeditions can never again be attempted by individuals; they will need the resources of the state: but the minor actions, which gained fame for the Corsairs of France, may well be repeated by their descendants,

and it may be that Thurot and Leveillé, Surcouf and Fourmentin, aye, and Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin, so far as their successes against England's ships are concerned, may find imitators amongst the seafaring population of France, and that, through them, we shall be made to feel that our maritime supremacy and the proudest title to which England lays claim, that of "Empress of the Seas," rests on a very insecure tenure.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBERT SURCOUF OF ST. MALO—1773-1827.

Surcouf a typical Malouine—Early years—Ships on the *Aurore*—Is wrecked—Promoted—Returns to St. Malo and fits out the *Créole*—Engages in the slave trade—Serves as a volunteer on the *Jean Bart* in raising blockade of the Isle of France—More slaving—Escapade with the police—Turns privateer or pirate (?)—Commissions the *Emilie*—Captures the *Penguin*, also a rich Dutchman, the *Russell*—*Sam Borlase*—Shifts his flag to a captured pilot schooner, the *Diana*—Daring capture of the *Triton*—Action disavowed by colonial authorities—Returns to France—His acts are recognized by the Corps Législatif—Commissions the *Clarisse*—Proceeds to the Mauritius—Cruises off Sumatra—More prizes—Chased by the *Sybille*—Captures the *Jane*—Commands the *Confiance*—Still more prizes—The *Kent* Indiaman—Captain Rivington—Returns home—The *Ebro*—His marriage—Marie Blaize—Made Enseigne de Vaisseau—Refuses a command under Admiral Linois—Sails once more in the *Revenant*—Panic in Calcutta—Losses of the Indian Insurance Offices—The *Conception de Saint Antonio*—More quarrels with colonial authorities—Returns to France—Abandons the sea—Becomes owner of privateers—The last of the *Revenant*.

AMONGST the many Corsairs who gained wealth and renown in the last great war that was waged between France and England, the name of Robert Surcouf stands out pre-eminent. St. Malo, the Corsair city, claims him as her child—and with reason. Born and bred and educated a Malouine, Surcouf was descended from some of the worthiest bourgeoisie families that St. Malo owns. He always chose

his craft from the ship-building yards on the Rance ; when practicable he selected his crews from the stout sea-wolves of the Breton coast who thronged its narrow streets, and when his task was over, it was to St. Malo that Robert Surcouf turned for peace and quiet, and it was there that he finally passed away to rest. There are Malouines who have distinguished themselves in other walks of life, but it seems to be but the natural order of things that a lad born in the town which gave to France a Duguay Trouin and which trained for France a Cassard, should turn to the sea for a profession. There were many reasons why Robert Surcouf should have done so. On his father's side, he was descended from another Robert Surcouf, who, in the early days of the eighteenth century, had commanded a vessel carrying letters of marque in the expedition which M. Chambert had led to Peru ; on his mother's side he was closely connected with the Porcons de la Barbinais, who had made their wealth in the *guerre de course*, and distantly with that *preux chevalier* of all Malouines, Duguay Trouin. Small wonder, then, that Robert Surcouf should have taken kindly to the sea—there are few Malouines who do not—or that his thoughts should have centred more on the fame to be gained from privateering rather than on the fortunes to be amassed by trading.

I may pass over his early life, though his admiring biographer, M. Cunat of St. Malo, dwells lovingly on the escapades of the high-spirited lad, who seems to have rivalled his connection, Duguay Trouin, in

his hatred of school discipline, and in the frequency of his assaults on his preceptors. He was evidently unsuited for any of the learned professions; he was equally averse to entering upon commercial pursuits, and his parents, with some reluctance, felt compelled to give their sanction to his going to sea.

At the age of fifteen, then, in the year 1789, he embarked as a volunteer on board the *Aurore*, a vessel of 700 tons, bound for the East Indies. An old friend of the Surcouf family, one Tardivet by name, commanded the *Aurore*, and he undertook to instruct the lad in the mysteries of navigation. Ill-fortune intervened in the course of the cruise to make young Surcouf cruelly acquainted with the rudest side of his profession. The *Aurore*, honest trader when honest cargoes were to be found, was fitted for more than the East Indian commerce. The isles of France and of Bourbon were but centres of that great slave trade which was in those days openly carried on between the coast of Africa and the East Indies, and which, under another name, is still worked, though on a smaller scale, between Madagascar and Réunion.

In the very first year of his apprenticeship, the *Aurore*, with a cargo of close on 600 slaves on board, was caught in a cyclone off Madagascar, and being driven far to the westward, was dashed ashore on the coast of Africa, the captain and major part of the crew, with some women and children who mercifully had not been fettered in the 'tween decks, were saved, but over four hundred

miserable creatures perished of hunger or of suffocation in the battened-down craft. It was some weeks ere the hull was cleared of the bodies which lay festering in the hold, and when this work was at last accomplished, Tardivet found that the *Aurore* was incapable of repair. He accordingly chartered a native dhow to carry himself and crew to the Mauritius, and there succeeded in obtaining command of another vessel, the *Revanche*, and in her continued his nefarious traffic.

Surcouf had so distinguished himself during the shipwreck of the *Aurore*, and in the subsequent ghastly task of clearing her hold, that Tardivet, guaging his real worth, gave him a subordinate post in his new craft. The ill-fortune that attended the *Aurore* seemed transferred to the *Revanche*; contrary winds and heavy gales drove her out of her course, and in a voyage from the Isle of France to Mahé in the East Indies, she was compelled to put into Singapore for refit. Thence Surcouf worked his way back to Bourbon, and for some few months was engaged in trade between that island and Madagascar—a trade which consisted in importing “free labourers” from the great African island to the French plantations on Bourbon and Mauritius.

Surcouf saw the profit that was to be derived from this traffic, and he determined no longer to be a mere tool in the amassing of wealth for others. He had purchased his experience dearly enough, and was well able to exercise an independent command, but his influence in the colonies was small, and he had no capital behind him. If his influence

in Réunion was limited, it was far otherwise in St. Malo, and in 1792 Surcouf worked his passage home, and succeeded in inducing his friends to fit out a small brig, the *Créole*, and to entrust him with its command.

In the *Créole* Surcouf made many successful voyages between the French islands and Madagascar, and laid the foundations of that immense fortune which rumour asserts he amassed in his early years. The *Créole* was nothing more nor less than a slaver—a slaver pure and simple—and when in 1789, the Convention thundered forth its Declaration on the Rights of Man, the Governor of Réunion had been compelled to declare the slave trade illegal; yet to suppress it would have been to bring ruin upon the French settlers in the island, to put a stop to the sugar industry, and to earn the hostility of the hundreds, nay thousands of his fellow-countrymen who were directly or indirectly engaged in the traffic. What the governor was unable or unwilling to do, was performed very effectually by the English blockading squadron, for a time, at any rate, but the French had too much at stake to permit the blockade to be carried on for any lengthy period without making an effort to relieve themselves. Our Admiralty, unfortunately, were not in a position to detach a sufficient force to the East Indies to perform the necessary task of effectually nipping in the bud the corsair-like propensities of the slavers of the French islands, and of keeping open our main ocean highway between the Cape of Good Hope and Calcutta. The small-

ness of the force keeping watch and ward over them induced the French to try conclusions with the British squadron, and Surcouf, compelled by the blockade to lead an idle life, volunteered with his crew to serve in any capacity the governor might denote. Two French frigates, the *Cybèle* and *Prudente*, lay in the harbour, and these being reinforced by two powerfully-armed merchantmen, the *Coureur* and *Jean Bart*, the squadron stood out to attack the English vessels; these comprised the *Centurion*, 50, and *Diomede*, 44. This was Surcouf's first engagement, and, as such, is deserving of record. In it he played but a subordinate part, for he was but a volunteer on the *Jean Bart* privateer, but it was the turning-point in his career; he resolved then and there to abandon trading and take to the *guerre de course*. The action was discreditable enough to the English; the blockade was raised, and the isles of France and of Bourbon henceforth became veritable nests of Corsairs, which carried destruction to our Eastern commerce from the Straits of Sunda to the Red Sea.

Anxious as Surcouf was to embark on privateering, there were yet difficulties in his way, difficulties which time, it is true, could overcome—time and money. His youth stood in his way, the caution-money that the government insisted should be deposited ere a commission or letter of marque could be granted, and the fact that a large number of vessels were, at the moment of the raising of the blockade, ready to start forth on their war of retaliation on English shipping, were also impediments to his at

once obtaining his commission, and the young commander was compelled to turn slaver once more, in order to raise the funds wherewith to purchase the right to privateer. Even slavery had its risks, and these risks doubtless lent a charm to the occupation. There was the off-chance of a brush with an English cruiser; I say off-chance advisedly, for our force in the Indian Ocean was so reduced that the prospect of capture at the hands of an English cruiser was remote indeed. Then there was the prospect, by no means so remote, of prosecution and confiscation at the hands of the French Government. Whether it was that Surcouf too openly defied the law, or whether his largesses to government officials were not substantial enough, it is impossible to determine; one thing is clear enough, that whilst certain owners were permitted to carry on the slave trade with impunity, orders were suddenly issued to the harbour authorities, both in the Isle of France and of Bourbon, to seize the *Créole* and to arrest her commander. Surcouf received ample warning; he was on a slaving excursion when the order was issued, and his agent in Réunion at once sent word to Madagascar, warning him of the danger awaiting him at the termination of his cruise. The expected had now occurred, and Surcouf had long made up his mind on the course to be pursued; he quietly shipped his slaves, stood away to the eastward, landed them in the dead of night at Grande Chaloupe, where he had instructed his agent to make preparations for their reception, and then again weighing anchor, calmly entered the harbour of St. Paul's.

The police were ready for him, and before his crew had removed all traces of the slaves from the 'tween decks, the Commissaire and a couple of assistants boarded the *Créole* with an invitation to its commander to accompany them ashore.

Proof there was and in plenty of Surcouf's real trade—he made no attempt to disavow it, the long rows of leg-irons fitted down below, the double decks, between which the miserable men were so cruelly forced, the large galley, with its immense cauldrons for cooking their daily allowance of rice; the powerful well-armed crew, and above all the sickening stench of human ordure, enabled the Commissaire to draw up a most damning report against the accused. But Surcouf was a man of ready wit and many resources, or he would never have raised himself to the position he afterwards attained, and he was by no means inclined to accept the Commissaire's genial invitation without some attempt to evade the law.

The Commissaire, with all the pomposity of the subordinate official, requests to be shown into the cabin in order that he may draw out the *procès verbal* which must be read to the accused ere he leaves the ship, and Surcouf, with true French politeness, shows the official down below, and there provides him with such luxuries as the *Créole* can afford; the cook is requested to bring in breakfast, and the Commissaire and his assistants accept Surcouf's invitation to share it with him. In the meantime the young captain had contrived to make matters clear to his lieutenants, and they to the

seamen under them. Some plausible excuse was found for despatching the police-boat ashore, then the cable was quietly cut, and as quietly the sails sheeted home; gently the *Créole* slipped through the water, passing close under the rails of French vessels of war, the crews of which lazily wondered why the little craft was making such a short stay in the harbour; gradually she got more weigh on her, and in a few anxious moments was beyond the range of the guns of the forts, and then, as she cleared the bay and felt the full force of the trade-winds, she leaned over to the breeze and plunged into the open sea. And now the motion of the *Créole*, for she was "flying light," caused the good Commissaire and his comrades some uneasiness; they had been well plied with generous wine during their hasty meal, but when they rushed on deck and saw the island rapidly growing more distant they at once realized the trick that had been played on them, but even then they barely realized that Surcouf would dare to disobey the orders of a Republican official. The Commissaire ordered Surcouf to put the vessel about instantly, and to return to St. Paul's, threatening him with the direst penalties of the law in the event of refusal. Little did he know the sort of man he had to deal with; Surcouf quietly answered that it was just for the purpose of keeping out of the clutches of the law he had taken upon himself to escape from the island, and that he intended standing over to the coast of Africa for another cargo of slaves, and furthermore he meant to land Monsieur le Commis-

saire and his colleagues on the Dark Continent, among the negroes they loved so well; in the meantime the *Créole* was at the disposition of the Republican officials, and the steward would attend to their every order.

Ere night fell the island was lost to view, and as Surcouf had no intention of taking a longer cruise than necessary, he hove to, in the hopes that his unwilling passengers would come to reason in the morning. Throughout the night the wind blew fresh and the *Créole* made as bad weather of it as she was able: with the fear of death before his eyes, the worthy Commissaire listened to the relentless Surcouf's proposals, and destroying the original report as to the damning evidence against the *Créole*, he now drew up another, in which he asserted that having made a careful examination of the ship and her fittings he was quite convinced that the allegations made, that she was engaged in the slave trade, were perfectly unfounded; and that he was the more able to assert this, as, owing to an accident to the cable when he was examining the vessel, she had been carried out to sea, and that he consequently had spent some eight days in the company of the citizen Surcouf, who was a brave and honourable man. Surcouf, however, was not prepared to let his new-found friends off so easily as they desired; he pretended that adverse winds compelled him to bear up for Réunion, where he landed them a week later; then, not caring to run any more risks at the hands of the colonial authorities, he deemed it wiser to enter into an arrangement with some of

the leading Government officials in the island; this secured him, at any rate so long as these gentlemen remained in power, from any penalties he might become liable to, but it also left him reduced in purse, and realizing that larger fortunes were to be made from privateering than from slaving, Surcouf determined on entering upon a new career.

For some reason which his biographer Cunat thinks fit to suppress, the Governor of Réunion refused to grant Surcouf letters of marque: his first voyages, carried on without the necessary commission, can only be characterized as mere filibustering expeditions, and during them Surcouf and his men were undoubtedly laying themselves open to the risk of being treated as pirates. The young commander—who was only in his twenty-second year—was compelled to set sail as it were under false colours and to conceal his real design even from his own crew.

The *Créole* was utterly unsuited to the task Surcouf had in view, and his means, crippled as they had been by his efforts to win over to his side some of the leading Government officials, did not permit him to purchase or charter a craft which should enable him to carry out in their entirety his original designs. He was forced to content himself with a smart-sailing colonial-built craft, the *Modeste*; she measured but 180 tons, and her crew numbered but thirty men; her armament, limited by the edicts which governed the armaments of merchantmen and privateers, consisted of four six-pounder cannon.

Unfurnished with letters of marque, Surcouf was compelled to combine trade with privateering; indeed he was forced to register his new vessel, which he re-christened the *Emilie*, as a merchantman his armament was permitted for purposes of defence only. France and England being at war, every merchant-vessel was allowed and expected to make arrangements for her own defence. On the 3rd September, 1795, Surcouf left the port of St. Denis for the Seychelles, having been chartered to carry a cargo of rice and turtles thence to Réunion; but on the 15th of the month two large English vessels were observed approaching the harbour, and Surcouf, who had already commenced to fill up with rice, cut his cables and stood away to the eastward to avoid them. At the Seychelles he had shipped some more hands, and the day after leaving the island he determined on announcing his real purpose to his crew. It was received with ringing acclamations, and convinced that his men were of a stamp to stand by him in the event of fighting being unavoidable, Surcouf, thinking the neighbourhood of the Seychelles unsafe, crossed the Indian Ocean and cruised for close on three months in the neighbourhood of the Andamans and of Sumatra. But one prize fell to his lot, the *Penguin*, a timber-laden ship from Burmah, and placing a prize-crew on board her, he despatched her to the Isle of France.

His next prize was a more valuable one. A Dutch vessel, homeward bound with gold bars to the value of 15,000*l.*, 800 tons of rice, 200 tons of pepper, a large quantity of sugar, was picked up

and sent into the Isle of France. Such a capture placed captain and crew on a different footing.

And now Surcouf's career was to commence in earnest, he felt he had got his men in-hand, and that mutual confidence existed between them; he accordingly, risking all chance of capture, bore away to the Sandheads and made a bold bid to cut in at the trade of Calcutta. Nor was he unsuccessful. Unsuccessful!! his success was only paralleled by his audacity. On the morning of the 19th January, 1796, his look-outs signalled three sail, and on the *Emilie* coming up with them they proved to be a couple of vessels laden with rice, under charge of a pilot brig, proceeding to Calcutta. Flying the English colours, Surcouf succeeded in getting alongside the brig, which with its crew of Lascars was little prepared to offer any resistance; she surrendered on the first shot from the *Emilie*, and the other two craft, the *Russell* and *Sam Borelase*, at once followed her example. The pilot brig, like all vessels of her class, was a stoutly-built, fast-sailing craft, far better suited for Surcouf's requirements than the *Emilie*, and his resolution was soon taken to shift his flag (?) from the latter vessel, whose bottom was very foul from long cruising in eastern waters; he therefore placed prize-crews on board the *Russell* and *Sam Borelase*, and despatched them to the Isle of France under convoy of the *Emilie*. As his prizes were all manned by Lascars, with but a sprinkling of European officers, Surcouf's own crew was not much weakened by this proceeding, and it is pretty certain that on every

prize he took he found one or more sailors of divers nationalities willing enough to exchange the monotony of serving before the mast in an Indian trader for the excitement and prospect of prize-money to be found on a corsair.

The guns and stores of the *Emilie* being shifted to the pilot brig, Surcouf was ready for a fresh cruise; he christened his new craft the *Cartier*, after another famous Malouine, Jacques Cartier, the founder of Newfoundland. On the 28th January, about daybreak, Surcouf fell in with and captured the *Diana*, a large vessel of about 800 tons, laden with rice. The *Diana* had a proportion of English in her complement, they were, however, prepared to offer no resistance to the *Cartier*; but Surcouf, whose crew now numbered only some five-and-twenty men, felt it would be inadvisable to attempt to carry her into the Isle of France with the aid of the ordinary prize-crew, and he determined to convoy her to the island himself.

His plans were interrupted in a more pleasant manner than he had anticipated. On the following day, running down the Orissa coast, he sighted a large vessel lying at anchor, and he judged it worth his while to make the attempt to cut her out. The English colours flew out at the peak, and from her trim appearance and well-squared yards there was but little doubt she carried an English crew. Through her ports peered the muzzle of many a gun, and Surcouf felt that the task before him was one that would call forth the mettle of his men. The crew of the *Emilie* had been reinforced by a number

of Lascars from the *Cartier*, good sailors as our great steamship companies know, but not men on whom the stout Malouine could depend in a fight; still they enabled Surcouf to utilize all his men for fighting purposes, and their presence consequently was an unmixed blessing. The approach of the brig caused no uneasiness to the Englishmen; she was at once recognized as a Calcutta pilot, and there was no necessity for Surcouf to throw out English colours in order to deceive his prey. It was past noon ere the *Cartier* ran alongside the *Triton*; crew and passengers were below having their dinner, and the few men on deck little troubled themselves as to the near approach of the brig, above whose bulwarks peered the heads of some fifteen or twenty Lascars. Surcouf took in the situation at a glance; quickly running the *Cartier* alongside, he dashed on board the Englishman at the head of but nineteen boarders, and ere the watch on deck could rush to their arms they were overpowered, the hatches secured, port balyards cut, and the English absolutely prisoners on board their own vessel. A slight attempt at defence was easily quelled, for slewing round one of the quarter-deck guns in the direction of the poop Surcouf threatened to fire unless all attempts at resistance immediately ceased. The captain was powerless; it is true he had close on 150 men on board, but he had many women and children; his vessel was a merchantman pure and simple, his crew untrained, his decks cumbered with cargo, and all he could have hoped for would have

been to drive the Frenchmen on to their own vessel after a stubborn fight, in which many lives would most undoubtedly have been lost. Yet the captain, in face of all these probabilities, did make a gallant effort to save his ship. At the head of a small band of officers and passengers as gallant as himself, he sallied out of the poop and made one bold bid for freedom. It was not to be. The captain himself, a brave young midshipman, an officer of the army (a passenger on board) and a couple of seamen were killed, some half-dozen men wounded, and then the chief officer, seeing further resistance useless, unconditionally surrendered the ship.¹ She proved to be the *Triton*, carrying twenty-six guns and a valuable cargo, but the multitude of her prisoners rendered her an awkward prize, and Surcouf judged it expedient to release the *Diana* on her captain giving a bond for her ransom, to transfer the crew and passengers of the *Triton* to her and then to make his way in the last named ship to the Mauritius. The transfer of the prisoners to the *Diana* was speedily accomplished, and ere the sun was below the horizon, the *Triton*, with the *Cartier* in company, was standing away to the southward, whilst the *Diana*, crowded with

¹ The *Triton* was one of the finest vessels sailing under the East India Company's flag, and her capture was a great blow to the Indian Government, reflecting as it did on the discipline, which permitted the privateer to range up alongside unhailed. She had been employed as a vessel of war in the blockade of Pondicherry, had convoyed down the Governor-General, the Marquis of Cornwallis, when he visited that settlement after its capture in 1794, and had then been employed as a cruiser in the China seas to protect our shipping.

the crew and passengers of the *Triton*, was lying in Balasore Roads. Various accounts of this combat are extant. M. Cunat, of St. Malo, Surcouf's friend and biographer, and who served himself on a French privateer, gives perhaps the truest, whilst one that appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in June, 1796, gives a very exaggerated idea of the affair. Mr. Laughton, Lecturer on Naval History at Greenwich, in his biographical sketch of Surcouf in *Colburn's United Service Magazine*, comments with some sarcasm on Cunat's writings, but those who are acquainted with the French character will easily reconcile the flowery speeches put into the corsair's mouth by his admiring biographer with the sentiments usually expressed by Frenchmen themselves; the rough and ready dialogue of the British skipper is far removed from that indulged in by our more volatile neighbours, in whose college curriculum oratory is invariably included.

So far as one can judge from contemporary records, Surcouf treated his prisoners with considerable kindness; their private property was respected, and the sum demanded for the release of the *Diana* one well within the means of her captain to discharge.

This, unfortunately, for a time at any rate, seemed the only profit Surcouf was to make out of his marvellously successful cruise, for on reaching the Isle of France, the Governor, Monsieur Malartie, who had always shown himself hostile to Surcouf, refused, as indeed he was perfectly justified in doing, to recognize the legality of his proceedings,

and laid claim, on behalf of the Republic, to the prizes captured. In point of fact, Surcouf, up to now, was a pirate pure and simple, and had he been captured in the course of this cruise would have been liable to death. Letters of marque were recognized by all civilized nations, their holders conformed to certain authorized rules, and they were treated on capture as *bonâ fide* belligerents, but for a private individual to roam the seas as an ocean free-lance was a course deserving of condign punishment, and much as we may admire Surcouf's gallantry and resource, the illegality of his conduct admits of no question.

The *Cartier*, less fortunate than the *Triton*, was captured on her voyage to the Isle of France by H.M.S. *Victorious*, 74, so that, on reaching that island, Surcouf found only the *Penguin*, *Russell*, and *Sam Borlase* prizes, with his original craft, the *Emilie*. The owners of the *Emilie* very naturally supported Surcouf's claim to the prizes, but the governor was inexorable. The *Emilie* carried no letter of marque; she cleared for a voyage to the Seychelles, and the capture of the *Penguin* off the Andamans, of the *Russell* and *Sam Borlase* off the Sandheads, and of the *Triton* in Balasore Roads, were acts unjustifiable by any law. It was true that the arrival of the rice-ships had saved the island from distress, but that had nothing to do with the law of the case; Surcouf's conduct had been distinctly illegal, and any captures made by him were the property of the state.

There was a strong party in the island, however,

who thought otherwise, and this party was headed by those members of Government to whose support Surcouf owed his immunity from punishment in the matter of the escapade with the commissaire of police. Fortified with the opinion of these gentlemen, Surcouf determined to proceed himself to France, and personally to lay his case before the Directory, who, anxious to encourage all blows made at English commerce, partially reversed the decision of the Colonial Executive, and granted the owners of the *Emilie* one-third of the value of the prizes taken. Surcouf's own share, it is said, amounted to 27,000*l.*

The question of legalizing the action of the *Emilie* opened up very wide issues; that Surcouf's conduct was diametrically opposed to the Law of Nations is incontestable, but the France of those days cared little about such matters. The Corps Législatif showed themselves at the outset desirous to put a very liberal construction on Surcouf's actions. He was fighting the common enemy, and following in the steps of Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin. The mere formality of a commission as a privateer was wanting, it is true, but he had actually applied for that commission, and his application had been refused. The whole matter was referred to a small committee, consisting of the citizens Villaret-Joyeuse, Boissy-Anglas, and Mersau. Their report is to be found in the Bibliothèque, Histoire de la Révolution (Marine, 4, 5, 6). It was strongly in favour of rewarding Surcouf and his brave companions.

“Le corps législatif honorera la nation, en remet-

tant à l'équipage de l'*Emilie* ce qu'il a si étonnement conquis : la victoire quand elle est légitime est le plus beau des titres.

“ Législateurs, vous connaissez le caractère national. Vous saurez le diriger, et vous ne permettrez pas qu'on arrache le prix de la victoire à ceux qui l'ont cimentée de leur sang.”

In face of such a recommendation, it is not surprising that the crew of the *Emilie* were substantially rewarded for their labours.

Many months and much money were expended ere this satisfactory decision was arrived at ; in the meantime Surcouf was enslaved in the meshes of a fair Bretonne, Marie Blaize, and evinced small anxiety to resume his dangerous calling. The Blaizes to this day are renowned in Northern Brittany for their beauty, and if the Marie Blaize who led Surcouf captive was like some of her name whose successes on similar occasions are of more recent date, Surcouf's anxiety for a quiet life is not to be wondered at. Still it was not to be indulged at this early period of his career. His share of the large sum made by his cruise in the *Emilie* was not sufficient to satisfy the aspirations of Mademoiselle Marie Blaize, and in July, 1798, Surcouf was once more outward bound.

His successes in the Indian seas had found a cordial echo in the minds of the Breton *armateurs*, and directly it was known that Robert Surcouf, of St. Malo, was willing to accept a command, offers of one were not wanting. This time he sailed from

Nantes in a vessel specially built for speed; she was named the *Clarisse*, and carried a crew of one hundred and forty stout Bretons, men of Surcouf's own kidney, hailing from the many seaports in that rocky stretch of land between Morlaix and the Rance. Her armament consisted of fourteen guns, mostly long twelve-pounders, and her chief officer was Robert's second brother, Nicholas, a smart and gallant sailor.

When crossing the line, the *Clarisse* fell in with a large Indiaman, but Surcouf found that she was more than a match for the little *Clarisse*, and after an action of some hours, the Frenchman was glad to escape with the loss of her fore-topmast. The Indiaman carried six-and-twenty guns, and her crew was doubtless as numerous as that of the *Clarisse*, so that small credit can be given to the one side, or small shame to the other with regard to this engagement.

Off Rio Janeiro the *Clarisse* overhauled a brig, which, not being in a position to offer any resistance, hauled down her colours to the summoning gun. Surcouf transferred the majority of her crew to the *Clarisse*, and placing one of his officers, a Breton of good old stock, named Dujardin, on board with a dozen of his own men, instructed him to bear up for the Isle of France.

In December, 1798, the *Clarisse* and her prize arrived at Port Louis within a few days of each other. Furnished now with a letter of marque that had been issued by the Minister of Marine in Paris, Surcouf was in a position to stand on his rights

before M. Malartie, and his prizes, when taken before the Prize Court, were promptly recognized as "good and lawful." The brig sold for 400,000 francs (16,000*l.*), an auspicious opening to the cruise.

Having filled up with provisions and water, and added one or two heavy guns to his armament, Surcouf cleared out from the island, and bore away to Sumatra, where English vessels were constantly to be found loading up with pepper. In the Bay of Soosoo he came across two large ships lying at anchor, but the entrance to the port was so intricate that he was unable to get within range before his intention was divined, and the Englishmen, running their guns to the exposed sides of their vessels, opened a heavy fire on the *Clarisse*. This was returned with interest, and under cover of this artillery duel, Surcouf called away the boats, and directed his brother Nicholas to carry the largest vessel by boarding. In the meantime Surcouf worked the *Clarisse* through the shoals, and laying her alongside the other vessel, carried her too. The *Clarisse* had been much knocked about in the engagement; her spars and rigging had suffered considerably, and she had expended a considerable amount of ammunition. Surcouf therefore determined to convoy his prizes to the Mauritius, and there refit.

It was not until the month of August, 1799, that the *Clarisse* was once more ready for sea, and Surcouf then again stood across to his old cruising-ground, the coasts of Java and Sumatra. Good fortune again

attended him. His first prize was a Dane, but as she carried an English cargo she was seized and despatched under a prize-crew to the Isle of France. On the following day, the 2nd of October, he fell in with a Portuguese, which, in addition to a rich cargo of spices, had one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars in specie on board. She, too, hauled down her flag without a show of fight, and was promptly despatched to a French port.

Surcouf now stood up to the Bay of Bengal, his old cruising-ground in 1795, and again met with astonishing good fortune. On the 8th of November, a large country-built ship carrying rice was captured and ransomed, and on the 10th, the *Auspicious*, a merchantman mounting twenty guns, also fell into his hands. Emboldened by his success, Surcouf now cruised off the Sandheads, and picked up several small craft; but on the 30th of December he had a narrow escape from capture at the hands of the *Sybille* frigate, and had to throw several of his guns overboard, and resort to many devices ere he succeeded in shaking off his pursuer. Indeed, whether we take the account culled from the log of the *Sybille* by Mr. Laughton, or that obtained from Surcouf's own lips by Cunat, there is no doubt that night alone saved the *Clarisse* from capture.

In point of fact, Surcouf had grown callous to danger. The neighbourhood of the Sandheads was very risky cruising-ground, and he brought on himself the chase by the *Sybille*. At dawn on the 30th of December, he had sighted an American ship bound for Calcutta, and had at once endeavoured to

cut her off. The *Sybille*, lying at anchor, heard Surcouf's summoning gun, and quickly divining the real state of the case, weighed and stood out to sea to relieve the American. Had it not been for the fortunate occurrence of a ship-of-war lying at anchor off the mouth of the Hooghly, Surcouf would doubtless have made one more prize; but again, had it not been for his own consummate seamanship, and the approach of night ere the *Sybille* gained on her foe, Surcouf would have seen the inside of the Calcutta prison, euphemistically styled Number One Chowringhee.

Little daunted by his narrow escape, Surcouf, on the 1st of January, 1800, fell in with and captured a vessel called the *Jane*, bound for Bombay, and as the report of the captain of this vessel to her owners, describing the occurrence, is of considerable interest, I make no hesitation in reproducing it:—

“You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from me dated Bemblepatam, but such is the fortune of war. We were captured by the *Clarisse*, French privateer, Monsieur Surcouf commander, on the 1st of January, after a very respectable defence for a country ship. But that you may have a clear view of our proceedings I will begin my narrative from the 30th ult.

“On the morning of that day we passed through Saugor Roads, and in a few hours after we joined the Honourable Company's ships *Manship* and *Lansdowne*, bound to Negapatam and Madras. In the afternoon a boat from the American ship *Mount*

Vernon came alongside of all the ships, the officer of which informed us that they had been chased the day before by a French privateer mounting eighteen guns, but had happily been relieved by the *Sybille* frigate, who pursued the privateer out of the roads.

“This information determined me to keep company with the Indiamen two or three degrees to the south of Point Palmyras, conceiving them to be a very sufficient protection against privateers. On the 31st at 7 a.m. the pilot left us, Point Palmyras bearing west by south twenty-seven leagues. We pursued our course to the south-west in company. Between seven and eight o'clock we were spoken by H.M.S. *Sybille*, returning from the chase of the privateer. Throughout the night we had moderate winds from the eastward. At daylight on the 1st of January the Indiamen were five or six miles ahead. At the same time we saw a strange sail to the windward, standing to the northward, who on perceiving us, bore down with great caution, because, as Monsieur Surcouf afterwards told us, he took one of the ships to be either the *Sybille* or *Nonsuch*, seeing the other ships safe into the sea. When I saw the strange sail altered her course I took it for granted that she was the privateer which the American had given intelligence of, and immediately ordered a gun to be fired as a signal to the Indiamen. We continued the signal until about eight o'clock. When the privateer saw that the ships ahead paid no attention to our firing, she hoisted English colours, up studding-sails and

royals, and came on with more confidence. At half-past eight she gave us a shot, hauled down the English colours, and hoisted the French national flag. We returned her fire from a 6-pounder which we got down off the deck into a stern port in the great cabin, at the same time carrying on every sail after the Indiamen, anxiously hoping that the continual firing would bring them to our assistance; but we looked in vain, for they never made the smallest movement to assist us.

“At nine, the privateer having got very near us, they began to fire grape-shot from the two brass 36-pounder cohorns, which they had mounted forward. At this time it came on a light squall from the southward, which brought the Indiamen directly to windward of us. During the squall we carried a press of sail, and the firing ceased on both sides. The superior sailing of the privateer soon brought her up again, when she commenced a smart fire of musketry and grape-shot from one of the 36-pounder cohorns, the other having been disabled early in the action. At eleven our powder was wholly expended, the last gun we fired being loaded with musket cartridges. The Frenchmen then prepared to board us; they triced up graplins to their main and fore-yard arms, and Surcouf gave orders to board, animating his men with a promise of liberty to plunder. Seeing that we were incapable of resisting the force that was ready to be thrown on board of us, I was under the necessity of ordering the colours to be hauled down, and we were taken possession of by an officer from the *Clarisse*, for-

merly mounting eighteen guns, but now no more than nine 4-pounders, one 9-pounder, and two cohorns already mentioned. She has likewise several bell-mouthed blunderbusses in each top, which we saw them sending down after we were on board. Her reduced force is owing to her being chased by the *Sybillé* frigate. At that time she threw overboard four 12-pounders, three 9-pounders, with their carriages, and all the spars; sawed through a bulk-head which runs across abaft the main-mast and separates the officers from the crew; knocked down all the stanchions, and got the axes and saws up to cut off the poop, when unfortunately it fell little wind, and they found they could save themselves without having recourse to this last resource.

“The crew consists of M. Surcouf, his brother, four officers, and a surgeon, sixty Europeans of several nations, ten Kaffirs, eleven Lascars, and a Serang, who entered when he took the *Albion*, and a few Malays. Surcouf sent on board the prize one officer, by trade a tailor, sixteen Frenchmen, and ten Lascars; they were employed until sunset shifting the prisoners and refitting the rigging. All this time the Indiamen were in sight to the southwest. At sunset, Surcouf, viewing them from the poop, requested I would tell him, upon my honour, whether they were Indiamen or not. I repeated what I had said, that they were two Company’s ships with whom I had kept company ever since we left the pilot. He replied they were two *Tritons*, alluding to the easy capture which he made of that ship, and said the commanders deserved to be shot. This

was the universal opinion of the French officers. I fear their conduct will be attended with bad consequences to the Honourable Company's ships, as it has given the Frenchmen a very contemptible opinion of them, and will subject them to many attacks, which a spirited behaviour would have freed them from. The prize made sail about 7 p.m., steering S.S.E., and was accompanied by the privateer until daylight on the 2nd, when they parted, the privateer steering to the westward, and the prize continuing her course. On the 4th, we fell in with a Pariah dhow, from Bengal, bound to Madras, which the privateer brought to, took out all her cargo, forty bags of rice, two bales of twine, a coir cable, and a chest of sugar-candy, and then put the crew of the *Jane* on board her, together with the second officer of the *Auspicious*—a very rich prize which he captured about seven weeks ago, bound from Bengal to Bombay, loaded with 4000 bags of rice, 500 bags of sugar, and 375 bales of piece goods. We landed at Bemblepatam yesterday, from whence I have written you these particulars. Surcouf does not mean to come any more near the Sandheads, being very much afraid of the *Sybillie* and *Nonsuch*, but intends to cruise in the latitude of 19° or 20°; and should he be joined by *La Constance*, as he expects, the trade of Bengal will be entirely cut off, until they have surfeited themselves with prizes, and return to the Mauritius to recruit their crews."

It is impossible to avoid a tribute of admiration to Surcouf. On the 30th, he narrowly escaped

capture at the hands of the *Sybille*, having, as Mr. Laughton says, to heave guns, spare spars, and booms overboard, ease off the lanyards of the shrouds and backstays, knock away the stanchions of the decks and the wedges of the masts, in order to give his ship lightness and elasticity; yet within four-and-twenty hours we find him standing again to the northward and capturing English vessels within a few hours' sail of the Sandheads.

Audacity like this deserves success.

Having transferred the crew of the *Jane* on board the dhow, Surcouf bore away in the *Clarisse*, with the *Jane* in company, for the Isle of France. His vessel sadly needed refitting, and his armament was much reduced. Despite these drawbacks he made no attempt to shirk combats, for on the 5th of January, overhauling a couple of large American vessels, he succeeded in ranging up alongside, and then demanded their surrender. As these ships mounted sixteen guns each, Surcouf was desirous of avoiding an artillery duel, and laying his jibboom over the poop of the sternmost craft he carried her by boarding. In this affair the *Clarisse* lost her jibboom and fore-topmast, and so was unable to pursue the second American, which, showing the *Clarisse* a clean pair of heels, was soon hull down.

The complement of the *Clarisse* had been much reduced by prize-crews, and Surcouf judged it inexpedient to delay his return to the Mauritius any longer, and with the *Jane* and the *Louisiana*, his American prize, ran into Port Louis early in February, 1800.

The *Clarisse* needed a thorough refit, and Surcouf, who was anxious to put to sea as soon as possible, was glad enough to obtain command of a large and more powerfully armed craft, the *Confiance*, which mounted eighteen heavy guns, and besides her crew of 100 men, carried five-and-twenty soldiers of the Bourbon battalion, whose skill as marksmen it was hoped would render them especially valuable.

Through his brother's influence Nicholas Surcouf obtained command of a small privateer, the *Adèle*; but the goddess Fortune failed to smile on the younger brother, for in the month of November, 1800, Nicholas was captured by the sloop-of-war *Albatross*.

The tide of fortune, too, had turned for the poor *Clarisse*. She sailed under another captain, and though she succeeded in taking one valuable prize, whose capture caused a loss of 60,000*l.* to the members of Lloyd's, she was herself taken by H.M.S. *Leopard* in the course of the same year.²

Robert Surcouf remained some three months in the Mauritius, superintending the transformation of the *Confiance* from a merchantman into a privateer.

² *Copy of a letter from Rear-Admiral Blankett to Vice-Admiral Rainier, commanding on the East India Station.*

"Bombay, September 3rd, 1800.

"SIR,

I beg leave to inform you of my arrival here on the 30th of August, after a passage of eleven days from Mocha. About fifty leagues to the eastward of Aden, I fell in with and took the *Clarissa*, French privateer, from the Mauritius, who threw over her guns and cut away her anchors with a view to escape. We found 148 men on board her. She is only between two and three years old, built at Nantz.

"J. BLANKETT."

The vessel, according to Cunat, was a perfect specimen of shipbuilding—she was long, sat low in the water, possessed great beam, was very stoutly built; but Surcouf was determined to make her all that a privateer should be. He had experience enough to know what was requisite, and money enough to see that her necessary alterations were carried out. Her decks were considerably strengthened in order to admit of a heavier armament being carried than was usual even with sea-rovers. Two long 18-pounders were mounted fore and aft, and short carronades of the same calibre placed in the waist of the ship as broadside guns, heavier and stouter spars were put into her, and her crew selected with care.

It was not until the month of February that all these preparations were completed, and that Surcouf was ready to recommence his career of plunder. There were many objections to the Bay of Bengal as a cruising-ground; his recent exploits there had aroused the vigilance of the English naval authorities, and it was unlikely he would be able long to evade the frigates which were on the look-out for him. He therefore determined to bear away for the Straits of Sunda, where he might hope to intercept some of the vessels trading in spice with the Dutch islands. This project, however, was nipped in the bud, as the American frigate *Essex* was on the station. Surcouf therefore once more stood to the westward, and putting into Seychelles for provisions and water, established himself off the south-eastern shore of Ceylon.

No spot could have been more favourable for his purpose. The *Confiance* lay in the very fairway of our Eastern commerce, and in the space of a very few weeks fourteen prizes, two of them large heavily-armed Indiamen, styled by Cunat "bâtiments de guerre anglais," fell into his hands. Some of these, despite the order to the contrary, were ransomed; others were despatched to the Mauritius under prize-crews. From some a few extra hands were picked up, but very few in comparison with the numbers necessarily employed in navigating the prizes to a French port, and the consequence was that Surcouf found his crew reduced from something over 200 to about 120 men, when on the 7th of October, 1800, he fell in with the *Kent*, East Indiaman, bound to Calcutta.

By this time Surcouf, emboldened at meeting with few men-of-war, had once again stood up to the northward, and was now cruising off the Sandheads. The *Kent* was a large vessel, heavily armed and manned, and it would appear from contemporary records that Surcouf had some doubt as to whether he should attack her: however, audacity once more carried the day. He reflected that his men were well disciplined and keenly alive to the advantages of so rich a prize, and it scarcely needed his promise of an hour's pillage to induce the crew of the *Confiance* to enter on the fight. It was no part of Surcouf's plan to allow the *Kent* to guess his real character, or to open on him with her guns, for she was as well armed as the *Confiance*. By running up alongside under false colours, and throwing 100

men on board, he felt confident of success. No organized resistance could be attempted on the deck of a merchantman crowded with women and children, all in the hurry and bustle attendant on the last days of a long voyage. Fortune favoured Surcouf in this instance once again. The *Kent* was more than usually crowded. On the voyage she had fallen in with the *Queen*, another East Indiaman, and had rescued her crew and passengers from the burning wreck of that unfortunate ship.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1801, an account of the capture of the *Kent* appears under the heading of "East India News," and as the statements of the Bengal correspondent of that magazine corroborate in a great measure those of Monsieur Cunat, I reproduce them :—

"Bengal, October 8th, 1800.

"With great concern we announce the capture of the *Kent*, East Indiaman, yesterday in the Bay of Bengal, off the Sandheads, by the *Confiance*, French privateer of 26 guns and 250 men, after an obstinate engagement of near one hour and forty-five minutes, in which Captain Rivington of the *Kent* was unfortunately killed, bravely defending the Company's property till the last moment of his existence, when he exclaimed, 'Do not give up the ship.' Mr. Cator, a free merchant, also fell covered with wounds. The *Kent* was in twenty-five fathoms of water, and took the *Confiance* for a pilot sloop. The crew of the *Confiance* were all armed with sabres and pistols, and had been thrice encouraged with liquor previously to their boarding, after which the fight continued

desperately for twenty minutes. General St. John and his family were on board the *Kent*, and appear to have been particularly unfortunate. All his jewels, plate, and baggage had been burnt on board the *Queen*, and he was now almost destined to behold his lovely wife, daughter to the Margravine of Anspach, and his three charming daughters, victims to the lawless excesses of a savage banditti. The gallant Captain Pilkington, the general's aide-de-camp, was severely wounded in defending the general's family. The French behaved with a cruelty almost unexampled in sea-fights, giving no quarter, and stabbing with their sabres even the sick in their hammocks. Previous to their boarding, the *Kent* had evidently the advantage, and had the crew been equally armed with offensive weapons, or had more musketry, the *Confiance* would in all probability have paid dearly for the rashness of her attempt. This is the same ship that was beat off formerly by the *Arniston*. Besides the gallant captain, the names of the killed are:—Mr. John Fairly, carpenter, William Bazely, boatswain's mate. Passengers—Messrs. James Richard Barwell, writer, Bengal; John Andrew, assistant surgeon, Madras; Anthony Blgrave, writer, Bengal; William Puller, writer, Bengal; Robert Moore, cadet, Madras; M. Cator, merchant, and William Franks, free mariner, and a seaman. Total, eleven killed and forty-four wounded.

“The fate of some of the passengers in the *Kent* was singularly distressing. They had taken their departure from Europe in the *Queen* East Indiaman,

which was unfortunately burnt at St. Salvador. The *Kent* happening to be there, Captain Rivington very humanely offered them every accommodation his ship could afford, even to the inconvenience of himself in the ship. They fondly flattered themselves they had reached their destination and their sufferings were at an end, being off the mouth of the Bengal river, when they were taken, as has been already stated. In violation of the rights of humanity as of those of war, the commander of the banditti who took them, pillaged them of every article of wearing apparel, and after having done so, put them, including six ladies, in an open Arab boat, with no other sustenance than a little bad water and some dates. In this dreadful state they continued four days until they reached Calcutta.”

There are one or two evident exaggerations on the part of the correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In the first place, he accuses Surcouf's men of giving no quarter, yet the losses of the *Kent*, with over 300 souls on board, were but eleven killed and forty-four wounded. In the second place, he states that the ladies were four days in an open boat, yet he dates his letter the very day after the fight. That Surcouf did hand the *Kent* over to pillage is undeniable, Monsieur Cunat acknowledges this, but he also states that sentries were placed over the ladies' cabins, and he mentions a conversation that he had with one of these very sentries, with whom he was in after years a shipmate on the *Adèle* privateer. Excesses invariably occur in war—even in war carried on between disciplined troops—and it

would be manifestly impossible to prevent them being enacted where a privateer crew was concerned.

Amongst those captured in the *Kent* were two young Bengal Cadets : Mr. Littler, who in after years rose to much distinction, as Sir John Littler he commanded a division in the Gwalior and Sutlej campaigns; and Mr. afterwards General Sir William Nott, G.C.B., who defended Candahar during the Afghan war of 1839.

The death of the captain of the *Kent* is thus recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* ; it will be of interest to the book-making world :—

“ Captain Rivington, who so nobly fell in defending his ship (the *Kent*), was a young man of the greatest merit and conspicuous talent. It was his first voyage as captain, and the ship, a new one belonging to Henry Bonham, Esq. Captain R. was the son of a highly respected father, John Rivington, Esq., bookseller, of St. Paul's Churchyard, where he lived universally esteemed for more than half a century. The father and son, from their lives and death, have made their memories immortal.”

His valiant death gave occasion to the following lines, which also appeared in the same magazine.

To the memory of Captain Rivington, who commanded the “ Kent,” belonging to the East India Company, who fell gloriously on the 7th October, 1800, in an Action with “ La Confiance,” a French Frigate, in the Bay of Bengal.

If active spirit tempt thee e'er to roam,
And quit thy native for a foreign home,
Remember well that, distant though you move,
No space Friendship shall divide, or Love.

Lo, Robert nurtured from his early youth,
To glow with virtue and to feel with truth,
In ripening age matur'd his just disdain
Of all that cringing Flatt'ry taught to feign ;
His manly virtues mark'd their genuine worth,
And naval toil confirmed their native source.
In fortune's adverse trial undismay'd,
A seaman's zeal and courage he display'd ;
For Honour firmly stood at Honour's post,
And gain'd new glory when his life he lost.

H. G.

Whilst giving all praise to the gallantry shown by Captain Rivington and the crew of the *Kent*, it would be obviously unjust to withhold a tribute of admiration from Surcouf. The *Kent* was a large frigate-built ship, far superior in size and armament to the *Confiance*: indeed it would appear, from Cunat's own account, that the French crew took her to be a vessel of war, and that it needed all Surcouf's powers of persuasion, backed up, doubtless, by copious rations of grog, to induce his men to enter on the combat. Could Rivington have kept the *Confiance* at a distance, and so avoided boarding, he would undoubtedly have escaped; but Surcouf knew full well that in an artillery combat he would have all the worst of it, and so he strove his utmost to shorten this phase of the fight, but even when alongside, the captain of the *Kent* manœuvred so skilfully, that nearly an hour elapsed between the moment the first shot was fired and the actual boarding. Had it not been for the men of the Bourbon Militia serving as marines on the *Confiance*, it is possible the *Kent* might even then have driven the boarders off their decks, but these men, stationed in the tops of the privateer,

kept up such a harassing and well-directed fire on the defenders of the *Kent*, that they were at last compelled to desist from working the upper deck guns, and on their captain being killed from the explosion of a hand-grenade thrown from the maintop of the *Confiance*, the men, without a leader, abandoned the upper deck. Below they were practically powerless, the halyards of the gun-ports were cut, rendering the guns useless, and volleys of musketry poured down the hatches effectually prevented any attempt at organized resistance being carried out. Without cutlasses, and with but a small proportion of small arms, there was but little hope of the main deck being defended, and the French by a determined charge, drove the seamen of the *Kent* from point to point, until at last they took refuge in the orlop deck. Then, and not till then, the chief officer surrendered: he had fought on long after all hope of success was over, then seeing the condition of the French crew, and knowing that the lives of many women and children depended on his not stirring the passions of his opponents to the utmost, he surrendered, nothing to be said in disparagement of his conduct. He had fought the ship gallantly, and though we, as Englishmen, might have hoped for different results, there is no doubt that the untrained crew of a merchant-vessel must always be at the mercy of a body of trained men, numerically their inferiors. Had the *Kent* been as well furnished with small arms as she was with heavy guns, the issue might—nay, probably would—have been different. Sur-

couf and his compeers knew well the weak point in the arming of merchant-vessels, and we find them always endeavouring by stratagem to range up alongside and settle the question by boarding. In this they were unfortunately, as a rule, only too successful.

The story of the *Kent* should be a warning to our merchant shipowners. A few stands of small arms, a plentiful supply of cutlasses, a crew made up of Naval Reserve men trained in the use of these weapons, will be of more value in saving a vessel than guns that cannot be effectually worked, and hands culled from the maritime population of half the countries in Europe, Africa, and Asia.

Having transferred a certain number of the prisoners captured on board the *Kent* to a native craft, which agreed to carry them to Calcutta, Surcouf, with the remainder distributed between the *Confiance* and her prize, set sail for the Mauritius, where he arrived without further adventure or mishap.

There he found instructions to proceed to France with the *Confiance*, and after a few weeks spent in settling up the pecuniary affairs relative to the disposal of his prizes by the local Admiralty Courts, and in refitting his own ship, which had suffered considerably in her engagement with the *Kent*, he set sail on the homeward voyage. In the Atlantic he fell in with, chased, and captured a Portuguese vessel, the *Ebro*, mounting eighteen guns; she struck without showing fight. Unwilling to undertake the risk of convoying the *Ebro* through the

cordon of English vessels which so closely blockaded the French coasts, Surcouf gladly admitted his prize to ransom, for a bond drawn by the captain on her Lisbon owners, for 2000*l.* The wisdom of this was apparent, for before entering Rochelle, Surcouf himself narrowly escaped capture, and had to heave his guns and spare spars overboard in order to lighten his ship. The capture of the *Confiance* would indeed have been a piece of rare good fortune for any of his Majesty's vessels, for in announcing her arrival the *Moniteur* states:—

“Le 13^m est entré à La Rochelle un bâtiment, la *Confiance*, venant de l'Île de France, dont la cargaison est évaluée à deux millions” (about eighty thousand pounds sterling).

And now Mademoiselle Marie Blaise was prepared to reward her hero with her hand. His fortune was presumably sufficient to satisfy the demands of Monsieur le père, for at the end of the following month there is an entry of his marriage in the registers of the Mairie at St. Malo. Surcouf settled down in his native town, and the peace of Amiens putting an end to all chance of further distinction in his own particular line, he prepared to spend the rest of his days in well-deserved prosperity. Possibly, too, the fact that Surcouf now possessed a commission in the Republican navy may have influenced Monsieur Blaise (the Blaizes have ever been staunch republicans), for in June, 1800, prior to taking the *Confiance* to sea, the Minister of Marine, anxious to secure the services to the state of such a skilful seaman, had

granted a commission as *enseigne de vaisseau* to Citizen Robert Surcouf. Thus at last, like Cassard and Jean Bart and Duguay Trouin before him, the whilom privateer became an officer in the service of the state. But under the Republic the whole condition of affairs was much altered; the navy was no longer a close borough, service in which was rigidly reserved for the nobility. It was thrown open alike to gentle and simple, and any sturdy seaman who displayed sufficiently advanced views was sure of advancement in the commissioned grades.

Many are the amusing tales told of Surcouf during his stay ashore. His contempt for all *shore-going* officials more than once brought him within the verge of trouble, but he had some warm admirers in Paris, and these contrived to keep him from serious harm.

On the renewal of the war with England, Surcouf, who had been one of the first recipients of the Legion of Honour, was sent for to Paris and offered by Napoleon the command of a small squadron for the purpose of destroying England's commerce in eastern waters, but as the French East Indian Fleet of which the squadron was to form a part was under the command of Admiral Linois, whose conduct and capacity were not deserving of the highest confidence, Surcouf refused the honour, even though the commission as *capitaine de frigate* in the French navy was to accompany it.

Surcouf was never weary of impressing upon the naval authorities of France the necessity of avoiding general engagements. Light vessels, swift vessels,

and small vessels in abundance, was the tenor of his cry. Strike at England's commerce; pour out your cruisers in every sea; let them find shelter in every colonial harbour.

A powerfully-worded memorandum on the subject which he submitted to Napoleon was the signal of his summons to Paris, and he pointed out to Napoleon's satisfaction that France would gain more by the destruction of England's merchant fleets than by the sinking of her ships of war. The idea was one which readily fitted in with Napoleon's views, and he at once proceeded to give effect to them by offering Surcouf the command of one of these light squadrons, and by the issue of fresh rules for the guidance of the naval commandants at each port in the matter of granting commissions to privateers.

Surcouf's views were but the reflex of those held by Cassard, by Jean Bart, by Duguay Trouin. They have found an echo in a more recent work by the late lamented Monsieur Gabriel Charmes, of the *Débats*,³ and they have now (1887) a stout supporter in the person of Admiral Aube, French Minister of Marine.

Although unwilling to serve under Linois, or indeed in any position where his sphere of usefulness could be interfered with by the commands of superiors, Surcouf was not averse to fit out privateers at his own expense. Three we know of—one under his brother Nicholas, the *Caroline*, he put on the Indian station, two smaller craft he kept

³ La Reforme de la Marine, Paris, 1885, and republished in England, "Naval Reform," W. H. Allen and Co.

cruising in the Channel. At last, in 1806, on the news arriving of Admiral Linois' capture in the *Marengo*, Surcouf determined to take to the sea once more. It is probable that his decision was due to some ill-feeling between the corsair captain and the admiral. Surcouf had a knack of disagreeing with those placed in authority over him. Monsier Malartie, the Governor of the Mauritius, and Bléchamp, Commissaire of Marine at St. Malo, are both instances of this, and it is extremely likely that Surcouf, during his many cruises in Indian waters, had in some way fallen foul of Linois. At any rate, within a few weeks of the news of the admiral's capture reaching France, Surcouf purchased a fine craft of 400 tons, and naming her the *Revenant*, made his preparations for a return to the scene of his former successes.

In his capture of the *Kent*, Surcouf had seen the true value of discipline, not discipline as we understand the word—high military training and prompt obedience, giving cohesion, yet flexibility; inculcating self-reliance on the individual and confidence in comrades and commander—but such elementary discipline as could be enforced on men hastily got together in an outlying dependency. With the *Revenant* Surcouf determined on acting in a different manner. He carefully selected as many men as he was able from the hardy fishing population of St. Malo and its neighbourhood. A large proportion of these had served in vessels belonging to Surcouf, and all were acquainted with him: they were made aware of the conditions under which they were to

serve, and in return for the irksome restraints of a discipline to which French seamen in those republican days were quite unaccustomed, they were promised liberal pay and still more liberal prize-money. Surcouf fully realized the danger he ran in attacking a powerfully armed Indiaman. Many of these vessels carried a far heavier armament than he could trust on board the *Revenant*, and he knew that his only chance of success lay in coming at once to close quarters, and then carrying his opponent by boarding. To do this his men needed drill and discipline; many of them were raw fishermen all untrained in the use of arms, and it was necessary to establish a school of instruction. During the outward voyage the hands underwent several hours' drill daily in sword exercise and musketry practice at the hands of officers specially selected for their knowledge. It must not be inferred, however, that the crew of the *Revenant* were all, or indeed in a great measure, men who could be thus easily moulded. There were decrees existing which forbade the entertainment on board privateers of more than a very small proportion of men borne on the *Inscription Maritime*, and though Surcouf, by reason of his position as *enseigne de vaisseau*, and the influence he possessed in Paris, was able to evade these regulations to a certain extent, yet his crew comprised a heterogeneous mass of men from every country and every profession, with a good sprinkling of able-bodied seamen and some excellent officers as a foundation on which to work.

The early days of the voyage were spent in

working the crew into shape, though the monotony of this form of entertainment was varied by the capture of several small prizes. A Moorish vessel mounting sixteen guns was rash enough to offer resistance, and after a short encounter, in which the *Revenants* showed their mettle, was forced to strike her colours. Not caring to weaken his crew at the very outset of his cruise, Surcouf admitted all these prizes to ransom, and when, in the month of August, the *Revenant* reached Mauritius, Surcouf found himself at the head of a body of men whom Cunat describes as "true sons of Armorica."

The *Revenant* was warmly welcomed in the island, the inhabitants of which remembered how her commander had on a previous occasion relieved them from threatened famine. Once again scarcity stared them in the face; the blockade of the English cruisers was strictly and methodically carried out, and native vessels laden with provisions rarely escaped capture. Surcouf, it was felt, would put an end to all this, and he did so. In September, having filled up with water, he stood out to his old cruising-ground, and by the end of the year had carried into Port Louis *fourteen* vessels laden with rice.

The pecuniary value of these prizes was considerable, but besides putting money into the pockets of his crew, their success had the effect of strengthening the bonds of discipline, and thus rendering the *Revenant* a valuable addition to the colonial defences.

We can realize the losses occasioned by the *Revenant* when we remember that the merchants of Calcutta, in a memorial to the Admiralty, dated the 10th December, 1807, state that the sums paid by the insurance offices in Calcutta alone for losses during September and October of that year amounted to 291,256*l.*!

A new system was now inaugurated by Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), the commander-in-chief on the East Indian station, and a succession of severe blows was struck at the French cruisers. The *Bellona*, one of the most successful privateers, was captured by the *Powerful*, 74; the *Piedmontaise*, a French frigate, which in company with the *Revenant* had inflicted much damage on English shipping, was very gallantly taken by the *San Fiorenzo*, a Spanish prize, converted into an English man-of-war, and commanded by Captain G. N. Hardinge, a brother of the celebrated Viscount Hardinge, at one time commander-in-chief of the army.

These losses so crippled the naval resources of the island, that the governor, availing himself of his prerogative, pressed the *Revenant* into Government service, and appointed Surcouf to the command of an inferior vessel, the *Semillante*, an old man-of-war. Whilst the dispute between Surcouf and Decaen the governor of the island was at its height, the *Revenant* proceeded to sea under the command of Monsieur Potier, an old shipmate and tried friend of Surcouf's, who, indeed, had succeeded him in the *Confiance* in 1804.

Under Potier the *Revenant* was no less successful. Off the coast of Natal she brought to action a large Portuguese vessel homeward bound from Goa. The *Conception de S. Antonio* was one of the finest vessels then afloat. She measured 1500 tons, and carried thirty-four guns on her main-deck; her crew consisted of 400 men, and besides a number of passengers, she had a detachment of fifty soldiers on board. Her commander was a captain in the Portuguese navy, many of her men were trained gunners, and she was altogether a very formidable opponent for the *Revenant*. Surcouf, it is true, had no direct part or lot in her capture, but we may surely assume that it was to his careful training the success of that day's fight was due. Potier had full information as to the defensive power of the Portuguese, and he felt that it would be unwise to attempt to carry her by boarding in the face of the well-drilled detachment of soldiers on board. He therefore determined to carry on an artillery duel, and, thanks to the superior manœuvring power and sailing quality of the *Revenant*, was enabled to take up and maintain a position on the big vessel's quarter, and to rake her with his broadsides, whilst exposing himself only to the fire of the stern chasers of the Portuguese. Fortune or good marksmanship came once more to the aid of the *Revenant*. An explosion on board the *Conception de St. Antonio* occasioning heavy loss of life and much structural damage, compelled the Portuguese captain to strike his colours, and in the early days of June the little *Revenant*, with her huge prize under convoy, reached the Mauritius.

This new and striking proof of the value of the *Revenant* only strengthened Monsieur Decaen in his determination to press her into Government service, and in order to rid himself of Surcouf he gave him positive orders to convey the Portuguese prisoners captured on the *Conception de St. Antonio* to France on the *Semillante*. To this Surcouf strongly objected; the crew of the *Semillante*, now christened the *Charles*, consisted of as unpromising a band of ruffians as it was desirable to command. Men of all nations who, glad to escape the usual lot of prisoners of war, had volunteered their services to the governor of the island. Amongst them were many Portuguese, and, as Surcouf pointed out, it would be easy enough for these men to rise on the officers, and to carry the *Semillante* into a Portuguese port.

M. Decaen was inexorable, he was anxious to get rid of Surcouf at any price, and at last, by threatening to ship him in a subordinate capacity on a vessel-of-war, he succeeded. On the 21st of November, 1807, the *Charles* cleared out of Port Louis, but Surcouf still had a card up his sleeve, and this he determined to play rather than run the risk of being carried a prisoner of war into a foreign port. As soon as he got clear of the harbour, he called the pilot-boat alongside, and crowding her with the major part of his prisoners, carried on all sail, and was soon beyond reach of pursuit.

The voyage home was eventful enough, and Surcouf more than once ran narrow escape of capture. He, however, thanks to good seamanship, succeeded

in shaking off his pursuers and arrived safely at St. Malo in February, 1809.

This was Surcouf's last cruise, but he still interested himself largely in privateering, and such was the confidence reposed in his judgment by the merchants of Brittany, that they were willing enough to aid him largely in his adventures. It is said that at one time he possessed no fewer than nineteen vessels all engaged in preying upon our commerce. The more famous of these, inasmuch as their names have been handed down to us by Surcouf's biographer, were the *Auguste*, *Dorade*, *Biscayenne*, *Edouard*, *Espadon*, *Ville de Caen*, *Adolphe*, and *Renard*.

On the peace of 1814, these vessels were for the most part turned into peaceful traders, but the larger ones were despatched to Surcouf's old cruising grounds, the Mauritius, and actively and satisfactorily employed in trading between Madagascar and Bourbon, with the "free labourers" of the great African island. In fact Surcouf, in his latter days, was largely engaged in the slave trade: a calling which was extensively followed by some of the wealthiest Breton merchants.

A few words are due to the *Revenant*. Leaving Mauritius under the command of Lieutenant Morice of the French navy, she was captured by the *Modeste*, and being renowned as a fast-sailing craft was commissioned by Sir Edward Pellew as the *Victor*, and the command given to Captain Edward Stopford. As a British man-of-war her career was short, for in November, 1809, she once

more changed her nationality, being taken by the French frigate *Bellona*; she kept her new name, however, and as such was surrendered to the English at the capture of the Mauritius in the following year.

The following extract letter from the *London Gazette* of May, 1809, gives the official report of the capture of the *Jena* (late *Revenant*):—

“ Letter from Honourable George Elliot to Sir Edward Pellew, Bart., Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies.

“ *Modeste*, off Sandheads, October 9th, 1808.

“ SIR,—I have great satisfaction in acquainting your Excellency, of his Majesty’s sloop *Modeste*, under my command, having last night captured *La Jena*, French National corvette, pierced for 24 guns but only 18 on board, and complement 150 men, commanded by Monsieur Morice, lieutenant-de-vaissseau; after a chase of nine hours, and a running action of nearly one hour (from it being but a light breeze, which enabled her to keep her distance with her sweeps), when she struck, a complete wreck in her sails and rigging. She had cut away her boats and booms, and thrown three guns overboard in the chase. We received no damage to signify, but the loss of Mr. William Donovan (the master), a very valuable and gallant officer, and one seaman wounded. *La Jena* has not received any material damage in her hull; she sails well, and appears a very fit vessel for his Majesty’s service. She had been four months from the Isle of France; had taken the *Jennet*, of Madras, and the

Swallow of Penang. The first she sunk, the latter was in sight during the chase, but sailing very well, got out of sight to leeward before *La Jena* was taken, and we have not been fortunate enough to see her since.

“I am, &c.,

“GEORGE ELLIOT.”

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

Minor Corsairs—British Isles invulnerable to invasion—Precarious tenure of our food supply—French policy to destroy England's commerce—Favourable position of French colonies for blocking our ocean highways and attacking defenceless dependencies—Bombardment of Sierra Leone in 1794—Helpless condition of crews of merchant-vessels—Necessity for reorganization of our Naval Reserve, and for instruction of merchant-seamen in gun and small-arm drill.

I HAVE endeavoured in the foregoing chapters to give succinct biographical sketches of the most notable Corsairs of France. Doubtless my selection is open to criticism. There are many other gallant seamen inscribed on the rolls of France's chivalry who might well lay claim to be the equals of those whose deeds I have here recorded. Jean Bart did but embrace a profession which his grandfather had followed successfully before him; Surcouf was the second of his name,¹ who had carried English prizes into the safe shelter of Breton harbours. St.

¹ Robert Surcouf, grandfather of the great Surcouf of the Republican era, is one of those whose names might well be included in the rolls of the Corsairs of France. The early years of his life were passed in the mercantile marine, and it was not until the outbreak of the War of Succession in 1704 that he thought of following the *rôle* of privateer. Then, being well known as a careful navigator and gallant sailor, he was entrusted by his fellow-townsmen, M. Nonäil, with the command of the *Comte de Toulouse*, a smart barque carrying 24 guns, specially built and equipped for privateering. With her, he captured many vessels, English and

Malo alone can boast of heroes who, if less successful in a pecuniary point of view, were none the less daring than the two I have selected as representatives of the Corsair city.² Dunkerque and Boulogne,³ Havre and Cherbourg, Morlaix and Nantes, all furnished their quota towards those mosquito fleets which ever in our wars with France have proved so baneful to England's commerce. But to enumerate all the gallant actions of French privateers would be beside my purpose, and beyond my powers. I have selected those whose actions exemplify the dangers to which we are as subject in these, the closing years of the nineteenth, as we were in the wane of the eighteenth or even of the seventeenth century.

I have shown how our flag in every sea was at the mercy of swift-sailing privateers; how squadrons

Dutch; his principal English prize being the *Esperance*, of Bristol, a vessel of 400 tons. In 1706 Surcouf in the *Danycan*—a name yet met with in St. Malo—accompanied M. Chambert in the famous expedition to Peru. It is said that this undertaking put a million and a quarter sterling into the exhausted treasury of Louis XIV.

² Hervé Dufresne, of St. Malo, besides being a most successful privateer, was employed by the exiled King James in a confidential mission to England. Claude Raoul of the same city. Pierre Legoux, who commanded a vessel (the *Comte de Toulouse*) fitted out by the wealthy firm of Danycan; his principal prizes were vessels trading between Baltimore and Bristol. In the month of July, 1691, we read of his carrying five large American traders prizes into his native port.

³ Fourmentin and Huret, of Boulogne, were equally famous on the northern coast. The former was, with Surcouf, one of the original recipients of the Legion of Honour, and was ennobled by Napoleon as a reward for his depredations on English commerce. Many quaint tales are told of him in Boulogne, and men of his name and boasting of their connection with the doughty Corsair, are yet to be met with in that town.

of these vessels, under men waging only an irregular warfare, were able to harry our distant colonies, aye, and to effect landings in the United Kingdom itself. I have shown how the merchant community of Calcutta cried aloud against the inefficiency of the naval forces in the Indian Seas. I have shown how, despite the gallant defence shown by many of our merchant-craft, despite the heavy crews and armament they carried, they were no match for their smaller antagonists; and I have shown that, despite the innumerable captures of privateers by English vessels-of-war, the losses inflicted upon our commerce was out of all proportion to that we inflicted upon our foes.

Our sea-girt isle is, we all hope, invulnerable to attack, or rather, I should say, proof against invasion. Incalculable damage may be inflicted by the bombardment of our defenceless commercial seaports at the hands of an enemy's fleets, but the landing of a hostile force on our shores with the idea of making good a foothold on the island is practically out of the question. There are considerably over half a million of men in the country who have gone through a pretty close probation in the profession of arms: either in the regular or in the auxiliary forces. The shooting and drilling and marching powers of these auxiliary forces are certainly equal to those of the reserve forces of some of our European neighbours, and though certain defects in equipment and in organization are patent, yet it must be pretty generally conceded that England possesses all the elements for home defence.

But having said this, I have said all. England's wealth depends upon her commerce, nay more—her very existence depends upon the food she receives from distant lands. In our last great war, the population of the United Kingdom was but eighteen millions, and the people lived on the produce of the soil. Now in 1886 the population has increased to thirty-seven millions, and the value of the food supply imported from abroad, averaged close on ninety millions sterling a year for the years 1879—1885.⁴ Were that food supply cut off for one short week, starvation would ensue.

We have seen how in every war with France the key-note of her policy has been "Strike at England's commerce." Kings, directories, emperors, have all harped on the same theme. Destroy England's commerce, and you destroy her power for good and evil, and now, under the Third Republic, we have the French Minister of Marine openly discussing a system of naval reform which shall restore to France the freedom of action taken from her by the Declaration of Paris of 1856, and shall permit her to embark on a war similar to that waged by the Corsairs of the last century.

⁴ TOTAL IMPORTS OF FOOD. 1879-85.

Wheat . . .	£203,323,000	Meat—Beef, Pork,	
Flour of Wheat . . .	69,235,000	&c., fresh and	
Potatoes . . .	10,776,000	salted . . .	£117,884,000
Onions . . .	3,545,000	Fish . . .	14,077,000
Hops . . .	9,483,000	Butter and But-	
Live stock . . .	65,553,000	terine . . .	80,618,000
		Cheese . . .	32,871,000
		Eggs . . .	17,813,000
Giving a total of 625,448,000 <i>l.</i> or		a yearly average of 89,350,000 <i>l.</i>	

I am aware that under the terms of that Declaration the great powers of Europe solemnly renounced privateering, but I am also aware that if England were to become involved in war with any one of those signatory powers, the Declaration of Paris would not be worth the paper on which it is written. The volunteer fleets of Russia, and Admiral Aube's writings show, at any rate, that the Government of the Czar and of the French Republic would refuse to be bound by such an engagement. Richelieu, Colbert, Napoleon, all saw that the surest way of humbling England was to strike at her commerce—how hard they struck these pages show. If we were vulnerable in the wars of the last century, how much more vulnerable are we now? If it was worth while striking at our commerce then, how much more is such a policy to be desired now? At the outbreak of the war in 1793 the total imports and exports of the United Kingdom amounted to 39,646,000*l.*, in 1886 they had risen to 561,883,688*l.*!! In the same period the imports of wheat and wheaten flour had risen from 748,000 cwt. to 77,331,700 cwt.! In the week ending the 19th March, 1887, the imports of wheat were equal to the annual import of 1793.

The success of enemy's privateers in olden days meant pecuniary embarrassment, possibly ruin, to a few mercantile shipowners. The success of privateers in a future war means starvation, national humiliation, and the disruption of the Empire.

It is generally believed that in our wars with France, on the sea at any rate, we were manifestly

superior. In the matter of privateering this is far from being the case. I have already shown⁵ what losses we suffered prior to the Republican era. I will now give a few details concerning the last war, 1793 to 1815. From the outbreak of hostilities in February, 1793, up to the end of 1795, we had lost 3000 craft of all sizes and rigs, and had captured barely 800. In the six months from the 1st October, 1804, to the 1st April, 1805, we lost 271 vessels and we captured 7!! It is impossible to form even an approximate estimate of the damage inflicted on our commerce during the last war. The number of English vessels taken, as published in the *Moniteur* and in Lloyds' list, are marvellously discrepant, and, without a specific return of the tonnage and cargoes of vessels lost, any estimate of the value of these prizes would be purely speculative. Some ships were colliers flying light, others rich China and East India traders worth several hundred thousand pounds. Taking one with the other, it is very certain that, if I were to name two hundred million pounds as the loss inflicted on British commerce by the action of French privateers in the years 1793—1814, I should be well within the mark.

It was not at the hands of privateers alone that our trade suffered. In the year 1805, a squadron, known as the Rochfort squadron, kept the sea for 148 days, despite the efforts of our cruisers, and in those five months captured one line-of-battle ship, the *Calcutta*, 3 corvettes, and 42 merchantmen.

⁵ See page 21.

Later on, in May, 1812, H.M.S. *Northumberland* and *Growler* engaged and drove on shore the French frigates *Ariadne* and *Andromache*, but these two vessels in the preceding six weeks had taken thirty-three English merchantmen.

In no part of the world were our vessels safe. In May, 1805, the French West Indian squadron made a succession of raids on our colonial harbours, and took seven large craft from Dominica, five from St. Kitts, and six from Nevis. In the following July five merchantmen were cut out from Mont Serrat. Nearer home they were equally active. In July, 1807, a brig lying at anchor within half a mile of Dover was carried off, and a vessel sunk in Dublin Bay. The ubiquity of the French privateers was only equalled by their success. In the month of October, 1807, eighteen East Indiamen were captured in the Bay of Bengal, and fifty-seven other craft in waters nearer home!! It was not unarmed merchantmen only that fell into the hands of French privateers: in the preceding pages I have related the capture of H.M.S. *Pembroke* and *Falcon* by Cassard, the Corsair of Nantes; of H.M.S. *Nonsuch*, *Boston*, *Coventry*, *Elizabeth*, *Gloucester*, and *Bristol*, by Duguay Trouin of St. Malo. Coming down to more recent times, we have H.M.S. *Wolverene* sunk by a French privateer in April, 1804; H.M.S. *St. Lucia* captured by a privateer in May, 1807; and in the same month the *Nimble* and *Argus*, Revenue cutters, mounting sixteen guns each, were also taken by vessels sailing under letters of marque.

The wholesale manner in which our ships were captured is indicative of the sterling quality of our opponents. We read in Lloyds' list for August, 1803, that the French privateer *Blonde*, twenty-two guns, fell in with the *Young Nicholas*, English privateer of eighteen guns, and, after an engagement of an hour and a half, compelled her to strike. The captain of the *Blonde* gave up the *Young Nicholas* to her captain, as a reward for the courageous conduct of his crew. The *Blonde* had already taken seventy-eight ships in the course of that cruise, including one East Indiaman, four West Indiamen, and a South-sea whaler! Just ten years later, in 1813, we also read in Lloyds' list of the *Lion*, of Bordeaux, capturing in one single year seventy-five English prizes.

If we look at the map, we see how skilful were the strategic combinations of the Corsairs of France.

Look how the life-blood of England's wealth pulsates through her main arteries of commerce! Look how the Corsairs of France, recognizing this, endeavoured to sever those arteries! Gigantic as the damage was that these sea-rovers inflicted on us in days gone by, would it not be tenfold greater in the wars to come? The colonies which formed their bases of operations are still in their hands, and they have been supplemented by other possessions which render our trade routes more insecure than ever.

In the wars of the past, France possessed no harbour on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, none in the vicinity of the Red Sea, none in the

neighbourhood of China, none in the Pacific. Now the harbours of Algiers and of Tunis, of Obock and Saigon, of Tahiti, the Marquesas, New Caledonia, and Tonquin all afford a refuge for her ships-of-war.

We do not possess a single commercial highway that is not flanked by a French harbour, whence the Corsairs of France could swoop down upon our shipping, and so thoroughly is this realized in that country that a scheme for utilizing these ports in this very sense has been formulated by French theorists and approved of by the French Minister of Marine.

Let those who are shaky in their geography turn to the map; there they will see that every course our vessels sail lies under the domination of a French settlement.

St. Pierre and Miquelon, barren rocks though they be, possess a secure harbour, and they are on the flank of the route necessarily followed between Canada and Great Britain.

Martinique, Guadeloupe, and their dependencies, command our West Indian trade.

Senegal and the Gambia afford shelter for squadrons that might cut off our vessels from the Cape.

Reunion and the Bay of Diego Suarez, in Madagascar, may in the future, as they have in the past, seriously cripple the commerce with the East Indies round the old long sea-route.

New Caledonia and the New Hebrides are dangerously near our Australasian possessions.

Saigon, as the headquarters of a fleet, could effectually play havoc with our communications with China, and with our trade in the Straits Settlements.

Obock stands menacingly near to the Straits of Babel Mandeb and the entrance to the Red Sea, whilst Tunis gives (as St. Louis said it would give) its possessor the key of the Mediterranean.

Have we any reason to hope that France will avoid in the future what she has so successfully carried out in the past—a war against England's commerce? Have we any reason to doubt that each and all of these harbours will be made the *depôts* not only for Admiral Aube's *groupes de combat*, but also for squadrons of light vessels carrying Letters of Marque? Have we any ground for believing that we shall be able to cope more successfully with these sea-rovers in the wars of the future? The scheme for imperial defence, which it is hoped will be the outcome of the conference of colonial delegates in this jubilee year of Queen Victoria, should put it out of the power of any Cassard to levy contributions from our distant colonies, or of any hostile squadron to bombard unopposed an English settlement.⁶ But is there any scheme before the

⁶ On the 28th of September, 1794, a French squadron composed of the *Experiment*, 50; *Vigilance*, 24; *Félicité*, 18; and *Mutine*, 12; approached the town of Sierra Leone under English colours, and unmolested drew up before it in such a manner as to command every street and alley in it. When they hoisted their own colours and commenced a heavy cannonade, the inhabitants, unable to resist so formidable a force, struck their flag, but two of the frigates, regardless of this submission, continued their fire for nearly two hours after, raking every street with grape-shot. The French then landed and

public for the efficient protection of our commercial highways. The terminal and intermediate stations may be guarded, but without an organized system to declare the line "all clear," what guarantee have we that our trade would not suffer as heavily in 1897 as it did one hundred years ago? Are the cruisers on our Indian station now more efficient than they were then? Are our merchantmen better able to emulate the *Kent* in the defence they would make in the event of attack? The doings of the *Alabama* are too fresh in our minds to need recall. Let us picture the damage that would accrue to us were a dozen *Alabamas* let loose on England's commerce. The *Alabama* had not one port of refuge in the whole wide world; the Corsairs of France would have harbours in the immediate vicinity of every route followed by our ships.

For months Surcouf, despite the incessant watch kept by Sir Edward Pellew's cruisers, virtually remained master of the Bay of Bengal; for months Semmes, in like manner, laughed to scorn the efforts of the United States navy. Yet both the *Revenant* and the *Alabama* fell a comparatively easy prey to the first vessel-of-war that actually brought them to an engagement. In Surcouf's case there is no reason why his career should not have been checked at the outset, for there is no doubt that many

began to plunder such houses as remained standing, after which they fired the church, the Company's warehouse, and the houses of every English inhabitant. They remained off the settlement until the 23rd of October, when, having thoroughly pillaged the town and filled their vessels with plunder, they set sail for the Isle of Bourbon.

vessels which fell into his hands were far superior to his own craft both in the numbers of their crews and the weight of their armament, and it is equally certain that the Corsairs of France of whom I have written were encouraged in their career by the poor front shown by our merchant-vessels. In the majority of cases these vessels, unfortunately, were not in a position to offer resistance, but there are many instances recorded in these pages where the privateer should have been carried into an English harbour had the crews of our merchant-vessels been instructed in naval discipline and in rudimentary gun-drill. There were occasions, notably in the cases of the *Coldstream*⁷ and the *Kent*,⁸ where there were detachments of British soldiers on board, but presumably these men were embarked with but a small percentage of firearms, and these arms were stowed away in the hold.⁹

The wealth of England is dependent on her commerce: and that commerce is all too inadequately protected. It would tend to the security of our commerce and to the efficiency of our mercantile marine were serious efforts made to attract its officers and men to the ranks of the naval reserve. The formation

⁷ See page 304.

⁸ See page 352.

⁹ In the year 1866 I returned from India in one of Greens' vessels with some 200 time-expired men and invalids. A case of twenty Enfield rifles was handed over for the use of the troops, and there were about the same number of muskets in an arm-rack belonging to the ship. When we left Calcutta Europe was at peace, when we reached Spithead war was declared between Prussia and Austria. How would it have been had that war been between France and England and had we been met by a *Revenant*?—C.B.N.

of corps of naval volunteers, culled from the fishermen and boatmen of our seaports and watering-places, will doubtless strengthen the hands of those entrusted with the defence of the kingdom. The discussion of such a scheme is foreign to this work; but the enlargement of the Royal Naval Reserve, and the inclusion in its ranks of every able-bodied man in the mercantile marine, would practically place our merchant-ships beyond the reach of an enemy's privateer. Nay, more, it would enable the Admiralty by a mere stroke of the pen to convert our swift ocean cruisers into men-of-war destined to patrol the highways of the ocean and to protect weaker and slower craft.

Colbert's *Inscription Maritime* may be unsuited to British ideas, but there are many other ways of enlisting the sympathies of the British sailor in a scheme having for its object the preservation of our merchant navy in case of war. The press-gang has been abolished, and life in the navy ameliorated in every way, yet the merchant-sailor has a rooted antipathy to serving on board a ship-of-war, and consequently the number of our Royal Naval Reserve is far weaker than it should be. Is it the fault of the system which fails to reach the men, or is it the fault of the men who refuse to appreciate the system?

Ashore this antipathy between the volunteers and the regulars does not exist, and we periodically see thousands of the former brigaded at Aldershot or at the various brigade *depôts* with regiments of the line. Is there any reason why the same close connection

should not be established between the seamen of the mercantile marine and their brethren in the Royal Navy. Is it that the Naval Reserve do not meet with the same encouragement at the hands of the Admiralty as the auxiliary forces do from the Horse Guards? The militia or volunteer officer may rise to the rank of colonel, and he may receive the ribbon of the Bath and the A.D.C.ship to his Sovereign; but though the naval reserve officer may be called upon to perform far more arduous duties than are likely to fall to the lot of his comrade in the land forces, he can never advance beyond the rank of lieutenant. Is there any reason why they should not be promoted commanders and post-captains, and this, too, at an age when they are able to officiate in such ranks?

In January, 1887, I find the state of the Royal Naval Reserve to be:—

Lieutenants 45, of whom 8 have held that rank upwards of 20 years.

Sub-Lieutenants 113, 5 of whom have held the rank more than 20 years.

Midshipmen 109, 3 of these have been midshipmen for 10 years.

Surely the inducements held out to officers of the mercantile marine must be very slight, and the rules which govern promotion very stringent, to admit of such a state of things.

There are many ways of popularizing the Royal Naval Reserve, and of proving to both officers and men that by joining it they not only do the State some service, but that they reap benefit from the

State themselves. Our navy is not on a war footing, and in order to commission a sufficient number of vessels to enable it to perform the onerous duties it would have to carry out, should war unhappily overtake us, very large numbers of men would require to be entertained. Seamen are not trained in a day, and the Royal Navy has practically no reserve to fall back upon. Not merely would able seamen be wanted, but artificers, and engineer crews: these are already to hand, if only the Admiralty will open wide the doors of the Royal Naval Reserve.

The protection of her commerce is of priceless worth to England, and the few hundred thousand pounds that would be necessary to organize an efficient means of manning our merchant-vessels with men trained to the use of arms, as well as to the working of a ship, would be but a small premium to pay for insurance against capture at the hands of those sea-rovers, who will inevitably be let loose to scour the ocean in the next European war. The value to the country of a powerful reserve to the navy cannot be over-estimated. To the vessels manned by the reserve will fall the task of patrolling our ocean highways, on these men will devolve the defence of their own vessels in case of attack. In the ranks of the mercantile marine are to be found gallant men and skilful, ready to undertake the task, but their gallantry needs encouragement and their skill proper training. In the event of war, the country would reap substantial advantage from the employment of the men of the mercantile

marine; why should not they, in time of peace, reap some advantage from their connection with the State? More generous treatment in the matter of rank and honour would attract officers of the merchant service to the commissioned ranks of the Royal Naval Reserve. Any one acquainted with the habits of the British sailor would formulate a dozen plans which would induce him to do the same thing. The severe discipline of a man-of-war is irksome to the man accustomed to the fo'c'sle of a merchantman, and many a good sailor is hindered from joining the reserve because of the strict discipline maintained on the training-ships. The success of the volunteer movement ashore has been mainly owing to the fact that the volunteers have been commanded by amateur soldiers, that pipeclay and red tape have been conspicuously absent, and that but a small permanent staff of professional soldiers have been given to each commander for the instruction of his men. In the Naval Reserve we have acted differently. An officer who has commanded a Peninsular and Oriental vessel or a Cunarder, is junior to any lieutenant on board a training-ship, and the men do not treat him with the deference he receives—and very justly receives—on board his own vessel. It would be an experiment worth trying to attach a vessel, say a P. & O. steamer, to our Channel Squadron during its next summer cruise. Let her be manned and officered entirely by Naval Reserve men, with the exception of a gunnery lieutenant and his crew, for the purpose of instructing the men in gun-drill, and let

the Admiral commanding the fleet report upon her efficiency at the end of a fortnight. It is not often that officers and men in the merchant service can spare a longer period than this, and competition is keen, and berths are not long kept vacant ; but there are times when work is slack, and when employment would be thankfully received. In the winter months when many vessels are laid up, and when hundreds, aye, thousands of sailormen are on the verge of starvation, the Royal Naval Reserve could sweep into its net whole crews of able-bodied seamen. In colonial and Indian ports, too, Jack is often stranded high and dry, and would be thankful enough of a month's work on a training-ship. The money spent in feeding, and paying, and instructing these men would by no means be thrown away. Every merchant-seaman trained in the use of arms becomes an important factor in the defence of his ship, and a unit in that great scheme of Imperial Defence which is needed to place the commerce of Greater Britain beyond the reach of our enemies.

It will be said that the question of a Naval Reserve is not cognate to the subject matter of this book ; but I contend that, if the officers and crews of our merchant-vessels are as well versed in the management of guns and of small arms as they are in navigation and seamanship, the future need trouble us but little.

The nation is alive to the importance of defending our coaling-stations, and so keeping intact the chain of our naval communications round the world, but it is not alive to the perilous position

of our ships navigating distant seas. In the event of war, the ships of the Royal Navy will have enough to do in guarding our own shores, and those of our dependencies, from the attacks of hostile fleets. Our merchant-vessels will have to perform their voyages without escort, and they will undoubtedly in the future, as they have been in the past, be exposed to attacks at the hands of privateers. In 1878, Russia openly avowed her intention of preying on our commerce. French naval authorities and the French press discuss the question with equal openness; it behoves us to prepare for the result.

The Corsairs of France have not always had it their own way when cruising in English waters; we have had Cochranes and Parkers in plenty, who have carried French privateers with almost monotonous celerity into English ports, but it cannot be denied that many of the achievements I have related are humiliating to our national pride, and a warning as to the future. They are pregnant with the gravest lessons. They teach us the absolute necessity of a thorough defence of our colonies. Greater Britain cannot afford to allow Sierra Leone to be bombarded or Mont Serrat to purchase its immunity from pillage. They teach us the necessity of maintaining swift cruisers on our distant stations, not lame ducks which cannot overhaul a privateer; and above all, they teach us the necessity of exercising some supervision over, and affording some assistance to the officers and crews of our merchant-vessels, so as to enable them to fight with at least

some hope of success, should the fortune of war once more expose them to the danger of seeing our commercial highways in the hands of the Corsairs of France.

It is far from my intention to underrate the unequalled services performed by our Navy in the last great war, or the great gallantry displayed on many occasions by the officers and men of our mercantile marine. Neither the one nor the other saved England's commerce from terrible loss, a loss which never yet has been put clearly before the country, and which most assuredly never will. This loss, from the very nature of things, was far in excess of that which we inflicted on France. Yet France suffered heavily at our hands in the long years which elapsed between 1793 and 1814; the French Minister of the Interior, in a report presented to the Chamber of Deputies in March, 1814, owned that English ships had captured—

43 Line-of-battle ships,

82 Frigates,

76 Corvettes,

62 Transports owned by Government,

besides several hundred craft fitted out by private individuals and carrying letters of marque. The long list of privateers I have given in the Appendix¹ is by no means complete, yet it shows clearly enough the danger to which our merchant-vessels were exposed, and the heavy task thrown upon our cruisers in patrolling the seas.

¹ See Appendix Nos. IX. and X.

In some cases merchant vessels well found and manned, succeeded in holding their own when assailed. The gallant defence of the *Windsor Castle*, West India packet, and *Regent* East Indiaman, are notable instances, and the sailor-like reports of their commanders are worth reproducing.

Windsor Castle Packet,
Carlisle Bay,
October 3rd, 1807.

Sir,—Having on my passage from England in the *Windsor Castle* packet, with the mails for the Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, been attacked by a French privateer within the limits of your station, I take the liberty of acquainting you that we were fortunate enough to capture her after a severe action, and arrived with her safe in this Bay.

She was seen on the morning of the 1st October, in lat. 13° 53' N. and long. 58° 1' W., and about half-past eight made all sail in chase of the packet, when every exertion was made to get away from her; but finding it impossible, preparations were made to make the best resistance we could and arrangements to sink the mails if necessary.

At noon the schooner got within gunshot, hoisted French colours, and began her fire, which was returned from our stern-chace guns: this was continued until she came near, when we were hailed in very opprobrious terms, and desired to strike our colours. On refusing to do so, she ran alongside, grappled the packet, and attempted to board, which we repulsed by the pikes with the loss of eight or

ten men on the part of the enemy, when the schooner attempted to get clear by cutting the grapplings, but the main-yard being locked in her rigging, she was prevented. Great exertions were continued on both sides, and I had occasion to station a part of the crew in charge of the mails to shift them as circumstances required, or to cut them away in case of failure.

About three we got one of our 6-pounder carronades to bear upon the schooner, loaded with double grape, canister, and 100 musket-balls, which was fired at the moment that the enemy was making a second desperate attempt to board, and killed and wounded a very great number. Soon after this I embraced the opportunity in turn with five men, and succeeded in driving the enemy from his quarters, and about four o'clock the schooner was completely in our possession. She is named the *Jeune Richard*, mounting six 6-pounders and one long 18-pounder, having on board at the commencement of the action ninety-two men, of whom twenty-one were found dead on the decks and thirty-three wounded. From the very superior number of the enemy still remaining, it was necessary to use every precaution in securing the prisoners. I was obliged to order them up from below, one by one, and place them in our own irons as they came, as three of our little crew were killed and ten severely wounded; the mizzen-mast and main-yard carried away, and the rigging, fore and aft, much damaged. It is my duty to mention to you, sir, that the crew of the packet, amounting at first to only twenty-eight men and boys, supported me

with the greatest gallantry during the whole of this arduous contest.

I have the honour, &c.,

W. ROGERS.

Surely such gallantry as this is worthy of permanent record in our naval annals?

No less deserving of mention is the conduct of the *Regent* Indiaman, which found herself assailed by three French privateers on the 12th November, 1812. "With these she sustained a smart action for some considerable time, till being at length able to bring the whole of her guns to bear on one of the assailants, I gave her such a broadside as sunk her immediately, whereupon her consorts with difficulty made their escape. The *Regent* carries twelve guns and thirty-six men."

It will be seen on a reference to the list of privateers captured, that every French port, and every French colony, was converted into a nest of privateering. Our fleets, after Trafalgar, held their ships of war blockaded in their harbours, but no amount of vigilance could prevent the escape of the small craft specially built and fitted out for the purpose of preying upon our commerce. In any future war, we shall possess one incalculable advantage. Then wind was the motive power, and the wind was common to all. Now ships are dependent on coal, and France has to look to foreign nations in order to carry on even the internal railway traffic of the country. If her ports are thoroughly blockaded, her ships are powerless. But in order to blockade

these ports we need more than mere harbours of refuge in our colonies, we need more than mere forts armed with heavy guns—we require permanent garrisons to man them, and we require squadrons of swift-steaming cruisers to patrol our ocean highways, and we require docks at many points in which these vessels can be placed for repair, in order to obviate the necessity of their being compelled to make long voyages in a crippled condition, as is now unfortunately too often the case when any accident occurs.

Providence, which has given us coal and iron, has once more given us the mastery of the sea, but we must remember that at the present moment our fleet of merchant-steamers is just ten times as numerous as that of France, and that it offers a fine field for the exercise of those talents which were so conspicuously displayed in olden days by the
CORSAIRS OF FRANCE.

THE END.

APPENDIX I.

PROCEEDINGS OF ADMIRALTY COURT OF DUNKIRK ON
CAPTURE OF "ESPERANCE" BY JEAN BART.

Saint Germain, 25th March, 1675.

WHEREAS the King in Council has had before him the proceedings of an inquiry conducted by the delegate of the Admiralty at Dunkirk, held at that port on the 24th of January and 4th February, 1675, upon the request of Jean Bart, Captain Commandant of the frigate *Royale*, who states that on the 21st of the same month of January, when off the Vlie, he captured an armed vessel acting as convoy to three traders, the said vessel being armed with ten guns, all stamped with the arms of the Prince of Orange; that during the combat, which lasted over an hour, the captain, the lieutenant, and several of the crew of his prize were killed.

Hetgart Hessel, the pilot, and three seamen of the prize, being questioned, state that they are all Dutchmen, their ship was named the *Esperance*, armed with ten guns, all stamped with the arms of the Prince of Orange, and that the ship herself belonged to the Admiralty of Friesland. That the vessel sailed under a commission from the Government of Friesland, and was acting as convoy to a merchant fleet proceeding from Holland to Norway; that on the return voyage, when near the island of Escalin, they were captured by Jean Bart after a fight lasting some hours, in which the captain, lieutenant, and several men were killed; that at the time of the fight they were flying the flag of the Prince of Orange.

The commission of the Admiralty of Friesland is produced by Jean Bart; it bears date the 6th July, 1674, is granted to Hanis, the deceased captain of the *Esperance*, authorizing him to act as escort to vessels trading with Norway, and to convey them back to Harlingen.

Having carefully considered the proceedings of the said Court, the King in Council declares the said frigate, the *Esperance*, her gear and tackle, good and lawful prize, and adjudges them to the

said Jean Bart, and the Admiralty officials at Dunkirk are enjoined with the execution of this decree.

(D'Aligré.)

COLBERT.

APPENDIX II.

PROCEEDINGS OF ADMIRALTY COURT AT DUNKIRK ON CAPTURE OF "NEPTUNE" (30) BY JEAN BART.

1st December, 1676.

WHEREAS the King sitting in Council has had the proceedings of a Court of inquiry instituted by the Admiralty authorities at Dunkirk submitted to him, whereby it appears, upon the report of Jean Bart, commanding the frigate *Palme*, sworn to on the 10th September, 1676; that on the 7th of the same month, after a severe and long fight, he captured a vessel carrying thirty guns, acting as convoy to a fleet of traders, which ship he took into Dunkirk.

On the 16th of the same month, Liemard Cuiper, a native of Enchuysen, captain of the said frigate *Neptune*, thirty, being interrogated, answers that the vessel in question was actually the property of the Enchuysen fishing company, that she had been sent to the northward to convoy down the fleet of traders, that on the return voyage she was captured by the *Jean Bart*; that the *Neptune* flew the flag and sailed under a commission of the Prince of Orange, and that during the combat, in which he was captured, he lost twenty men killed, and he himself, with several others, was dangerously wounded.

Jean Peterssen Box, pilot of the said frigate *Neptune*, confirmed the statement of Liemard Cuiper, whose commission from the Prince of Orange bore date 3rd October, 1671.

Having heard the report of Monsieur de Breteuil, privy councillor to his Majesty, who was present at the inquiry held at Dunkirk,

The King in Council declared, and declares the frigate *Neptune*, gear and tackle, good and lawful prize, and adjudges the same to the said Jean Bart.

The Lieutenant of the Admiralty at Dunkirk is enjoined to undertake the execution of this decree.

(D'Aligré.)

LE JONNELIER-BRETEUIL.

BAZIN.

COLBERT.

PUFFORT.

APPENDIX III.

PROCEEDINGS OF ADMIRALTY COURT AT DUNKIRK ON
CAPTURE OF "DEMOISELLE CHRISTINE" BY JEAN
BART.

Versailles, 29th December, 1676.

WHEREAS the King in Council has had before him the proceedings of the Court of Admiralty at Dunkirk, upon the request of Jean Bart, Captain of the frigate *Palme*, from which it appears that on the 22nd of the same month, when off the *Vlie*, he sighted four vessels, two of which, after a long chase and sharp fight, in which he lost eleven men killed, he captured and convoyed into Dunkirk.

Michel Collombeau states that he is a native of St. Martin de Ré, living at Sardam with his family, that he was master of one of the two captured ships, named the *Demoiselle Christine*; he had lived in Holland since the age of twenty years, that the said ship belonged to two merchants of Amsterdam, of Ackersilot and to himself, that she was built to their order and he placed in command. That he sailed from Amsterdam on the 13th June for Russia, being freighted by some merchants of Amsterdam with pepper, cloth and silver; that he was on his return voyage to Amsterdam laden with 260 barrels of wood ash, twenty-five cases of potash, a hundred bales of hemp, eighty bundles of skins, twenty-two bales of silk, twenty-five barrels of salt fish, twenty-five bundles of salt pork, five cases of hair, two bales of morocco skins, twenty-five bales of horsehair, and a hundred bales of stock-fish, and some firewood, all of which merchandise was consigned to merchants of Amsterdam, to whom he thought it belonged, with the exception of the silk, which was the property of some Persian and other foreign merchants on board the other vessels. These also had property on the other ships, not wishing to risk all their property in one craft. He further declared that he had no papers of consignment on the ship, but that he had signed them and returned them to the shipper at Archangel, in order that they might be remitted by letter to the consignees at Amsterdam. That he had a list of all his cargo, but that this had been captured by the said Jean Bart, who had captured his vessel off the *Vlie*; that his ship carried a crew of eleven men and two boys, whom he had shipped in Amsterdam—some Dutch, some Swedes, some Pomeranians; that his vessel sailed under the Dutch flag and carried nine guns, and that he had worked these and made as sturdy a defence as he was able.

Cornille Reyenen, native of Ackerstot, where he lived, pilot of the said ship, confirms all sworn to by his captain. On the 29th of Nov. he was present at the searching of the other prize, the *Prophet Daniel*, on which were discovered a quantity of papers, amongst them 124 private letters and thirty-nine letters of consignment for the cargo of the said ship, the *Christine*, the most part sealed and addressed to merchants of Amsterdam.

Colombeau, re-examined on the 29th Nov., recognized the said letter of consignment, and the bill of lading made out by his pilot.

Monsol, native and merchant of Teluert in Persia, affirms that he shipped on the said *Demoiselle Christine* three bales of silk for sale at Amsterdam.

Jacob Gregorief, native and merchant of Tiplu (Tiflis?) in Persia, affirms that he left Persia for Archangel and thence for Amsterdam, that he had shipped nine bales of silk on the *Christine*, three of which had been sold to a merchant of Amsterdam for 505 crowns, receipt produced. He recognized the sailing orders of the said Colombeau, also some documents signed by the provost of Artherstoot in Holland, dated 8th July, 1674, the charter-party for the said voyage from Amsterdam to Archangel, dated 29th May last: also the thirty-nine letters of consignment, of which thirty-eight were for merchants of Amsterdam, and one for Arisnit Martiras, of whom he knew nothing, all dated 1st October of the present year, three letters relating to eleven bales of silk consigned to Henri Brust, a Dutch merchant, who had paid certain sums to Armenian and Persian merchants therein named for the account of Jacques Schuyf, merchant of Amsterdam: he also recognized other letters and bills relating to the cargo of the said ship, signed by Arapiet de Martirois, David Boghem, Jacoms Naciat, Sachav Karacos and other Persian and Armenian merchants living at Ispahan, all of which letters had been seized, together with bales of silk and other merchandise belonging to them.

Having attentively considered the report of the Admiralty Lieutenant at Dunkirk,

The King in Council declares the said ship, the *Demoiselle Christine*, her gear and tackle, and her freight, good and lawful prize, and adjudges the same to be confiscated for the profit of the said Jean Bart, less one-tenth belonging to the Comte de Vermandois, Admiral of France. His Majesty directs that these proceedings be explained to the said Michel Colombeau, according to ancient ordinances and edicts, by the officers of his Admiralty at Dunkirk, who are charged to enforce this decree.

APPENDIX IV.

ROLL OF CORSAIRS COMMISSIONED IN BOULOGNE,
1793—1814.

	Name of ship.	Captain.		Name of ship.	Captain.
1	L'Adèle	Malo.	40	La Fortunée	Soubites.
2	L'Adolphe	J. J. Fourmentin.	41	Friendship	
3	L'Adolphe	Beauvois.	42	General Gaffarely ...	Renaux.
4	L'Aigle	Fourny.	43	Le Génie	Orner.
5	L'Anacron		44	Le bon Génie	Delperré.
6	L'Aimable Coralie ...	Corcel.	45	Glaneur	Souville.
7	L'Aimable Nèlle	Routher.	46	Hasard	Beauvoir.
8	L'Aventurier	Palette.	47	Industrie	Huet.
9	Le Boulonnais	Lemairé.	48	Impromptu	T. Fourmentin.
10	Le Cami	Pollet.	49	Intrépide	Bourgeon.
11	Le Cerf-volant	Unruch.	50	Josephine	Soubitey.
12	Les Cinq Amis	Broquant.	51	Liberté des Mers	Fourny.
13	Comtesse de Maurepas	Castagnier.	52	Le Loup	Huret.
14	Compère Mathieu	Dumay.	53	Le Lynx	Trucquet.
15	La Coquette		54	Le Neptune	Wasselin.
16	Le Curieux	Ducarnoy.	55	Osean	Fresson.
17	Cygne	Paulet.	56	Papillon	Lefort.
18	Le Désiré	Lautonne.	57	Le Poisson Volant ...	Aucomy.
19	Les Deux Frères	Lefebvre.	58	Princesse de Boulogne	Altazin.
20	Les Deux Frères	Routiers.	59	Le Prospère	Henin.
21	Les Sept Frères		60	Le Prospère (2)	Broquant.
22	La Dorade	Lescau.	61	Riccocheuse	
23	Duc de Dalmatie	Claireaux.	62	Rancumer	Blondin.
24	L'Éclair	Margollet.	63	Reciprocité	Ponchin.
25	L'Églé	Henin.	64	Renard	Souville.
26	Enjoleur	J. Lefebvre.	65	Renée	Altazin.
27	Escamoteur	Denis.	66	Revanche	Benard.
28	Epervier	J. B. Pollet.	67	Rodeur	Huret.
29	Esperance	Leclerc.	68	Rusé	Audibert.
30	L'Espégle	Duchene.	69	Somnabule	Sauvage.
31	L'Espégle	Huret.	70	Subtil	Demay.
32	L'Etoile	Altazin.	71	Unité	Cary.
33	Furet (1)	Bucaille.	72	Vantour	Durand.
34	Furet (2)	Broquant.	73	Vantour	Oreille.
35	Le Furet (3)	Fourmentin.	74	Vengeur	Huret.
36	Furet (4)	Roullier.	75	Vengeance	Lefort.
37	Figaro	Demary.	76	Victoire	Fourny.
38	Filibustier	Benoit.	77	Voltigeur	Fourmentin.
39	La Fortune		78	Voltigeur	Margollet.

APPENDIX V.

DECREE OF THE DIRECTORY REWARDING THE CAPTAIN
OF A PRIVATEER.

The Directory, having received and taken into consideration the report of the Minister of Marine and of the Colonies relative to the combat sustained on the 14th of this month by the corsairs

Furet, armed with four twelve-pounders, and the *Rusé*, eight three-pounders, against an English corvette, carrying eighteen eighteen-pounder broadside guns and four thirty-six pounder carronades, resolves :—

Art. 1.—The citizen Audibert, Enseigne de Vaisseau, commanding the *Rusé*, is promoted to the rank of Lieutenant de Vaisseau, as a reward for his skill and gallantry displayed in that engagement.

Art. 2.—The Minister of Marine will transmit to the family of Citizen Fourmentin, captain of the Corsair *Furet*, who died of wounds received in that action, the regrets of the Directory on the loss of such a brave sailor.

Art. 3.—The Minister of Marine and of the Colonies is charged with the execution of this decree.

(Signed.)

REVEILLIÉU LEPAUX.

LAGARDE, *Secretary General*.

APPENDIX VI.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE ENGLISH PRIZES CARRIED INTO BOULOGNE, 1793—1814.

- | | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Active. | 20. Bewley. | 41. Fame. |
| 2. Addison. | 21. Blessington. | 42. Forester. |
| 3. Adventure. | 22. Blakeney. | 43. Fortitude. |
| 4. Aid. | 23. Britannia. | 44. Fox. |
| 5. Alexandrine. | 24. Calypso. | 45. Friends. |
| 6. Amiable Julia. | 25. Catharine. | 46. Friendship. |
| 7. Anna. | 26. Concord. | 47. Friend's Goodwill. |
| 8. Anna Maria
(brig). | 27. Cygne. | 48. Friendship's Ad-
venture. |
| 9. Anna Maria
(sloop). | 28. Dasher. | 49. Gibraltar. |
| 10. Ardent. | 29. Day. | 50. Glory. |
| 11. Argo. | 30. Defiance. | 51. Gratitude. |
| 12. Argus. | 31. Diligence. | 52. Ham. |
| 13. Arrow. | 32. Dorchester. | 53. Hannah. |
| 14. Atalanta. | 33. Dorothea. | 54. Harmony. |
| 15. Autumn. | 34. Ellen. | 55. Hastings Smith. |
| 16. Auk. | 35. J. Emery. | 56. Henrietta. |
| 17. Ave Maria. | 36. Esdaile. | 57. Honduras. |
| 18. Bacchus. | 37. Esperance. | 58. Hope (4 of this
name). |
| 19. Bedford. | 38. Expedition. | 62. Industry. |
| | 39. Experiment. | |
| | 40. Falcon. | |

63. James.	85. Nautilus.	106. Sunderland.
64. Jane (3 of this name).	86. Neptune.	107. Swan.
67. John and Helena.	87. Northumberland.	108. Syrène.
68. John and Mary.	88. J. Nicholson.	109. Testimony.
69. Kingston.	89. Oxford.	110. Thetis.
70. Lais.	90. Paragon.	111. Thomas and Jane.
71. Liberty.	91. Particular.	112. Thomas and Betty.
72. Little George.	92. Peggy.	113. Thug.
73. Lisbon.	93. Phœnix.	114. Tor Abbey.
74. Lister.	94. Plymouth.	115. Unity.
75. Lydia.	95. Providence (4 of this name).	115. Urania.
76. Margaret (5 of this name).	99. Romulus.	116. Walpole.
81. Mary and Margaret.	100. Rover.	117. Wilhelms.
82. Mary (5 of this name).	101. Royal George.	118. William.
83. Maria.	102. Ruby.	119. William Bedford.
84. Nancy (2 of this name).	103. Sarah.	120. Young England.
	104. Scheldt.	121. Zephyr.
	105. Star of the North.	

APPENDIX VII.

COMMISSION GRANTED TO A PRIVATEER.

Liberté—Égalité.

Au nom de la République française.

Le conseil exécutif de la République française permette par ces présentes à . . . de faire armer et équiper en guerre un nommé . . . du port de . . . tonneaux ou environ, actuellement au port de . . . avec un tel nombre de canons, boulets et telle quantité de poudre, plombe, et autres munitions de guerre et vivres, qu'il jugera nécessaire pour le mettre en état de courir sur les pirates, les forbans, gens sans aveu et généralement tous les ennemis de la République française en quelque lieu qu'il pourra les rencontrer : de les prendre et amener prisonniers avec leurs navires, armes et autres objets dont ils seront saisis à la charge pour ledit . . . de se conformer aux ordonnances de la marine, aux lois décrétées par les représentants du peuple français et notamment à l'article 4 de la loi du 31 Janvier concernant le nombre d'hommes devant former son équipage : de faire enregistrer les présentes lettres au bureau des classes du lieu de son départ, et d'y déposer une rôle signé et certifié de lui contenant les noms et surnoms, âge, lieu de naissance,

et demeure des gens de son équipage, et à son retour de faire son rapport par devant l'officier chargé de l'administration des classes et de ce qui se sera passé pendant son voyage.

Le conseil exécutif provisoire requiert tous peuples amis et alliés de la République français et leur agents de donner au dit . . . toute assistance, passage et retraite en leurs ports avec son dit vaisseau et les prises qu'il aura pu faire, offrant d'en user le même en pareille circonstance.

Mande et ordonne aux Commandeurs du bâtiments de l'état de laisser passer ledit . . . avec son vaisseau et ceux qu'il aura pu faire prendre sur l'ennemi et de lui donner secours et assistance.

Ne pourront les présentes servir que pour . . . mois seulement à compter de la date de leur enregistrement.

En foi de quoi le Conseil exécutif provisoire de la République a fait signer les présentes lettres par le ministre de la marine et y a fait apposer le sceau de la République.

Donné à Paris, le

179 .

Ministre de la Marine.

APPENDIX VIII.

BLANK COMMISSION TO BE GIVEN TO OFFICERS PLACED ON PRIZES.

COMMISSION

POUR LES CONDUCTEURS DE PRISES.

Par sa Majesté l'Empereur des Français, Roi d'Italie et Protecteur de la Confédération du Rhin.

Le Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies autorise par ces présentes Capitaine du nommé l' du port de tonneau ou environ, armé et équipé en guerre au Port de par suivant la lettre de marque expédiée sous le No. dûment enregistrée au Bureau de l'inscription maritime à amener ou à envoyer dans les portes de l'Empereur ou de ses Alliés tous les Bâtiments des ennemis de sa Majesté, des pirates, forbans, gens sans aveu, qu'il aura pu prendre et faire prisonniers, à moins que ledit Capitaine du ou celui qu'il aura chargé de la dite prise, n'ait été forcé par la tempête ou par les ennemis de relâcher en quelque port neutre ; auquel cas il sera tenu de justifier des motifs de la relâche ; et d'en donner incessamment avis aux intéressés à l'armement à la charge ou par son Capitaine de Prises, de faire par devant l'officier d'Administration chargé de l'inscription maritime, ou devant les

Conseils de sa Majesté, au lieu du retour ou de la relâche, le Rapport ordonné par les Lois et de se conformer à celles relatives aux Prises maritimes.

Les officiers et agens des Puissances amies et Alliés de l'Empereur sont invités à donner aux ou à son Capitaine de Prises, secours, assistance, passage et retraite avec ladite prise.

Il est ordonné aux Commandants des Bâtiments de sa Majesté de le laisser librement passer, sans lui faire ni souffrir qu'il soit faite aucun trouble ni empêchement quelconque.

Le dit Capitaine sera tenu d'inscrire ci-dessous le nom et le pavillon du bâtiment pris, le jour et l'heure où il aura été en quel lieu et quelle hauteur.

À Paris, le j'ai remis à
Le Capitaine du
ci-dessus désigné Commission
de Conducteur de prises et celle-ci
en fait partie.
A le
le de Marine.

Signé Decres.

Par Monseigneur
le Chef de la 2^e Division,
signé Ch^{es}. M. Jurien.
Pour ampliation certifiée
conforme,
Le Commissaire de Marine.

Formule dont le Capitaine remplira les blancs et qu'il signera.
Je soussigné, Capitaine du Corsaire nommé l' ai delivré
la présente Commission à Conducteur de la Prise nommée
dont était maître du port et havre d en
ladite prise faite par moi soussigné, Capitaine dudit Corsaire.
Fait en mer le

APPENDIX IX.

TERMS OF ENGAGEMENT ON A CORSAIR.

Je soussigné reconnois par ces présentes m'être ce
jour engagé avec MM. Armateurs du Corsaire le
de ce Port de Capitaine
pour faire une Course de mois de mer effective sur
ledit corsaire en qualité de moyennant le prix de
par chaque mois de mer, à condition de recevoir le jour de la
Revue de mon Engagement par forme d'avances de
d d 2

manger à bord dudit corsaire durant toute la Course et me conformer en tout point à l'ordonnance du Roi.

Signé

À

ce

17

APPENDIX X.

DECREE OF THE 31ST JANUARY, 1793, SANCTIONING PRIVATEERING.

- Art. 1.—Les citoyens français pourront armer en course.
- Art. 2.—Le ministre de la marine pour accélérer les armemens en course, s'ils ont lieu, délivrera des lettres de marque ou permissions en blanc d'armer en guerre, et courir sur les ennemis de la République. Ces permissions seront conformes au modèle annexé au présent décret.
- Art. 3.—Ces lettres ou permissions en blanc, signées du ministre, seront envoyées par lui aux directoires des districts maritimes, qui ne pourront les délivrer que sous leur responsabilité, et à la charge de prévenir exactement le ministre de leur livraison.
- Art. 4.—Il ne pourra être employé sur les bâtimens en course qu'un sixième des matelots classés en état de servir la République. Pour cet effet les préposés aux classes ne pourront recevoir d'enrôlements, ni délivrer de permis d'embarquer pour la course qu'autant que le nombre des matelots employés à ce service n'excédera pas le sixième des gens classés de leur arrondissement. Ils seront ainsi que les armateurs responsable de toute contravention à cette loi.
- Art. 5.—Les chefs, souschefs préposés aux classes et les capitaines des bâtimens de la République ne pourront dans aucun cas forcer les capitaines du bâtimens en course à en débarquer aucun matelot, qu'autant que le nombre de ceux classés excéderait la proportion déterminée par l'article ci-dessus.

The decree was terse enough, and occupied but a few moment's discussion in the Convention: on its receiving the sanction of the council of the ancients, special couriers were at once despatched to the various seaport towns, and within a few hours of the arrival of these messengers, the sea-wolves of France were thirsting for their prey.

APPENDIX XI.

ROLL OF SHIPS, WITH THEIR CAPTAINS AND CREWS,
IN THE FRENCH NAVY IN THE YEAR 1666.

Name of ship.	Guns.	Crew.	Captain.	Remarks.
Frédéric	84	550	de la Roche	Good sailer.
Grand Normand ...	84	550	Gabaret	Very fast.
Sophie	84	550	Forier	Good sailer.
Neptune	80	500	Chevalier de Buone ...	Better in fine than in heavy weather.
Invincible	68	450	Chevalier de Bouillon	Bad in stays.
Bourbon	66	450	de Rabesnières.....	Very fast.
Princesse	66	500	Marquis de Martel	"
Conquérant.....	66	400	Gabaret (le jeune)	"
Saint Louis	60	400	de Verdille	"
Intrépide	60	400	d'Aplemont	"
Royale	58	400	de Verdille (le jeune) ...	"
Navarre	56	400	de Turelle	"
Justice	56	450	de Mangard	"
Jule	42	350	de Belle Isle	"
Triomphe.....	42	350	de Bouillon	Heavy in stays.
Saint Charles	42	500	Michaud.....	Very fast.
St. Jean de Bayonne	40	300	Duclos.....	"
Sauveur	40	300	de Lamignon	"
Tigre	40	300	d'Estival	"
Anna	40	300	Chateau-rénauld	"
St. Antoine	38	350	de Viviers	"
St. Augustin	38	350	de Bardel	"
Vierge	38	300	Louis Gabaret	"
Notre Dame	38	350	de Vaudré	"
St. Sébastien	38	300	de Pasdejeu	"
Leon d'Or	36	250	d'Etienne	"
Marguerite	36	300	le Conedie	Heavy in stays.
Concorde	28	150	de Bourselle	Good sailer.
Aigle d'Or	26	150	Perotteeau	"
Petite Enfante	26	150	Chevalier d'Olonne ...	"
Auroré	8	60	de Riveau	Brigantine.

APPENDIX XII.

DECREE OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION REGARDING
PRIVATEERS.

23rd THERMIDOR, AN. III.

- Art. 1.—It is permitted to all French citizens to arm vessels for the purpose of attacking the enemy's ships.
- Art. 2.—The Commission of the Navy and of the Colonies is authorized to deliver to all shipowners, Letters of Marque, signed by four members composing the committee of public safety, and countersigned by the Commissary of the Marine.

- Art. 3.—Every owner who wishes to arm a privateer will address a letter to the Commission of the Navy and the Colonies, explaining the nature of his proposition. The Commission having considered these will forward the letter of marque.
- Art. 4.—Shipowners will enjoy the benefits of the law 31st Jan., 1793, which sanctions the crews of Corsairs being composed up to one-sixth of their number, of sailors borne on the rolls of the Inscription Maritimee.
- Art. 5.—So far as is possible, powder and munition of war will be supplied on payment from Government Arsenals.
- Art. 6.—Shipowners will be required to furnish written guarantees for the sum of 50,000 francs.
- Art. 7.—The laws relating to armament, discipline, sale of prizes, hitherto in force, will continue to remain in vigour.

APPENDIX XIII.

REPORT OF AN EMISSARY OF THE CONVENTION ON PRIVATEERING AT ST. MALO.

LE CARPENTIER, REPRÉSENTANT DU PEUPLE AU PRÉSIDENT DE LA CONVENTION NATIONALE.

Port Malo, le 6 floréal, an II.

J'aurai encore avant mon départ, dont j'attends toujours l'autorisation du comité de salut public, le plaisir d'annoncer à la Convention nationale l'arrivée en ce port de deux prises intéressantes enlevées par les aigles républicaines.

L'une est un bâtiment danois de 150 tonneaux ou environ chargé de planches et mâtures, destiné pour l'Angleterre, et amené en France par la corvette la Citoyenne du Havre; l'autre est un bâtiment anglais de 6 canons, portant charge de fer, de poudre et de fusils, allant à la traite des nègres et détourné de sa route par la frégate l'Unité faisant partie de la division du Contre-Amiral Nielly. La cargaison de la première est arrivée fort à propos pour hâter la confection des bâtiments de guerre qui se préparent ici, et indépendamment du contenu du second on peut faire du navire, qui est doublé en cuivre, une bonne corvette de 14 canons: ainsi tout est profit.

C'est bien dommage que Pitt soit tant occupé à souffler aux yeux du peuple ses globules phosphoriques. S'il avait un petit moment de trop, il pourrait l'employer plus utilement pour la nation anglaise en proposant en lieu d'un bill, une bulle de savon

contre la République française, une lecture de la liste des prises faites par nos vaisseaux : mais non, ce grand homme n'a pas de temps à perdre et il sait mieux choisir l'objet des délibérations du parlement pour prolonger l'erreur et compromettre la fortune de l'Angleterre.

Salut et fraternité.

LE CARPENTIER.

APPENDIX XIV.

THUROT'S RAID ON THE IRISH COAST.

IN Volume VII. of the Proceedings of the Percy Society an interesting account is given of Thurot's attack on Carrickfergus. I regret that I discovered the fact too late to embody the narration in my biographical sketch of that gallant Corsair, but I trust the narrative will not be out of place in an Appendix. It testifies to the humanity as well as to the gallantry of one of the Corsairs of France.

C. B. N.

. . . During the spring, summer, and autumn of 1759, active preparations were going forward at most of the ports of France for an invasion of the British dominions. Thurot was appointed to the command of a small squadron fitting out at Dunkirk, which consisted of—

	Gun.	Sailors.	Soldiers.
Le Maréchal Belle-Isle	48	200	400
La Blond	36	200	400
Terpischore	24	60	70
Begon	36	200	400
Amaranthe	24	40	100

With two cutters as tenders.

And which force, according to the rumour of the day, was destined to effect a landing in Scotland.

The design against England, report stated, was to have been carried into effect by the transport of troops from Havre and other parts of Normandy, in "flat-bottomed boats," which were the "bugaboos" of popular opinion in all invasions from France. The third descent was to have been made upon the South of Ireland, from Vannes in Lower Brittany, where a considerable body of troops were assembled under the command of the Duke d'Aiguillon, the governor of that province; and the transport of these troops was to have been protected by a formidable fleet of ships of war, which had been fitted out at Brest, and was com-

manded by M. de Conflans. "Had this design," observes a writer in the "Annual Register," "been such as it was represented, and had it been put into execution, there is no doubt that such an attempt upon both kingdoms at three different places at once, must have thrown the whole into no small confusion."

Dunkirk was watched by a squadron under Commodore Boys, which, however, Thurot contrived to evade. Admiral Rodney bombarded Havre. Hawke blocked up the harbour of Brest, and with a small squadron kept a watch on that of Vannes.

After the defeat experienced by the French at the battle of Minden, greater exertions were used to forward the projected invasion.

The winter did not delay the operations at Vannes, as it was hoped that season would compel the English squadron to retire, and indeed a violent storm did oblige Sir Edward Hawke to quit his station off Brest, and with his fleet to anchor in Torbay. On the 14th November the French fleet under Conflans sailed. On the same day Hawke put to sea, and a general action took place on the 20th November, now remembered as Hawke's victory.

On the 15th October, Thurot with his small squadron, favoured by a hazy night, got out of Dunkirk, and after touching at Ostend, sailed the next evening for Gottenburg, where they arrived on the 26th, and after procuring supplies of provisions and other stores there, put to sea on the 14th November, the same day with Conflans and Hawke. A strong gale dispersed Thurot's squadron in the night between the 15th and 16th, and four of his vessels only joined company the next day. The *Begon* had received so much damage that she was compelled to return to Dunkirk, and was supposed to have foundered. On the 17th his squadron anchored at Bergen in Norway, where they remained until the 5th December, when they weighed, and steered northward, and from the 14th to the 27th were beating about within sight of the Faro Islands, but without being able to make them.

A general council was called on the 1st January, when it was resolved that each man's allowance should be reduced to ten ounces of biscuit, and half a septier of wine or spirits per day. Notwithstanding this regulation they had no more biscuit left than would serve them to the 14th, and of wine and spirits only to the 1st February. It was then determined to steer the first fair gale for Londonderry, as Thurot's instructions were to attempt the capture of that town, but if the winds continued contrary, he was to sail for France.

On Saturday, the 16th February, Thurot's ship appeared on the north-east coast of Islay, when two of the islanders, named Macneil and Macdonald, went off in a small boat, believing the vessel to be

English, and in want of a pilot. At this time the *Belle-Isle* had been seriously strained by the stormy weather, and was so leaky that two pumps were constantly kept going, and sometimes all the six together. Macneil and Macdonald were introduced in Thurot's cabin, where they found him with ten or twelve officers at dinner. Wine and glasses were placed before the visitors; Thurot and a gentleman who acted as interpreter to the land officers, alone spoke in English. And here it was that Thurot first heard of the defeat of Conflans by Hawke, which was told him by Mr. Macdonald. Thurot gave no credit to the fact, until Macdonald showed him the account in a magazine which he had in his pocket. When this was communicated to the other parties at the dinner-table, they are said to have "hung down their heads and laid down their knives and forks." After a short conversation about the safety of the anchorage, Mr. Macneil was desired to go ashore and tell the country people that they had nothing to fear, and that all that would be required was some fresh provisions, to be paid for in ready-money.

But Mr. Macdonald, in consequence of his possessing a printed account of Hawke's victory, was retained on board the *Belle-Isle* for some days, during which time he was treated with the utmost politeness.

On Sunday, the 17th February, a council of war of the land and sea officers was held in the great cabin of the *Belle-Isle*, at which Macdonald was present. According to his report this council consisted of thirteen members, of whom eleven gave their opinion for plundering, burning, and destroying the country.

"Thurot and one other only were of a different opinion, and spoke with some warmth against the majority. He told them they might, if they pleased, go ashore, but swore that not a man of them should ever set foot on board the *Belle-Isle*, if they were guilty of the smallest irregularity, and at length he brought from his trunk the French king's orders, which expressly forbids their committing any hostilities, unless they met with opposition, in Scotland."

Previous to this declaration it would appear that Thurot had denied to Mr. Macdonald all knowledge of an act of aggression committed by the long-boats of the *Belle-Isle* upon the night when that vessel anchored in Claggencarroch Bay, when two sloops were plundered, from one of which, belonging to Mr. Macdonald, five tons of flour had been taken, and in payment for which Thurot insisted on his receiving fifty guineas. Macdonald's reply was "that the flour was overpaid, being somewhat damnified before." Upon this, Thurot remarked "that it was good enough for those who were to eat it," and added "that no good merchant should spoil his own market."

After the council of war broke up, Thurot landed, and entered into negotiation with Mr. Campbell, of Ardmore, respecting the purchase of some live cattle, poultry, and corn; and so far amicably arranged matters that about 200 soldiers were allowed to land to bring off the supply of provisions his little squadron so much required. Respecting the condition of these soldiers, a contemporary writer says, "These poor creatures had no sooner touched dry land than with their bayonets they fell to digging up herbs and every green thing they met with. At length they came to a field of potatoes, which they very eagerly dug, and after shaking off the earth, and wiping them a little on their waistcoats, ate them up, raw as they were, with the greatest keenness." Forty-eight head of cattle were procured for the general supply, and seven sacks of barley in grain were sent on board each vessel, with a quern or handmill to grind it.

Thurot quietly embarked, after presenting Mr. Macdonald with a handsome double-barrelled fuzee, valued at twelve or fifteen guineas. When Mr. Campbell complained to Thurot that the commissary of the land forces had valued his cattle at twenty shillings a head, and had given him a bill on the French Resident at the Hague for that amount, Thurot replied that the bill was not worth a farthing, and ordered the officer, after upbraiding him for his attempt to cheat an honest gentleman, to value the cattle at fifty shillings a head, to pay down fifty guineas in part, which was all the English gold he had, and to draw a bill for the remainder on the French king's banker at Paris, which Thurot assured Mr. Campbell was good money, even though the banker should not honour it, for that the commissary-general was rich, and might easily be forced to pay it, if the other party should refuse. "Every other thing they got," it is stated, "was paid for in ready-money."

On the morning of Thursday, the 21st February, Thurot's squadron, reduced by the desertion of the *Amaranthe* to three frigates, appeared off the island of Magee, standing in shore for the Bay of Carrickfergus, where, at eleven o'clock, they came to anchor, scarcely distance three miles from the town, and within musket-shot of the Point of Kilroot. The small garrison of Carrickfergus consisted of four companies of the 62nd Regiment, which did not amount to 150 men, who were, at the moment, exercising in a field half a mile from the town, on the Belfast road. At a quarter after eleven the guard was turned out, made up, and marched to relieve the guard on the French prisoners in the castle, an old and ruinous fortification, built upon a rock, which adjoins the town, and projects into the bay. The rest of the men continued in the field, where intelligence soon arrived that three ships, which at first were taken for Indiamen, and then for an English frigate and two store-ships,

had seized a couple of fishing-boats, and with these boats and several others, were plying between the shore and the ships, landing soldiers. An order was immediately despatched to the castle by Lieutenant-Colonel Jennings, the commanding officer, for both guards to continue under arms, and to double the sentries over the French prisoners, with directions to be particularly strict and watchful upon them, until it could be ascertained whether the disembarking troops were friends or enemies. The garrison soldiers, most of whom were recruits, then marched from the exercise-field to the market-place of Carrickfergus, and the Adjutant, Lieutenant Benjamin Hall, was despatched with a small party to reconnoitre. From the rising ground upon which he posted himself, Mr. Hall observed eight boats landing armed men, who formed in detached bodies and took up the most advantageous positions they could find. "My daughter," said Mrs. Cobham to John Wesley, "came running in and said, 'Mamma, there are three Indiamen come into the bay, and I suppose my brothers are come in them' (who had been in the East Indies for some time). An hour afterwards she came in and cried, "Oh, mamma, they are Frenchmen, and they are landing, and their guns glitter in the sun." After posting his little party, Lieutenant Hall left them, with instructions to fire upon the French troops as they advanced, and to retard their progress as much as possible, and hurried back to Carrickfergus to inform Colonel Jennings that there could be no doubt of the hostile intention of the body of men just landed, whom he estimated at one thousand. Detachments were immediately made for the defence of the town and the approaches to it; the French prisoners of war were instantly marched off to Belfast in charge of the sheriff, and, escorted by forty townsmen under the command of Mr. James Micklewaine, or McIlwain, and the mayor (Willoughby Chaplain), requested Colonel Jennings to inform him what his instructions were with respect to defending Carrickfergus. The colonel is traditionally said to have coolly received the demand of the mayor by the offer of a pinch of snuff, which being impatiently received by his worship, and after taking a huge one himself, he laconically replied to the question, "Fiddle-de-dee." The mayor demanded a more distinct answer, when Colonel Jennings said that, considering the smallness of the force at his disposal, not one hundred and fifty men, and as had been reported to him, the numerical superiority of the enemy, together with the ruinous state of the castle, he deemed resistance rather unnecessary; but the valiant mayor, with no doubt the memory of the fame of the defence of Londonderry in his mind, notwithstanding that there was a breach in the castle wall towards the sea of fifty feet, that it did not possess a single cannon mounted, and that there were only a few rounds of ball-

cartridge for the soldiers, regarded the castle of Carrickfergus as impregnable, and angrily insisted upon resistance, accompanied by the threat of reporting the conduct of Colonel Jennings to the government, if he declined the defence; and it would appear from the *London Gazette* (No. 9978) that some such communication was actually made, as it is there chronicled, in the official document which records the capture of Carrickfergus, that "Lieutenant-Colonel Jennings had suffered himself, with four companies of Major-General Strode's regiment, to be made prisoners of war."

Upon the mayor's declaration, Colonel Jennings retired into the castle, and aware of the want of sufficient stores there for any serious opposition, made the best preparations in his power for a temporary stand, and his small force was joined by the mayor, Lieutenant Hercules Ellis, and a few other zealous and loyal inhabitants; and here it is only right to state, in using the word loyal, that there was no mark whatever of disaffection among the inhabitants of Carrickfergus at the period of this surprise.

The French advanced against the town in two bodies one marching up to the east, or Water Gate, by what is called the Scotch Quarter, the other crossing the fields to the North Gate.

Twelve soldiers and a corporal were posted on the wall. They fired upon the advancing enemy, when General Flaubert fell, his leg having been broken by a musket-ball, and he was carried into the house of Mr. James Craig. The next in command, traditionally said to have been "the young Marquis D'Estrées," then led on the division, and entered the High Street by the Water Gate, where, after a few shots had been fired, it was joined in the market-place by the division that had forced its way down North Street with the loss of an officer and several men. The small party of the 62nd, by whom the town walls were defended, having expended all their ammunition (four rounds), retired into the castle. During the firing in the High Street, between the advanced division and the retreating English soldiers, a child, the son of Mr. John Seeds, the sheriff, ran between the conflicting parties, which the Marquis D'Estrées observing, took the boy up in his arms, and seizing a musket from a soldier, who had just fired it, sledged in with the butt-end the door of a house in the High Street, which happened to be that of the child's father and after placing him in the hall, immediately returned to resume hostilities. The child was subsequently Dr. Thomas Seeds, of the Royal Navy, by whom the editor was told the circumstance, which is mentioned by Mac-Skimin as a "tradition of old inhabitants."

The united divisions proceeded from the market-place against the castle in the most determined manner, and readily forced the out-

ward gate, which had not been properly secured by the retiring party of the 62nd. Although the number of men within the castle of Carrickfergus amounted only to one hundred and sixty-two, and the French force was estimated at between seven and eight hundred, they were received with so warm a fire, that they retreated with some loss, especially that of their humane and gallant leader, the Marquis D'Estrées, who is described as "a remarkably fine-looking man." Upon the gate being forced open he was the first to enter; "at which time he was observed to kiss a miniature picture that he took from his bosom." Upon his fall the French troops, which he had headed, took up position under cover of the adjoining houses and an old wall, north of the castle, when Colonel Cavenac immediately assumed the command and formed for the assault. Perceiving this movement, and the ammunition of the besieged being nearly exhausted, it was determined by them to beat a parley and capitulate upon honourable terms, stipulating that the town should not be plundered. The number of troops who surrendered amounted to 10 officers, 11 sergeants, 10 corporals, 5 drummers, and 102 rank and file; of the garrison there had been two killed and three wounded, and in the encounter about fifty of the French were killed, among whom were three officers. "They were buried," said MacSkimin, "close by the castle, in the ground now (1829) occupied as a garden by the Ordnance Storekeeper." This surrender, which suited the views of both parties, was followed by an agreement to furnish the French troops with provisions in six hours; but that could not be performed, there not being a sufficient supply in the town. "On this," says John Wesley in his journal, "Mr. Cavenac sent for Mr. Cobham, and desired him to go to Belfast and procure them, leaving his wife with the general as a hostage for his return. But the poor Frenchmen could not stay for this. At the time prefixed they began to serve themselves with meat and drink, having been in such want that they were glad to eat raw oats to sustain nature. They accordingly took all the food they could find, with some linen and wearing apparel; but they neither hurt nor affronted man, woman, or child, nor did any mischief for mischief's sake, though they were sufficiently provoked; for many of the inhabitants affronted them without fear or wit, cursed them to their face, and even took up pokers and other things to strike them."

The terms on which the garrison of Carrickfergus surrendered are given in the "Memoirs of Thurot." They are stated to have been signed by Colonel Jennings and Colonel Dusulier, in the house of William Wilkinson, in the High Street, in the presence of Thurot, who "spoke English fluently, and was very polite." The French officers invited the mayor to dine with them. After dinner, "the glass," says MacSkimin, "having circulated freely, Thurot re-

quested Mr. Chaplin to sing a song, who, after some entreaties from the different officers, complied, and sung with much spirit "The British Grenadiers." Thurot heard him out with perfect good-nature; but some of the officers who understood English were rather ruffled." The French being masters of Carrickfergus, guards were placed by them in the evening on the different roads leading into the town, and sentinels on the houses of some of the principal inhabitants. On the first alarm the more timid fled; those who remained, shut up their doors and windows; and considering that some cases of intoxication occurred among the French soldiers, it is surprising that so little damage was done or plunder committed. When Wesley inquired of Colonel Cavenac (who had told him that, being almost famished, having only one ounce of bread per man daily, they had landed merely to procure provisions), whether they had a design to burn the town, he cried out, "Jesu Maria! we never had such a thought. To burn, to destroy, cannot enter into the heart of a good man."

That plunder to any great extent did not take place is proved by the Irish House of Commons granting, on the 21st October following, only the small sum of 4285*l.* 12*s.* 0½*d.*, in full compensation to the inhabitants of Carrickfergus for their losses by the French; about 600*l.* of which was afterwards returned to the Government. Among the items was 17*l.* for the church plate. In June of the next year an additional 200*l.* was paid to Mr. John Campbell, surgeon, for his losses.

MacSkimin relates an anecdote which, although it may establish his statement "that many houses were broken into and despoiled of their most valuable effects, and even the church was robbed of its plate," tends to show how trifling this plunder must have been. "Two French soldiers going into the house of an old woman, called Mave Dempsey, one of them took her silk handkerchief, and was putting it into his pocket, when Mave, who was a pious Roman Catholic, presented her beads at him, doubtless expecting that he would be struck with compunction by such a forcible appeal to his conscience. 'Ah!' said the soldier, with a significant shrug, 'dat be good for your soul, dis be good for my body.' It was observed that the French soldiers never lost their national politeness.

"On one occasion, in taking a lady's earrings, the soldier who requested to have them, made as many bows, scrapes, and motions with his hand, as one of our most consummate dandies on entering a drawing-room."

Nor is there any good evidence to fix the loss of the church plate on the French. For on the morning of Friday, the day after the surrender of Carrickfergus, it appears that John Hagan, the mayor's servant, who had been hiding his master's plate near Lower

Woodburn Bridge, was called on by a sentinel to stand; but hastening his pace, he was fired at and shot.

In the course of Friday, the French liberated most of the prisoners confined in the county of Antrim gaol. There was only one woman found in the county prison at Carrickfergus, charged with the murder of her child, and they did not release her, "professing the utmost detestation of the crime with which she stood charged."

As the town of Carrickfergus could not produce the required supply of provisions, the Rev. David Fullerton, a dissenting clergyman, accompanied by a French officer, proceeded to Belfast with a flag of truce, and a letter to the mayor of that town, demanding provisions to the value of about 1200*l.*, which it was stated would be paid for, and threatening, if not immediately sent, to burn both Belfast and Carrickfergus. The answer returned was that "their wishes would be complied with as soon as possible;" and, in part of the demand, two lighters were loaded on Friday evening, but the weather was so rough that they were unable to sail. On Saturday morning a flag of truce was sent from Belfast to the French commandant, to state the cause of the delay, and to assure him that one lighter would, if possible, proceed with the evening tide: this vessel did so, but was stopped in Garmoyle by a tender commanded by Lieutenant Gentil. Intelligence having reached Carrickfergus that armed parties had been seen in motion, from the assembling of some militia, and the expected supply of provisions not having arrived, another flag of truce was despatched to Belfast, with a letter from Mr. Fullerton to the mayor, acquainting him that if the provisions were not forthcoming early next morning, the French "would burn Carrickfergus, put the inhabitants to the sword, and march to Belfast."

"These threats had the desired effect, for early on Sunday some cars arrived from Belfast with part of the promised provisions, and a number of live bullocks, with which returned as drovers some of the inhabitants who had guarded the French prisoners to Belfast. The lighter that had been detained also arrived about the same time, and the enemy were very busy this evening in getting provisions and fresh water on board. Monday they continued actively employed as above, and evidently were in some confusion: it was believed they had received notice of the troops marching against them."

On Tuesday the last of the French force, which consisted of volunteer drafts from regular regiments, embarked from the quay of Carrickfergus, at four in the afternoon, taking with them the mayor, Mr. Spaight, port surveyor, and the Rev. David Fullerton, as hostages for the delivery of the French prisoners.

The latter gentleman, being very unwell, was afterwards put on shore at Kibroot.

They had scarcely left the town when the advanced guard of the English forces arrived from Belfast, whither the following regiments had been marched with all speed from different parts of the kingdom:—Pole's (10th), Anstruther's (26th), Sandford's (52nd), and Seabright's foot; with Mostyn's, Yorke's, and Whitley's (7th, 8th, and 9th Light) Dragoons.

At four in the morning of the following Thursday (28th), Captain Elliot's squadron got sight of Thurot's ship, and gave chase.

The details of the action supplied by the logs of these vessels are as follows:—

"H.M.S. *Æolus*.—*Wednesday, 27th February, 1716*.—Wind W.N.W. and N.W., strong gales and squally.

"28th.—Wind N. by W., N.N.W., N. by E., N.N.E.

"Aire Point, Isle of Man, S.S.E.½E., distance 2 miles. First part, strong gales and squally; latter, moderate and clear weather. Wore ship several times, by reason of the narrowness of the channel. At 8 p.m. Mull of Galloway, E. by N. 7 miles. At 12 Copland Light, N.W.½N. four leagues. At 3 a.m. discovered three sails to windward; cleared ship and gave chase. At 6 discovered the chase to be the enemy's; fired two chase-guns, which they returned. At half-past 6 got close alongside the largest of the enemy and engaged, and soon after the action became general, and continued about an hour and a half, when our antagonist struck her colours, as did the other two soon follow her example. They proved to be the *Marshal Belle-Isle*, Mons. Thurot, commander, the *La Blonde*, and *Terpsichore*. Being locked with the *M. Belle-Isle*, was obliged to let go our small bower anchor to clear us; slipped the cable, and bore away for Ramsey Bay in the Isle of Man, to refit the ships, which were all greatly disabled in the action. We had four men killed, and fifteen men wounded, the enemy about 300 killed and wounded; amongst the first was Mons. Thurot, commodore, with several officers of distinction."

"*Friday, 29*.—Wind N.E., moored in Ramsey Bay. Light breezes and cloudy at 3 p.m. Anchored in Ramsey Bay, and moored a cable each way. It was with great difficulty we kept the *M. Belle-Isle* from sinking, she having six foot in the hold. A. M. employed in repairing our rigging, &c.

"*Saturday, March 1*.—N.W., moored in Ramsey Bay; ditto weather. Sailed the *Pallas* with five hundred prisoners for Belfast. Employed fishing the masts, being all wounded."

The log of the *Brilliant*, Captain James Loggie, represents that vessel to be on the 28th February distant three miles from the Point of Aire, in the Isle of Man, S.E.¼S. At 8, when the enemy

struck, the Point, bearing S.E. by S., distant seven or eight miles. A lieutenant and thirty men were put on board *La Blonde* prize; and the *Pallas* is recorded to have sailed on the 1st for Ireland with 550 prisoners.

The log of the *Pallas*, Captain Michael Clements, states that vessel to be on the 28th February, 1760, with the Point of Aire, in the Isle of Man, S.E. by E., distant two miles :—

“ First part, fresh gales and squally ; middle and latter, moderate and fair. At 3 p.m. unbent the main-sail, and bent another. At 4 a.m. saw three strange ships on our weather bow, bearing down upon us ; cleared ship and gave them chase ; they hauled their wind for the Mull of Galloway, then bore away right before it. At daylight were almost within gunshot ; out third and second reefs of the top-sails, got up top-gallant yards. Quarter past six the *Æolus* made the signal for engaging. They proved to be the *Marshal Belle-Isle*, *La Blonde*, and *La Terpsichore*, French frigates. Half-past began to engage, and at eight they struck. During the engagement had one man killed and two wounded, our sails and rigging very much damaged, one shot through our main-mast, and our best bower anchor shot away. When they struck the Point of Aire, in the Isle of Man, bore S.E., distant three or four miles. At nine the *Æolus* made the signal to anchor, and bore away for Ramsey Bay. Sent our first lieutenant, a mate and nineteen men on board the *Terpsichore*. At noon, the Point of Aire, S.E. by E., distance two miles, the commodore made our signal to stay by the *Belle-Isle*, she having made the signal of distress.”

“ *March 2nd.*—Employed sending the prisoners ashore to Carrickfergus.”

Such are the meagre accounts supplied by the official documents respecting this smart action ; nor do the private letters communicated by Mr. Cole furnish any anecdotes, as they are all most business-like : one from the first lieutenant of the *Æolus* to his agents may serve as an example :—

“ Portsmouth, 29 March, '60.

“ GENTLEMEN,—I received your favour of the 27th with pleasure, and am much obliged to you for your good wishes in setting me down commander of the *Belle-Isle* ; I wish Lord Anson could be brought to think as you do, I might then be satisfy'd tho' with a much less ship ; my command is yet very uncertain. As for the particulars you desire to know, they really are soon told, for I know no more than three English frigates engaging three French and taking them. As for making you part agents, was it in my power you should have the whole : you shall be mine while you think it worth while. I should by this post send you up my

journals, but wait to see whether I may make them up for my whole time in the *Æolus*, or a twelvemonth only.

“I am, gentlemen, with esteem,
 “Your obliged humble servant,
 “P. FORBER.”

Captain Elliot, after placing some of his men, who were dangerously wounded, on shore in Ramsey, under the care of Mr. Thomas Gillespie, surgeon of that place, despatched the *Pallas* with some prisoners to Carrickfergus, and hired a small vessel for the transport of 200 more of them to Whitehaven. On the 3rd of March, the *Pallas* returned from Carrickfergus, after landing 450 prisoners; and H.M.S. *Nightingale* and *Weazle* having arrived in Ramsey Bay, 158 supernumeraries and marine recruits, were discharged from them into the *Æolus* and *Brilliant*, for the purpose of manning the three prizes, and with the *Pallas* in company, the six frigates sailed on the 7th from Ramsey. On the 9th the wind changing, Captain Elliot judged it right to bear away for Kinsale, where he arrived with his little victorious squadron on the 10th, and from whence he proceeded to Spithead, where he anchored on the 25th March.

“The Irish House of Commons voted their thanks to the several captains of his Majesty’s ships of war, who on the 28th February signalized their courage and conduct in pursuing, defeating, and taking the French squadron, that rashly and fruitlessly presumed to insult the coasts of that kingdom; expressing their high sense of the honour and advantage accrued to that kingdom by their diligence, bravery, and success, and the discouragement thereby given to such vain attempts for the future.” And likewise to Lieutenant-Colonel Jennings, “for his prudent and resolute conduct at Carrickfergus, and for the gallant stand he made there, against a much superior force, by which he gained time for the militia to assemble, and preserved Belfast from being plundered.”

“Even this inconsiderable action,” says the editor of the “Annual Register,” “added to the glory of the English arms. None had been better conducted, or fought with greater resolution. This sole insult on our coasts was severely punished, and not a vessel concerned in it escaped.¹ The public indeed lamented the death of brave Thurot, who, even whilst he commanded a privateer, fought less for plunder than honour; whose behaviour was on all occasions full of humanity and generosity, and whose undaunted

¹ This was not the case: the *Begon*, which was supposed to have foundered, returned to Dunkirk, and the *Amaranthe*, which had separated from Thurot’s squadron on the 12th February, got back to France by the west of Ireland, and reached St. Malo on the 25th of that month, which port her crew entered almost dead with fatigue, hunger, and thirst.

courage raised him to rank and merited distinction. His death secured the glory he always sought; he did not live to be brought a prisoner into England, or to hear in France those malignant criticisms which so often attend unfortunate bravery. This was the fate of the last remaining branch of that grand armament which had so long been the hope of France, the alarm of England, and the object of general attention in Europe."

T. C. C.

Hyde Park Gate South,
Kensington Gore,
26th October, 1846.

APPENDIX XV.

ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY VERSES ON THUROT'S RAID.

THE CAPTURE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

LOUIS of France with hunger loud does cry,
"A shepherd's dog in Ireland, lives far better than I,
With their butter and their bacon, they have them in stores,
But I'll send forth my forces, to plunder their shores."

Sing fall, &c.

It was lately I dreamed my army was away,
And all these rich dainties I thought were their prey;—
So in the province of Ulster invaded were we,
By Commodore Thurot and French frigates three.

Sing fall, &c.

To Londonderry City their course they did steer,
But they were prevented, although very near;
Their fleet while at sea, they were scattered away,
By a storm from the heavens, which did them dismay.

Sing fall, &c.

But three of them remained, and there came about
To the Bay of Carrickfergus, near the Point of Kilroot;
Then with flat boats they landed a thousand men well armed,
Under English colours, to prevent our being alarmed.

Sing fall, &c.

Under General Thurot these men did march away
Unto Carrickfergus, and he to them did say,
"The garrison are but a handful of silly gossoons,
And at our appearance, I am sure they will run."

Sing fall, &c.

But sore he was mistaken, for soon they let him know,
 And left him broken-legged, to France he could not go ;
 One hundred of his soldiers and more they did destroy,
 With nothing but the loss of four Carrick boys.

Sing fall, &c.

Like unto hearts of gold, so bravely did they stand,
 Though but one hundred and fifty, against a thousand men ;
 And they were all six feet high, of chosen tories wild,
 And slighted us gossoons, as Flobert them styled.

Sing fall, &c.

They sail'd away by morning, before the sun arose ;
 Brave Elliot he espied them, and cried, " Boys, here are foes !"
 With frigates three like fire-darts, he boldly did pursue,—
 He from Kinsale had sailed, these robbers to subdue.

Sing fall, &c.

" My boys," he says, " they're yonder, betwixt us and the sun ;
 Now coolly and with courage, fall on, my boys, fall on !"
 And betwixt the Mull of Galloway and the Point of Ayre,
 The thundering of our cannon the nations round did hear.

Sing fall, &c.

Now in this hard engagement, poor Thurot he did die,
 By an unlucky shot that through his heart did fly ;
 Aloud they called for quarter, for lady Mary's sake,
 For Captain Elliot's cannon made all their hearts to quake.

Sing fall, &c.

And now then taken prisoners, upon the raging main,
 And back to Carrickfergus they were brought again ;
 Here's the praise of brave Elliot, who conquered the foe,
 And likewise to Clements and Loggie also.

Sing fall, &c.

THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

FROM Dunkirk, in France, in the month of September,

Fitted out was a fleet, and away they did sail,

And Monsieur Thurot, their only commander,

With him at their head they were sure not to fail.

So away they did steer, without dread or fear,

And searched and plundered all ships they could find,

[Till] at length they arrived on the coast of old Ireland,

And landed their men on our Irish ground.

[It was] at Carrickfergus, in the north of this kingdom,
 They landed their men and marched up to our walls ;
 Then cry'd the undaunted brave Colonel Jennings,
 " My boys, let's salute them with powder and balls."'
 The battle began, and the guns they did rattle,
 And bravely we fought under Jennings' command.
 Said he, " Play away, play away, my brave boys,
 The beggars the force of our fire cannot stand."

The town then they took, without any resistance,
 The castle they thought was as easy likewise,
 So they came marching up in grand divisions,
 To storm it, then guarded by the brave Irish boys.
 But we kept constant fire, and made them retire,
 Till our ammunition entirely was gone ;
 Then aloud we did say, " Brave boys, let's away,
 And sally out on them with sword in hand."

" But," says our brave colonel, " we cannot defend it,
 For to make a sally it is but in vain,
 As our ammunition you see is expended ;
 We'll therefore submit and good terms we'll obtain,
 For plainly you see, that to one they are three ;
 'Tis best then in time for to capitulate,
 [For] if they take it by storm, by the law of arms,
 Then death without mercy will sure be our fate."

Then these beggars obtained possession of Carrick,
 Where they revelled and sotted, and drunk all the while,
 Poor people they did sorely ransack and plunder,
 And hoisted it all on board the *Belle-Isle* ;
 But Elliot soon met them, nor away did he let them,
 But forced them to yield up their ill-gotten store ;
 Now, monsieurs, lament in the deepest contrition,
 For now you can brag of your Thurot no more.

Let's exalt the brave Elliot, who gained this action,
 And sing to his praise in the joyfullest song,
 For we of our foes have got satisfaction,
 And Thurot lies rotting in the Isle of Man.
 Their general is wounded, his schemes are confounded,
 The brave British tars they can never withstand ;
 The fire of the fierce and the bold British lions,
 Appeared in the men under brave Captain Bland.

But now to bring my story to a conclusion,
 Let's drink a good health to our officers all,
 First brave Colonel Jennings, likewise Bland our captain,
 Yet never forgetting the brave Mr. Hall.
 Let's drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
 So merrily let us rejoice too, and sing,
 So fill up your bowls, all ye loyal souls,
 And toast a good health to great George our king.

THUROT'S DREAM.

THE twenty-first of February as I've heard the people say,
 Three French ships of war came and anchored in our bay,
 They hoisted English colours and landed at Kilroot,
 And marched their men for Carrick without further dispute.

Colonel Jennings being then at that pretty town,
 His heart it was a breaking while the enemy came down,
 He could not defend it for the want of powder and ball,
 And alond to his enemies for "quarter" he did call.

As Thurot in his cabin lay he dreamed a dream,
 That his grandsire's voice came to him and called him by his name,
 Saying, "Thurot, you're to blame for lying so long here,
 For the English will be in the night, the wind it bloweth fair."

Then Thurot started up and said unto his men,
 "Weigh your anchors, my brave lads, and let us begone,
 We'll go off this very night, make all the haste you can,
 And we'll steer south and south-east straight for the Isle of Man.

Upon the next day, the wind it blew north-west,
 And Elliot's gallant seamen they sorely were oppressed,
 They could not get in that night, the wind it blew so high,
 And as for Monsieur Thurot, he was forced for to lie by.

Early the next morning as daylight did appear,
 Brave Elliot he espied them, which gave to them great cheer;
 It gave to him great cheer,—and he to his men did say,
 "Boys, yonder's Monsieur Thurot, we'll show him warm play."

The first ship that came up was the *Brilliant* without doubt,
 She gave to them a broadside and then she went about,
 The other two then followed her, and fired another round,
 "Oh, oh, my lads," says Thurot, "this is not Carrick town."

Then out cries Monsieur Thurot with his visage pale and wan,
 "Strike, strike your colours, brave boys, or they'll sink us every man;
 Their weighty shot comes in so hot on both the weather and lee,
 Strike your colours, my brave boys, or they'll sink us in the sea."

Before they got their colours struck great slaughter was made,
 And many a gallant Frenchman on Thurot's decks lay dead;
 They came tumbling down the shrouds, upon the decks they lay,
 While our brave Irish heroes cut their booms and yards away.

And the gallant Monsieur Thurot, as I've heard people say,
 Was taken ashore by Elliot's men and buried in Ramsey Bay.

And now for to conclude and put an end unto my song,
 To drink a health to Elliot I hope it is not wrong,
 And may all French invaders be served the same way,
 Let the English beat the French by land, our Irish boys on sea.

EPITAPH ON M. THUROT.

HERE lies the pirate brave Thurot,
 To merchant's wealth a dreadful foe:
 Who, weary of a robber's name,
 Aspired to gain a hero's fame;
 But oft ambition soars too high,
 Like Icarus when he strove to fly:
 In short, Thurot with ardour fill'd,
 His breast with emulation swell'd.
 Abjuring Sweden's copper shore,
 His course to fair Hibernia bore;
 There took some peasants unprepared,
 So struck his blow and disappear'd;
 But luckless fate which oft pursues us,
 And when we least expect subdues us,
 This scheme, how well soe'er concerted,
 Into a dire mischance converted,
 And made it prove, as we'll relate,
 The sad forerunner of his fate;
 For *Æolus* brave Elliot led,
 Who early in his school was bred,
 Cut short this champion's thread of life,
 And with it closed the doubtful strife;
 In which Belle-Isle, a name we own,
 Amongst ten thousand heroes known,
 Of France the wonder and the brag,
 Again compelled to drop the flag,

Appendix.

Was forced such fortune to lament,
As erst her namesake underwent.
But to return to him whose glory
Is now the subject of our story :
He was no wit, nor quite an ass,
But loved his bottle and his lass.
You then good fellows passing by,
Afford the tribute of a sigh,
His fate lament—enough we've said,
Thurot once lived—Thurot is dead.

APPENDIX XVI.

SHOWING DOCKS IN ENGLISH POSSESSIONS ABROAD.

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth of Sill at ordinary High Water.	
	ft.	ft.	ft. in.	
EUROPE.				
Malta—Royal Dockyard, Outer Dock ...	256	82	25	
" Inner Dock ...	256	74	27	
Somerset Dock	468	79	33	
Ang. Maltese Dock Co., Pontoon No 1	344	56	18 6	
" " Pontoon No. 2	210	56	18 6	
ASIA.				
Aden	None			
Burmah : Rangoon—Hoppen Gridiron No. 1	350	50		
" " No. 2	200	30		
Moolmein—Mopoon Dock	170	44		
Hongkong—Hope Dock	433	84	24	
Lamont	340	64	16	
Kowloon Dock No. 1	340	74	18	
" No. 2	245	49	13	
" No. 3	500	86	29	
" Slip	600	60		
Cosmo Dock	465	85	20	
EAST INDIES.				
Bombay—British India S. N. Co. Dock	409	60	17	
Mazagon Slip... ..	225	60		
P. & O. Co., Ritchie Dock	470	66	18	
" Small Dock	150	34	10	
Upper Old Bombay Dock	200	45	17	For vessels of 500 tons.
Middle Old Bombay Dock	183	51	17 6	" " 1000 "
Lower Old Bombay Dock	256	51	18 6	" " 1500 "
Upper Duncan Dock... ..	286	63	17 6	" " 2000 "
Lower Duncan Dock	246	63	19 6	" " 1500 "
Hydraulic Lift	380	85	...	Lifting power 7000 tons.

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth of Sill at ordinary High Water.
Calcutta—British India Co., Upper Union	342	76	10 8
" Lower Union	354	57	12 2
Hooghly Dry Dock	260	44	10 6
Upper Hourah Dry Dock	350	52	15
Commercial Dry Dock	245	41	10 8
Caledonia Dry Dock... ..	226	44	17
East India Dry Dock	242	42	9 6
Lower Hourah Dry Dock	190	40	9 6
Calcutta Dry Dock	354	51	11 6
Government Upper Dry Dock	180	46	
" Middle "	192	45	
" Lower "	174	36	
Kurrachee—Dry Dock	167	32	
Singapore—Victoria	450	65	20
Albert	470	60	21
Cloughton	416	42	13
New Dock	444	55	19
Bon Accord... ..	330	55	16
Penang—Pyre River Dock	250	50	13 6
Slip	100	20	
MAURITIUS.			
Hay Dry Dock	325	47	16
Stevenson Dock	380	60	19
Albion	380	60	19
New Patent Slip	113	47	...
Old Patent Slip	136	36	
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.			
Cape Colony—Robinson Dry Dock	542	68	26
Cape Town Patent Slip... ..	860	51	
East London Pontoon	100	20	
Simon's Bay	930	66	
NOVA SCOTIA.			
Halifax—Patent Slip No. 1	270	48	
" No. 2	200	35	
" No. 3	180	28	
Picton—Patent Slip No. 1	232	40	
" No. 2	178	40	
Port Hawkesbury—Patent Slip... ..	185	75	
SOUTH AMERICA.			
British Guiana: Demerara—Sproston Dock	230	43	17

For vessels of 400 tons.

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth of Sill at ordinary High Water	
	ft.	ft.	ft. in.	
FIJI ISLANDS.				
Levuka—Patent Slip	100	20		
WEST INDIES.				
The Bahamas—Marine Railway Co. ...	600	For vessels of 1200 tons.
Trinidad—Patent Slip	185	25	...	For vessels 100 ft. long.
NORTH AMERICA.				
<i>Bermudas.</i>				
St. George's—St. George's Marine Slip	750	40	...	For vessels of 1200 tons
<i>British Columbia.</i>				
Victoria—Esquimault Graving Dock ...	400	69		
<i>Canada.</i>				
Montreal—Tate's Dry Dock	200	45		
Quebec—Floating Dock No. 1	236	41	15	
" No. 2	180	38	15	
Patent Slip	500	40		
Dinning's Floating Dock	230	42	14	
" No. 2 Floating Dock	155	40	15	
Harbour Commission Dock	500	62	18	
Wolfe's Floating Dock	212	42	16	
" Gridiron	322	70		
" Graving Dock	300	64	18	
Russel's Floating Dry Dock	225	41	15	For vessels of 2500 tons.
" " No. 2	160	37	13	" " 1000 "
" Gridiron	200			
<i>Cape Breton.</i>				
North Sydney—3 Patent Slips	Can take vessels of 1000 tons.
<i>Newfoundland.</i>				
St. John's—Simpson Dry Dock... ..	600	85		
Dry Dock Co.'s Pontoon	150	40		
Wood's Patent Slip	100			
AUSTRALASIA.				
<i>Australia.</i>				
Adelaide—Taylor's Slip	120	30	...	For vessels of 300 tons.
Cruickshanks' Slip	160	23	...	" " 400 "
Jenkins' Slip... ..	150	20		
Fletcher's Slip	250	33		
" " 	130	23		
" Dry Dock	250	...	26	

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth of Sill at ordinary High Water.	
	ft.	ft.	ft. in.	
Brisbane—Government Dry Dock ...	320	60	18	
Kangaroo Point Slip ...	230	42		
Cockatoo Island—Fitzroy Graving Dock	500	59	21	
" " "	635	84	23	
Maryborough—2 Slips ...				
Newcastle—Patent Slip ...	350	36		
Sydney—Australian S. N. Co.'s Slip ...	430	37		
Mort's Graving Dock ...	410	66	18	
" Patent Slip ...	210	27		
Rowntree's Floating Dock ...	160	42		
Davy's Patent Slip ...	180	40		
<i>New Zealand.</i>				
Auckland—Auckland Harbour Bd. Dock	810	42	13 6	
Calliope Graving Dock ...	525	80	33	
Dunedin—Dry Dock ...	328	50	18 6	
Floating Dock ...	170	40		
Lyttelton—Graving Dock ...	450	82	23	
Patent Slip ...				
Napier—Northey's Patent Slip... ..	190			
Nelson				For vessels of 150 tons.
Wellington—Patent Slip				" " 2000 "
Coffee's Slip				" " 100 "
<i>Tasmania.</i>				
Hobart—Macgregor's Slip				For vessels of 400 tons.
Lucas' Slip				" " 1000 "
Mackey's Slip				" " 150 "
Launceston—Floating Dock	130	37		

APPENDIX XVII.

DOCKS IN FRENCH DEPENDENCIES.

	Length.	Breadth.	Depth of Sill at ordinary High Water.	
	ft.	ft.	ft. in.	
Algiers—Dock No. 1	426	105	32	
" No. 2	278	65	25	
Martinique—Government Dry Dock ...	418	111	28	
Tabiti—Dry Dock				For vessels of 400 tons.
Papeetie—Patent Slip				" " 500 "
Saigon	320	75		

APPENDIX XVIII.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1793.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize
Feb.	Entrepenant ...	10	180	Channel	H.M.S. Juno.
	Schooner ...	4	50	...	Hind.
	Jean Bart ...	6	37	...	Ferret.
	Jeune Marie ...	2	39	...	"
March	Patriot ...	6	40	...	Childers.
	Sans Culotte...	12	60	...	Scourge.
	Trois Amis ...	4	25	...	Lizard.
	Républicaine...	6	37	...	Royal Charlotte.
	Hirondelle ...	16	85	...	Boston.
	Amérique ...	9	80	...	Latona.
April	Triton ...	4	30	...	Childers.
	Hélène ...	5	30	...	Orpheus.
	Surprise ...	7	45	...	"
	Désir ...	3	27	...	"
	Palm ...	12	60	...	Juno.
	Fantaisie ...	8	43	...	Ferret.
May	Angélique ...	6	30	...	Mermaid.
	Franklin ...	8	60	...	Latona.
	Ambitieux ...	5	30	...	"
	Sans Culotte...	8	57	...	Nymph.
	Espérance ...	6	45	...	Druid.
	Aimable Marie	10	90	...	Hind.
June	Auguste ...	18	160	...	Circe.
	Dido ...	14	100	...	"
	Coureur ...	10	84	...	"
	Suprême ...	6	29	...	Dolphin.
	Furet ...	12	80	...	Trial.
	Fils de la Patrie	3	30	...	Alarm.
	Guidelon ...	20	200	...	Boyne.
	Robert ...	16	170	...	Syren.
	Liberté ...	12	55	...	Hind.
	Egalité ...	8	50	...	"
July	Petite Victoire	5	40	...	Ceres.
	Oiseau ...	6	50	...	Lottery.
	General Washington	16	180	...	Tartar.
	Phoenix ...	12	140	...	Flora.
	I'Ami ...	10	90	...	Queen privateer.
Oct.	Passé-Partout	16	120	...	Thought.
	Reine de Golconde and her three prizes	20	200	...	Edgar and Bedford.
	République Française	16	140	...	Flora.
Nov.	Patriote ...	12	90	...	Liberty.
	Espoir ...	12	140	...	Crescent.
	Cercle de Cherbourg...	9	60	...	"

Total for 1793:—44 vessels, carrying 412 guns, 3188 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1794.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Jan.	Vipère	18	160	Channel ...	H.M.S. Flora.
Feb.	Sans Culotte, having taken in her cruise				
	11 prizes	20	140	West Indies ...	Blanche.
July	Cutter	14	90	Norway ...	Aurora.
	Syrène	16	180	West Indies ...	Intrepid.
	Guillotine	14	110	" ...	Scorpion.
	Trompeuse	18	140	Channel ...	Sphinx.
	General Washington	20	160	Off Gibraltar ...	Phaeton.
	Vrai Patriot... ..	12	96	Channel ...	Vulcan.
	Poisson Volant ...	10	84	Off Gibraltar ...	Phaeton.

Total for 1794 :—9 vessels, carrying 142 guns, 1170 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1795.

Vengeur	28	230	Straits of Sunda	H.M.S. Resistance.
Espionage (late H.M.S. Wasp)	18	188	Channel ...	Lively.
A schooner	10	103	" ...	Phaeton.
Jean Bart	18	203	West Indies ...	Squadron under Sir J. Calpoys.
"	24	220	Off Rochefort ...	Squadron under Sir J. Warren.
National Cockade ...	14	80	"	H.M.S. Sphinx.
A brig	16	75	"	Solebay.
National Razor ...	6	80	Coast of America	
Guillotine	10	130	"	
Vacua	18	145	"	
Liberté	20	16	Off St. Thomas	Alarm.
Victorieuse*	12	136	" Flushing ...	Minotaur.
Suffisante †	14	95	Dunkirk ...	Admiral Duncan's fleet.
Vigilante	5	40	" ...	H.M.S. Childera.
Lugger	6	40	" ...	Ferret.
Peron... ..	6	42	" ...	Repulse.
Lugger	4	30	Channel ...	Ferret.
Prend-Tout	8	60	" ...	Alligator.
Sans Peur	10	80	" ...	"
Dumourier	20	180	" ...	Phaeton.
Expédition	18	120	" ...	Galatia.
Espérance	16	140	" ...	Arrogant.
Cocarde National ...	14	180	" ...	"

Total for 1795 :—23 vessels, carrying 305 guns, 2610 men.

* Had taken 21 prizes on her last cruise.

† Had taken 5 prizes on this cruise.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1796.

Feb.	Schooner, name unknown	6	56	Off Marie Galante	H.M.S. Pelican.
March	Aspie, with her prize the John of Galway	10	57	Off St. Malo ...	Quebec.
	Coureur, with her prize Diamond of Aberdeen	10	80	"	Porcupine.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
March	Pichegru	10	34	Havre	H.M.S. Rattler.
	Epervier	2	26	Dunkirk	Flora.
April	Alexandre, with prize				
	Montcalm of Lisbon	10	66	Nantes... ..	Invincible.
May	Fantaisie	14	75	Channel	Pomona.
	Chasseur	12	62	"	Assistance.
	Eveille	10	100	Atlantic	Engageante.
	Morgan and six prizes	10	100	Channel	Suffisante.
July	Révanche	14	167	Bay of Biscay ...	Melpomene.
	General Rigaud ...	8	45	Off Grenada ...	Favourite.
	Hind *	5	30	"	"
	Susanna *	14	60	"	"
	Calvados	6	38	Channel	Cerberus and Seahorse.
	Marguerite, with her prize John of Sunderland	4	40	"	Telemachus.
Aug.	Vulcan	12	80	West Indies ...	Spencer.
	Poisson Volant, late H.M.S. Flying-fish	4	40	"	Bonita.
Sept.	Lugger	2	37	Channel	Lion.
	Brave	3	35	"	Speedwell.
Oct.	Augustine and 1 prize	4	35	North Sea	Dispatch.
	Nigger	2	20	Channel	Antelope.
	Sally of Blakeney * ...	2	27	"	Argus.
	La Rochellane	8	40	"	Queen.
	Thurat	4	25	"	Lion.
	Bonne Espérance ...	2	25	"	Childers.
	Active	6	23	"	Raccoon.
	Phœnix	4	32	"	Sylph.
	Ariel	12	75	"	Indefatigable.
	Bonaparte †	16	167	Irish coast ...	Santa Margareta.
	Vengeur	18	110	"	"
Nov.	Victoire	6	65	West Indies ...	Zebra.
	Iris	6	50	"	L'Amable.
	Providence	4	29	Channel	Dover.
	Franklin	12	100	"	Thalia.
	Cerf Volant	10	136	"	Magicienne.
	Africaine	7	61	"	"
	Hirondelle	10	53	"	Cerberus.
Dec.	Espoir	2	20	"	Coburg.
	Aventure	16	62	"	Greyhound.
	Dido	9	30	"	Cerberus.

Total for 1796:—41 vessels, carrying 326 guns, 2413 men.

* English prizes, armed and manned, and commissioned as French privateers.

† Had captured and sent into Brest three large prizes.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1797.

Jan.	Coup d'Essai and her prize the Anne of Newcastle	2	18	Channel	H.M.S. Star.
	Fortunée	8	74	"	Magicienne.
	Musette	22	150	"	Hazard.
	Deux Amis	14	180	"	Polyphemus.
	Hirondelle	12	70	"	Cleopatra.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.	
Jan.	Atalante	16	112	Channel	H.M.S. Phœbe.	
	Poisson Volant	12	80	Magicienne.	
	Favourite	8	60	Hind.	
	Brutus	20	129	Magicienne.	
	Éclair... ..	18	120	Unicorn.	
Feb.	Liberté	3	18	Nassau.	
	Reguin	3	20	Lion.	
	Sans Peur	2	18	Syren.	
	Difficile	18	205	Phoenix and Triton.	
	Tartane	16	60	Greyhound and Floriz.	
March	Filibustier	14	63	Eurydice.	
	Bonaparte	16	110	Espion and Martin.	
	Jeune Emilie *	16	62	Triton.	
	Recovery	14	106	"	
	Appocrate	14	65	Stag.	
	Hirondelle	6	65	"	
	Furet †	14	100	Scourge.	
	Actif	18	120	Phæton.	
	Surveillante	16	156	Alcmène.	
	MolINETTE	10	105	Swallow.	
	Réflèche	12	80	Zephyr.	
	Hardi... ..	18	164	Hazard.	
	Amitié	14		Plymouth.	
	Bon Ami	6		Spitfire.	
	Prenez Garde à Loup	2		Dover.	
	Lugger	2	20	Swallow.	
	Voltigeur ‡	8	40	Vestal.	
	Sophie	14	40	Kangaroo.	
	April	Croyable	24	220	Flora.
		Amis	2	30	Raccoon.
Petite Hélène		2	33	Suffeante.	
Neptune		16	80	Aurora.	
Général		14	104	Kingfisher.	
Daphne		2	25	Nancy.	
Casca		6	55	Bittern.	
Espérance		5	40	Diamond.	
Aimable Manette		14	69		
Trompeuse		6	40	Spitfire.	
Enfant de Patrie		16	130	Boston.	
Filibustier		14	70	Spider.	
Nouvelle Eugénie		16	120	Indefatigable.	
Basque		8	50	Phoenix.	
Dunkerquoise		18	100	Cerberus.	
Aventurier		2	11	Swift.	
Maria		6	68	Minerva.	
Victorieux		4	30	Leopard.	
Justine Adèle		2	20	Pilot.	
Terrible		4	25	Penguin.	
Heureuse Catharine... ..	6	51	Tamar.		
Poisson Volant	4	40	"		
Chasseur	6	80	Aimath.		
Adolphe	12	35	Nautilus and Seagull.		
Lugger	2	36	Dolphin.		

* She had captured the *Friendship* of Liverpool and an English privateer, the *Battalion*, of ten guns, after an action lasting three-quarters of an hour.

† With twenty-two English prisoners on board.

‡ Fourteen men away in three prizes.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Gun	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
April	Flying-fish	2	24	H.M.S. Lively.
	Zoé	20	120	Phaeton.
	Espérance	2	32	Harpy.
July *	Audacieux	1	46	Diligent.
	Espoir	2	15	Spanish waters	Viper.
	Succes	16	42	Telemachus.
	Poisson Volant	4	60	Trent.
	Argonaut	2	36	Galatea.
	Tigre	2	28	Repulse.
	Les Grâces	11	20	Viper.
	Castor	4	57	St. Fiorenza.
	Bayonnaise	2	36	West Indies	Cygne.
	Port au Paix	2	17	"	Swallow.
	Liberté	6	13	"	Proelyte.
	Bonaparte	3	39	"	Ambuscade.
	General Toussant	8	50	"	Swallow.
	Adour	16	147	Channel	Santa Margarita.
	A Brig	6	24	Aigle.
	Prosher	14	73	Rambler.
	A lugger	2	25	Hind.
	Triton	18	180	Magnanime.
	Papillon	4	30	Dolphin.
	Hardi	4	30	Telemachus.
	Courier de la Mer	12	51	Trial.
	Incroyable	2	21	Hind.
	Surprise	8	48	Kangaroo.
	Actæon	6	30	Hamadryad.
	Vengeur des Françaises	4	35	West Indies	Zephyr.
	Captain Thurot	2	22	Channel	Seagull.
	Acheron	3	28	"	Mary.
	Duguay Trouin	20	127	Doris.
	Jalouse	4	45	
	Galate	8	55	
	Heureuse	2	26	
	Victorine	16	82	Santa Margarita.
	Lynx	14	50	Stork.
Prodigy	14	87	Espiègle.	
Revanche	4	34	Resolution.	
Filibustier	12	104	Maidstone.	
Batave	12	54	Roebuck.	
Tiercelet	8	47	Magnanime.	
Oiseau †	18	119	Penguin.	
Sept.	Poisson Volant	4	38	West Indies	Tamer.
	Barbarousse	8	61	"
	Louis Bonfoi	4	66	Lapwing.
	Légère	6	50	Zephyr.
	Va-Tout	2	32	"
Oct.	La Victoire	1	22	Espiègle.
	Cocye	4	30	Channel	Stag.
	Furet	4	50	"	Triton.
	L'Epervier ‡	2	20	Fairy.

* In the month, the squadron under Rear-Admiral Harvey in the West Indies, besides taking five privateers, recaptured thirteen vessels that had fallen into their hands.

† One prize.

‡ Commanded by M. Hammond, an Irishman, who unfortunately escaped.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Oct.	Zephyr and three prizes	8	70	H.M.S. Boadicea.
	L'Hyène	24	230	Indefatigable.
	Emoucher	8	55	Albatross.
	A schooner	2	30	West Indies	Drake.
	Trompeuse (sunk) ...	12	78	Pelican.
	Epervier, with her prize the Adelphi of Quebec	16	145	Cerberus.
	Renard	18	189	"
	Railleur	20	160	Boadicea.
	Aventure	8	43	Aurore.
	Pleuvier	9	43	Bonne Citoyenne.
	Canarde	10	60	"
	Marie... ..	14	60	West Indies	Josan.
	Dec.*	Coureur	14	90
Agréable		18	115	Bittern.
Le Coq		6	34	Alexandrian.
Pont d'Arcole		4	48	Tamer.
Renard		10	71	"
Utile		14	131	"
Regulus		4	26	Lapwing.
Saracene		6	58	Scourge.
La Manche		18	222	Diana.
Succès		10	140	Clyde.
Dorado		18	93	"
Aigle		12	64	Latona.
Intrépide		12	83	"

Total for 1797:—134 vessels, carrying 1247 guns, 9141 men.

* In this month the squadron under Rear-Admiral Harvey in the West Indies recaptured thirteen merchantmen that had been taken by French privateers.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1798.

Jan.	Epervier *	3	24	Guernsey	Shore boats manned by soldiers.
	Delphine †	4	38	Channel	H.M.S. Niger.
	Victoire ‡	14	74	Termagant.
	Aventure	10	190	Mermaid.
	Polycrate	16	72	Racoon.
	Zelie	4	47	Stag.
	Cheri... ..	26	230	Pomona.
	Emprunt Fosse	6	25	"
	Hazard	14	120	Phaeton.
	Vengeur	12	72	Indefatigable.
	Inconceivable	8	55	
Feb.	Schooner §	4	52	Aigle.
	Benjamin	16	132	Mercury.
	Volage	22	195	Melampus.
	Bayonnais	6	40	Blanche.
	Dragon	12	80	Tamer.

* Had taken one prize.
† Had taken one prize.

‡ Had taken three prizes.
§ Had taken four prizes.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.	
Feb.	Dix-huit Fructidor ...	10	75	H.M.S. Tame.	
	Venturer	2	30	Penelope.	
	Trois Sœurs	16	100	Mercury.	
	Belsey	16	118	Kingfisher.	
	Henri... ..	14	108	Gorgon.	
	Ship	20	180	Aigle.	
	Bonaparte	2	40	Lively.	
	Heurense Nouvelle ...	22	130	Indefatigable.	
	Duguay Trouin	24	150	Shannon.	
	Mars	12	222	Dryad.	
	Jason	12	108	Anson.	
	Constance	12	96	Mercury.	
	March	Coureur	24	150	Josan.
		Revanche (sunk)	16	62	Marquis Coburg.
Légère		14	130	Phaeton.	
Pour Epie		4	17	Resolution.	
April	Sophie	4	20	Telemachus.	
	Antoine	16	70	Thalia.	
	Légère	10	60	Nautilus.	
	Emilie	16	110	Cleopatra.	
	Lynx	18	70	Kingfisher.	
	Cæsar... ..	16	80	Cambrian,	
	Pont de Lode	16	102	"	
	Decidée	10	80	Alfred.	
	Scipio	20	160	"	
	Ceres	14	110	Matilda.	
	Espoir	8	66	Zephyr.	
	Eugénie	10	107	Magnanime.	
	Audacieux	16	137	"	
	A schooner	2	21	Terrier.	
May	Merveilleuse, together with her three prizes	6	39	Wright.	
	Bon Citoyen	12	65	Russel.	
	Fortunée	2	25	Jamaica.	
	Petit Resource	3	30	Swallow.	
	Créole	6	45	Ceres.	
	Brutus	9	80	Regulus.	
	Magicienne	16	178	Valiant.	
	Bienvenu	14	120	Carnatic.	
	Jupiter	8	36	Cruiser.	
	Coureur	6	30	Scorpion.	
	Sans Souci	2	27	Telemachus.	
	Brave (with 50 English prisoners on board)	22	160	Phoenix.	
	Harde	8	60	Concord.	
	Hazard	2	27	"	
	Mutine	8	61	Lapwing.	
	Parfait	10	60	Roebuck.	
	Leopard	3	40	Petrel.	
	Renommée	10	90	Astrea.	
	Chasseur	8	75	Cruiser.	
	Dragon	4	37	"	
	Violette	6	36	West Indies	Amphitrite.	
	Jeune Nantaise	4	39	"	Garland.	
Revanche	12	88	"	Endymion.		
Brutus	6	50	"	"		

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
May	Huit Amis	20	160	West Indies ...	
	Furet... ..	2	27	
	Hardi	4	47	
Aug.	Rosière	2	25	
	Brutus	6	51	H. M. S. Victorieuse.
	Augustine	2	23	Solebay.
	Vantour	10	64	Matilda.
	Aigle	12	86	"
	Triomphe	14	88	Scourge and Amiable.
	Chasseur	2	22	"
	Epiègle	2	18	"
	Mutine	6	44	Requin.
	Bras de Fer	8	82	Tamer.
Sept.	Julie	18	120	Shannon.
	Revanche *	10	54	Recovery.
	Incrédible	2	33	"
	Hirondelle	10	140	Fleet under Admiral Parker.
	Schooner	6	80	
	Schooner	3	40	
	St. Mary de Lovaine	2	25	H. M. S. Ceres.
	Zenodone	8	61	West Indies ...	Caroline.
	5, mounting 75 guns	Squadron under Admiral Vandeleur.
	Oct.	Annibal	14	97
Intrépide		10	58	Lapwing.
La Mort		4	36	Charlotte.
Aventurier		12	79	Melpomene.
Heureux †		16	112	Indefatigable.
Neptune (with 270 troops)		10	52	Hazard.
Tigre		8	55	Naiad.
Mercure		18	132	Phaeton.
Colombe		12	64	Magnanime.
Sophie ‡		20	130	Endymion.
Destin		4	46	Solebay.
Étoile		6	53	Matilda.
Mahomet		4	34	Hooke.
Hussar		14	124	America.
Mentor		14	79	Lynx.
Lugger		2	30	"
Arraigné		5	38	Triton.
Mutine (sunk)		18	150	Ceres.
François		2	23	Corfu.
Levrier		16	70	Phaeton.
Nov.	Bonaparte	8	72	Concord and Lapwing.
	Amazone	10	80	"
	Sauveur	4	20	"
	Fortune	2	22	"
	Invariable	4	20	"

* She had captured nineteen prizes in her two last cruises.

† Had taken four prizes, including an English privateer, the *Dartmouth*, 6, during her cruise.

‡ And her two prizes, *Britannia*, East Indiaman, and *Mayflower*, from New York.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Dec.	Vigilant	12	55	H.M.S. Raccoon.
	Eringobragh... ..	10	50	Plover.
	Succès	4	24	Lion.
	Fouine	8	26	Sylph.
	Enterprise	12	80	George.
	Hirondelle	12	50	Ambuscade.
	Resolve	18	70	Phaeton.
	Calaisien	4	18	Badger.
	Faucon	6	80	Ambuscade.
	Adolphe	6	42	Corfu.
	Invincible Bonaparte	20	170	Admiral Harvey's squadron
	Cantabre	14	66	"
	Resource	14	165	"
	Ruser... ..	14	40	Corfu.
	Adolphe	2	26	"

Total for 1798 :—136 vessels, carrying 1377 guns, 9941 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1799.

Jan.	Minerve	16	140	Channel	H.M.S. Indefatigable.
	Heureux Spéculeteur	14	90	"	Shore boats from Brixham.
Feb.	A brig	14	64	"	H.M.S. Triton.
	Rancune (and her two prizes).	2	21	"	Pigmy.
	Grand Indien	18	125	West Indies	Shannon.
	Aimable Victor	16	86	Channel	Triton.
	Séraitleur	10	56	"	Caroline.
	Guadaloupienne	10	80	"	Amphitrite.
	Prize de Matthe	8	65	"
	Bordelais	6	38	"
	Prosperité	8	61	Solebay.
	Indépendance	12	66	Pearl.
	Sombre	8	72	West Indies	Cyane.
	La Garonne	10	47	Channel	Carolina.
	Boulonnaise	14	70	Anson.
	Glaneur	6	32	Fly.
	Foudroyant	20	186	Phoenix.
March	Milan... ..	6	40	Jealous.
	Jason... ..	14	52	"
	Tèle	16	69	Melpomene.
April	Hirondelle	16	89	Telegraph.
	Mercure	16	103	Melampus.
	Heureux Hazard	16	94	Naiad.
	Indéfatigable	18	120	Ethalion.
	Name not given	18	146	Anson.
	Aimable Marseilles... ..	4	40	By squadron under Sir H. Parker.
	Triomphante... ..	6	56	
	Bonaparte	6	50	
	Belle en Cuisse	4	57	
	Petit François and six others	4	35	
Requin	14	70		
Debât	8	60		
				Boadicea.	
				Sylph.	

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns.	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
April *	Résolu	14	65	H.M.S. Spitfire.
	Sans Quartier	16	56	Diana.
	Prudente	18	100	Concorde.
May	Marsonin	14	55	Astrea.
	Coureur	4	46	Phoenix (English privateer)
	Papillon	10	123	H.M.S. Melampus.
June	Nantais (sunk)	14	160	"
	Vengeur	12	98	Martin.
	Ribotteur	6	26	Courier.
July	Vengeur	6	36	Amaranthe,
	Ruse	14	60	Kite.
	Victoire	16	160	Révolutionnaire.
Aug.	Venus	14	101	Indefatigable.
	Vigil	14	71	Resolution (privateer).
	Anacreon †	16	125	H.M.S. Champion.
Sept.	Heureux Spéculateur	14	58	Speedwell.
	Hippolyte	4	43	Révolutionnaire.
	Déterminée	18	166	"
	Courageux	28	253	Alcmène.
	Duquesne	16	129	Amphitrite.
	Hirondelle	5	23	Hound.
Oct.	Caroline	16	90	Emerald.
	Heureux Espérance †	14	84	Speedwell.
	Egyptienne	8	64	Netley.
	18 small privateers	West Indies	Admiral Parker's squadron.
	Democrat	12	80	H.M.S. Amphitrite.
	Intrépide	20	157	Flora.
	Aventure	14	105	"
	Aurore	8	33	"
	Leger... ..	4	44	"
	Ruyter	16	104	"
Jan.	Success	6	48	Atalante.
	Amazone	10	60	Echo.
	Intrépide	16	80	Racoon.
	7 small privateers	West Indies	Admiral Parker's fleet.
	St. Jacques	6	16	H.M.S. Triton.
	Exchange	10	40	Cerberus.
	Hirondelle	14	50	"
	Guerrier	14	44	Courier.
	Petit Diable	2	18	Anne.
	Barras	14	80	Driver.
Jan.	Fantaisie	14	60	Jalouse.
	Vrai Décide	14	50	Racoon.

Total for 1799:—104 vessels, carrying 861 guns, 5625 men.

* The *Gazette* of this month records the capture of fifteen French merchantmen by the squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Cristian, K.B., off the coasts of the Mauritius and Madagascar.

† Had made eight prizes.

‡ Had taken four prizes.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1800.

Jan.	Furet... ..	14	74	H.M.S. Viper.
	Aventure	14	42	Autocrat (privateer).
	General Brun	2	15	Shore boats at Newhaven.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Jan.	Renard	14	65	H.M.S. Nemesis.
	Modère	4	42	H.M. cutter Nile.
	8 privateers	West Indies	Admiral Parker's fleet.
	Aventurier	14	75	H.M.S. Amethyst.
Feb.	Eclair (sunk)	12	88	Sceptre.
	Egyptienne	16	56	Mercury.
	Espérance	5	36	Netley,
	Félicité	2	22	"
	Bougainville	18	82	Amazon.
March	Modeste	16	70	Nymph.
	Vengeance	16	174	Nereid.
	Bellegarde	14	140	Phœbe.
	Massena	4	30	Plover.
April	Josephine	4	27	Suffisante.
	Telegraph *	14	78	Kangaroo.
	Heureux	22	240	Phœbe.
	Courier	10	150	Révolutionnaire.
	Vulture	22	137	Caroline.
	Persévérant	14	47	Cruiser.
	Filibustier	14	54	"
	Chasseur	14	30	Seaflower.
	Mars	22	180	Amethyst.
	Cerbère	6	26	Uranie.
May	Inattendu	2	25	Jalousie.
	Virginie	14	53	Latona.
	Heureuse Société	14	64	Spitfire.
	Tarn	6	55	Mayflower (privateer)
	Heureux Tirailleur	14	68	"
June	Neptune	4	27	"
	Impregnable... ..	16	60	H.M.S. Lark.
	Eole	10	89	Phoenix.
	150 armed vessels and merchantmen	Sir H. Parker's fleet.
	Furet	14	80	H.M.S. Minerva.
	Hardi	18	194	Anson.
	Pensée	4	60	Sanspareil.
	Sapajou	6	58	"
	Renard	3	35	Surinam.
	Consolateur	1	25	"
Aug.	Persévérance... ..	16	87	Unité.
	Heureux Coureur	14	54	Spitfire.
	Vengeur	16	100	Indefatigable.
	Auguste	10	50	Melpomene.
	Françoise	12	42	Loire.
Sept.	Diligente	6	39	Lark.
	Ajax	4	23	Hazard (privateer).
	Fortune	22	202	H.M.S. Ruby.
	Revanche	14	80	Uranie.
	Gironde †	16	141	Boadicea.
	Merte	14	84	"
	Clarissa	16	145	Bombay.
Oct.	General Massena	16	150	Tamer.
	Victoire	4	40	Badger.
Nov.	Mouche	20	145	Minerva.

* Had captured five prizes.

† Had taken four large vessels.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Nov.	General Hoahé ...	2	26	H.M.S. Termagant.
Dec.	Diable à Quatre ...	16	150	Thames.
	Actif ...	14	137

Total for 1800 :—65 vessels, carrying 661 guns, 4766 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1801.

Jan.	Voyageur ...	14	47	H.M.S. Favourite.
	Quiproquo ...	8	98	Gipsy.
	Venus ...	14	36	Jason.
Feb.	Quinola ...	14	48	Active.
	Huron ...	18	190	Magicienne.
	Espoir ...	6	23	Queen Charlotte.
March	Uni ...	32	216	Arrogant.
	Bonaparte ...	14	44	Nimble.
	Ship ...	16	130	Révolutionnaire.
	Espoir ...	14	75	Lord Nelson, privateer.
	Bienvenue ...	14	80	H.M.S. Coburg.
April	Vengeur ...	2	27	Swan.
	Juste ...	14	78	Amelia.
	Optimisto ...	16	47	Favourite.
	General Bessières ...	4	36	Hussar.
	Premier Consul ...	24	150	Dryad.
	Vengeance ...	10	43	Gannett.
	Pluto ...	1	14	Sheerness cutter.
	Adelaide ...	3	57	Pigmy.
	Poisson Volant ...	14	55	Stag.
	Mascarada ...	12	40	Fortunée.
May	Heros ...	14	73	Atalanta.
	Achille ...	6	44	Figmy.
	Préfet de la Manche ...	16	49	Lady Charlotte.
	Laure ...	14	78	Immortalité.
	Renard ...	10	80	Fortunée.
	Dorade ...	14	53	Jason.
	General Brune ...	14	108	Amethyst.
	Désirée ...	8	70	Leda.
	Jupiter ...	16	60
	Bolton * ...	20	91
June	Huron ...	14	35	Lord Spencer, privateer.
	Furet ...	14	64	H.M.S. Endymion.
	Bougainville ...	14	67	Eurydice.
	Victoire (late H.M.S. Active) ...	14	75	Lady Ann, privateer.
	Heureux ...	14	78	H.M.S. Amelia.
Sept.	Enfant du Carnaval	14	60	Defence.

Total for 1801 :—37 vessels, carrying 478 guns, 2593 men.

* English prize manned and armed as privateer.

In May, 1803, the *London Gazette* contained notification of the renewal of the war with France, and at the same time an Order in Council appeared

sanctioning general reprisals. France had been preparing for the war with vigour. England, on the contrary, had been reducing her establishments, and extraordinary efforts now were made to face the coming storm, and the Navy particularly showed itself peculiarly alive to the necessity of redoubled exertions in order to counteract the action of the many privateers that were being fitted out in every French port. One week only elapsed between the date of the Order in Council sanctioning reprisals and the capture of the first privateer. After this the ball was kept rolling until the end of the war.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1803.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
May	Affronteur	14	92	Channel	H.M.S. Doris.
June	Félicité	3	22	Hind.
	Inabordable	4	30	Off Calais	Immortalité.
	Commode	4	33	Off "	"
July	Espiègle	2	12	Off St. Malo	Eling.
	Marengo	4	26	Channel	Albion.
	Phœbe	4	28	"	Hydra.
	Pelagu	4	37	"	Doris.
Aug.	Dart	4	35	Martinique	Apollo.
	Furet... ..	2	34	Channel	Constance.
	Venus	16	150	"	Thunderer.
	Courier de Terre Neuve	4	50	"	Plantagenet.
	Atalante	14	120	"	"
Sept.	Epervier	16	90	"	"
	Fanny	2	24	"	Jamaica.
	Messajen	6	40	"	Ville de Paris.
	General Morceau	16	85	"	Endymion.
	Desespoir	2	28	"	Wasp.
	Arabe	8	58	"	Maidstone.
	Lord Nelson *	24	60	"	Sea Gull.
	Chiffonnette	14	80	"	Egyptienne.
Oct.	Oiseau	10	68	"	Argo.
	Espoir	6	52	"	Joseph, privateer.
	Caroline	8	35	"	Constance.
	Sophie	10	40	"	"
Nov.	Aventure	20	150	"	Acasta.
	Alerte	14	84	"	Aigle.
	Sept Frères	2	30	"	Merlin.
	Quatre Fils	4	78	"	Juno.
Dec.	Caille... ..	6	60	"	Bittern.
	General Menou	24	168	Jamaica	Blanche.
	Vigilante	1	35	Channel	Badger.
	Lyonnais	2	21	"	Vixen.

Total for 1803:—33 vessels, carrying 264 guns, 1955 men.

* She had been captured a fortnight previously by the *Bellona*, French privateer, 36 guns, 320 men, and made a very determined resistance when overhauled by the *Sea Gull*, which craft lost 2 killed and 8 wounded in the engagement.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1804.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.	
Jan.	Fortunée	2	29	West Indies ...	H. M. S. Blenheim.	
	Vigilante	2	40	... " ...	Centaur.	
	Resource	4	43	... " ...	Osprey.	
Feb.	Mimi	1	21	... " ...	"	
	Harmonie	8	66	West Indies ...	Blenheim.	
	Sophie	8	64	... " ...	Centaur.	
	9 privateers " ...	Admiral Hood's squadron	
	Mutine (sunk). ...	18	180	... " ...	H. M. S. Racoon.	
March	Petite Fille	12	180	... " ...	"	
	Jeune Adèle	6	76	... " ...	"	
	Amélie	4	70	... " ...	"	
	Bellona	8	84	West Indies ...	Cyane.	
	Penriche	2	40	Channel ...	Harpy.	
April	Jeune Henri... ..	12	50	" ...	Tartar, privateer.	
May	Récompense	10	70	West Indies ...	Admiral Hood's squadrou.	
	Furet... ..	4	54	... " ...	"	
June	Bigou	6	60	... " ...	"	
	Grande Decidée ...	22	220	... " ...	H. M. S. Eclair.	
	La Rose	3	50	... " ...	"	
July	Egyptienne	36	240	... " ...	Hippomenes.	
	Hirondelle	3	40	West Indies ...	Stork.	
	Aventure	1	28	" ...	Racoon.	
	Argo	6	70	... " ...	"	
	Cæsar	1	46	... " ...	Fortunée.	
Aug.	Tison	3	56	... " ...	Cambrian.	
	Amazon	4	68	... " ...	"	
	Clarisse	12	157	East Indies ...	Trident.	
	Félicité	2	60	Mediterranean	Termagant.	
	Renommée	12	87	Senegal ...	Penguin.	
	Petite Decidé	1	26	West Indies ...	Ulysses.	
	Hirondelle	14	180	Mediterranean	Madras.	
Dec.	Liberté	3	37	West Indies ...	Hunter.	
	Blonde	24	240	Channel ...	Loire.	
	Venus	16	168	Atlantic ...	By Indiamen, Union and Sir William Pulteney.	
	Sep.	Trois Frères	1	24	West Indies ...	H. M. S. Ulysses.
	Oct.	Concepcion	2	47	Channel ...	Spider.
	Nov.	Minerve	14	111	West Indies ...	Topaze.
		Hirondelle	10	50	" ...	Tartar.
Dec.	Lorette	5	40	... " ...	Pelican.	
	Espérance	10	54	Mediterranean	Halcyon.	
	Elizabeth	6	65	West Indies ...	Tartar.	
	Contre Amiral Magou*	17	84	North Sea ...	Cruiser.	
	Alliance	6	68	West Indies ...	Racoon.	
	Uranie	3	64	" ...	Franchise.	
	Raccrocheuse	14	56	Channel ...	Favourite.	

Total for 1804 :—53 vessels, carrying 358 guns, 3563 men.

* Commanded by Blackman, a notorious privateer captain. In this cruise the Amiral Magou had captured four ships.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1805.

Feb.	Hazard	10	80	Channel ...	H. M. S. Echo.
	Gracieuse	14	55	" ...	Blanche.

Date of Capture	Name of Prise.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Feb.	Chasseur	5	66	Channel ...	H.M.S. Superior.
	Vimereux	15	69	Grayhound.
	Heureux	10	80	West Indies ...	Admiral Hood's fleet.
	Bonaparte	18	160
	Tigre	12	40
	Espiègle	2	40	East Indies ...	H.M.S. Dédaigneuse.
	Passé-par-tout ...	2	36	St. Fiorenzo.
March	Frères Unis	8	94	Carolina.
	General Angereau ...	14	88	West Indies ...	Topage.
April	Regulus	14	84	Princess Charlotte
	General Decaen ...	26	200	East Indies ...	Caroline.
May	Alfred	14	75	Sheerness.
	Zephyr	4	90	Terpsichore.
	Dame Ernouf	16	80	West Indies ...	Curieux.
	Bonheur	15	40	Channel ...	Cerberus.
June	Deux Amis	2	39	West Indies ...	Kingfisher.
	Orestes	2	34	Channel ...	Mosquito.
	Empereur	14	82	West Indies ...	Eagle.
July	Elizabeth	4	34	Epervier.
	Intrepide	4	63	Grenada.
	Hazard	3	50	Blanche.
	Confiance *	26	180	Coast of Spain	Loire.
Aug.	Belier	20	104
	General Ernouf (sunk) †	24	112	West Indies ...	Renard.
	Valiant	30	240	Off coast of Spain	Loire.
	Desire	14	71	Heureux.
	Hirondelle	16	90	West Indies ...	Venus.
	Tup-a-bord	4	46	Unicorn.
Sep.	Perseverant	5	84	Seine.
	Renommée	3	56	West Indies ...	Sandwich.
	Rencontre	2	42
Oct.	Venus	1	35
	Matilde	20	95	Cambrian.
	Constance	2	40	Circe.
	Teazer	7	59	Osprey.
	Revanche	1	15	Dominica.
Prudente	1	16	

Total for 1805 :—39 vessels, carrying 404 guns, 2964 men.

* Bound for East Indies.

† Late H.M.S. *Lily*.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1806.

Jan.	Les Amis Réunion ...	2	38	East Indies ...	H.M.S. Victor.
	General Ferrand ...	4	40	West Indies ...	Franchise.
March	Impromptu	15	50	Channel ...	Bruiser.
	Voltigeur	6	65	Off St. Malo ...	Growler.
	Sorcière	14	60	Rebuff.
	Prince Murat	18	120	Druid.
	Bellona	4	50	West Indies ...	Renard.
	Prudente	12	70	West Coast Africa	Narcoissus.
	Napoleon (sunk) ...	32	250
April	Elizabeth	10	102	West Indies ...	Kingfisher.
	Ranenne	4	60	Forward.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
April	Régulateur	5	80	West Indies ...	H.M.S. Malabar and Wolf.
	Napoleon	5	66	"
May *	Caroline	6	38	Channel	"Greyhound. "
	General Blanchard ...	16	130	Coast of Spain	Favourite.
	Intrépide	14	80	Channel	Hind.
	Petite Confiance ...	3	50	West Indies ...	Wolverine.
	Tremense	3	23	"	"
	Princess Murat	3	52	"	Grenada.
	Bellona †	14	117	"	Heureux.
	Bocume	3	60	"	"
	Huron	18	130	"	"
	Dame Ernouf	17	150	"	"
June	Finisterre	14	42	Channel	Conflict.
	Sandora	18	114	"	Druid.
	Amis	4	20	West Indies ...	Active.
July	Prospero	14	46	Channel	Vestal.
	Créole	14	106	West Indies ...	Reindeer.
Aug.	Diligente	16	120	"	Renard.
Oct.	Schooner	7	50	"	Fortunée.
	Uni	2	47	"	"
Dec.	Superbe	14	94	"	Pitt. "
	Jeune Gabrielle ...	8	75	"	Dart.

Total for 1806 :—33 vessels, carrying 333 guns, 2595 men.

* During this month the following East Indiamen were reported captured by privateers sailing out of the Isle of France :—*Phoenix*, *Melville*, with 200,000 rupees specie, *Waldegrave*, and *Viper*, armed brig.

† Had on board 8000 dollars in specie.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1807.

Jan.	Tigre	2	27	West Indies ...	H.M.S. Grenada.
Feb.	Brave	16	180	Channel	Cruiser.
	Jena	4	30	"	Princess Augusta.
Mar.	Vengeur (sunk) ...	12	120	"	Success.
	Adolphe	4	39	Norfolk.
	Bougainville	16	93	West Indies ...	Scorpion.
	Chasseur	2	36	Ariadne.
	Charlotte	20	118	Diana.
April	Bellona	30	190	East Indies ...	Powerful.
	Henriette	20	124	"	"
	Ile de France	8	71	"	Duncan.
	Emilie *	18	150	"	Culloden.
	Vigilante	3	60	"	Concorde.
	Déterminée	14	108	West Indies ...	Venus.
	Réunion	10	96	"	Galatea.
	Cocotte	4	70	East Indies ...	"
May	Favorite	16	150	West Indies ...	Jason.
	Austerlitz	14	96	Channel	Emerald.
June	Etoile	6	54	"	Venus.
	Alerte	14	85	West Indies ...	Pallas.
Sept.	Austerlitz	18	125	"	Circe.
	Incomparable ...	2	30	Channel	Plantagenet.

* Formerly H.M.S. *Trincomales*.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Nov.	Villarette	5	69	West Indies ...	H.M.S. Blonde.
	Hortlense	8	90	" ...	"
	Requin	14	148	Channel ...	Thalia.
	Renard	14	39	" ...	Skylark.
	Ratafia	2	38	" ...	Oberon.
Dec.	Jopo l'Oil	14	95	West Indies ...	Superior.
	Hirondelle	8	84	" ...	Blond.
	Duquesne *	17	120	" ...	"
	Alert	20	140	" ...	"
	Rhone	6	26	" ...	Laura.
	Jeune Richard	7	92	" ...	Windsor Castle merchantman.

Total for 1807:—33 vessels, carrying 368 guns, 2913 men.

* Formerly H.M.S. *Netley*.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1808.

Jan.	Sybille	14	43	Channel ...	H.M.S. Seine.
	Aigle	14	65	" ...	Resistance.
	Réciprocité	14	45	" ...	Lion.
	Trente et quarante ...	14	66	" ...	Ringdove.
	Aigle (with one prize in convoy)	16	56	" ...	Royal George.
	Courier	18	60	Linnet.
	Entreprenant (one prize in convoy) ...	16	58	Pandora.
	Marsouin	14	60	Isis.
	Succés	10	59	Mediterranean	Volage.
	Cæsar	4	40	" ...	Hazard.
Grand Argus	4	41	" ...	Sibylle.	
	16	47	Port Mahon.	
Feb.	Furet	16	47	Nimrod.
Mar.	Nouvelle Entreprise ...	5	55	Racehorse.
	Amiral Gantheaume	4	28	Princess Augusta
	Dunkerquois	4	35	North Sea ...	Reindeer.
	Lyonnais	12	85	Jamaica ...	"
	Fortitude	3	90	" ...	"
	Rennais	14	95	Bay of Biscay ...	Dryad.
	Actif	14	80	Channel ...	Medusa.
April	Tropard (late H.M.S. Flying Fish)	5	50	" ...	Pheasant.
	Malvina	14	60	Atlantic ...	Guerrière.
	Deux Frères	2	30	Channel ...	Active.
	Etoile de Bonaparte	6	36	Mediterranean	Unite.
June	L'Été	2	22	North Sea ...	Cracker.
	Jean Jacque (and a prize)	18	100	West Indies ...	Lily.
	Vengeance (late H.M.S. Tobago)	9	86	" ...	Aurora.
July	Grand Napoleon	4	38	Mediterranean	Pylades.
	Diane	10	100	Bay of Biscay ...	Indefatigable.
Aug.	Griffon	16	105	" ...	Bacchante.
	Peraty (late H.M.S. Barbara)	12	90	West Indies ...	Guerrière.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize
Aug.	Adele... ..	18	143	East Indies ...	H.M.S. Russell.
	Jeune Estelle ...	4	25	West Indies ...	Indian.
	Jalouse	4	75	"	Bellette.
	Morne Fortunée ...	5	60	"	"
Oct.	La Franchise ...	2	23	"	L'Eclair.
	Hazard (with 2 prizes that escaped) ...	14	49	Channel ...	Beagle.
	Josephina (sunk) ...	18	160	Atlantic ...	Minerva.
Nov.	Hercule	12	57	Mediterranean	Kingfisher.
	Point de Jour ...	3	30	Channel ...	Brilliant.
	General Paris ...	3	35	"	Linnet.
	Princesse Pauline ...	3	90	Mediterranean	Pilot.
Dec.	General Ernouf ...	16	58	Channel ...	Arethusa.
	Dorade	1	20	West Indies ...	Dispatch.
	1, Name unknown ...	1	30	"	Julia.
	"	1	22	"	Attentive.
	"	1	20	West Indies ...	Express.
	Union	8	80	East Indies ...	Culloden.
Fanny	16	80	Channel ...	Naiad.	
Superb	4	20	"		

Total for 1808 :—49 vessels, carrying 436 guns, 2939 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1809.

Jan.	L'Espérance	14	54	Channel ...	H.M.S. Sparrowhawk.
	General Rapp	8	41	North Sea ...	Ned Elwin.
	Vengeur	16	48	Channel ...	Beagle.
	Clarisse	14	48	"	Indefatigable.
	Revanche	6	44	West Indies ...	Bellette.
	Admiral Villaret ...	8	32	"	Goree.
	Pommereuil	14	60	"	Shannon.
Feb.	St. Joseph	14	96	"	Undaunted.
	Fortune	14	58	Channel ...	Beagle.
Mar.	August	2	24	"	Helena.
	Becune	3	38	West Indies ...	Ferret.
	Colibri	16	92	"	Melampus.
April	Iphigenie	8	26	Channel ...	Franchise.
	Jena (late Revenant)	18	150	East Indies ...	Modeste.
May	Princesse	16	50	Channel ...	Royalist.
June	Tilsit	10	41	North Sea ...	Cruiser.
Oct.	Jean Bart	4	25	Channel ...	Nassau.
	Jason	10	44	Coast of Ireland	Helena.
Nov.	Aurora	16	69	Channel ...	Plover, Lively, and Isis.
	Hirondelle	16	65	"	Plover.
	Incomparable ...	8	60	"	Emerald.
	Lizard	14	70	"	Plover.
	Grand Rodeur ...	16	90	"	Redpole.
Dec.	Heureuse Etoile ...	2	15	"	Royalist.
	Beau Marseille ...	14	60	"	"
	Comtesse Laure ...	14	55	"	Surveillante.
	Téméraire	2	30	Mediterranean	Hind.
Vélocé	4	80	"	Weazel.	

Total for 1809 :—28 vessels, carrying 299 guns, 1565 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1810.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Jan.	François	14	60	Channel ...	H.M.S. Royalist.
	Aventure	14	82	" ...	Medusa.
	Saratu	14	100	" ...	Plover.
	Amiable Nelly	16	60	" ...	Cherokee.
Feb.	Harpalode	2	54	" ...	Brisk.
	Perignon	14	83	" ...	Amazon.
	Bernais	16	109	West Indies ...	Melampus.
	Papillon	16	110	" ...	Rosamond.
	Charles	14	90	" ...	Phoenix.
	Confiance	14	187	Off Belle-Ile ...	Valiant.
	Comte d'Huneberg	14	53	Scilly ...	Phœnant.
	Transet	14	50	" ...	Clyde.
Mar.	Gascon	16	113	Bay of Biscay ...	Unicorn.
	Duguay Trouin	14	75	" ...	Narcissus.
	Josephine	14	105	" ...	"
	Modeste	4	43	" ...	Raleigh.
	Prince Eugène	14	55	" ...	Royalist.
	Aigle	10	80	" ...	Pylades.
	Scipio	4	69	" ...	Cephalus.
	Eole	14	140	" ...	Weazel.
	Capricieux	16	110	" ...	Echo.
	Camille	14	58	" ...	Owen Glendower.
April	Levrette	4	30	Channel ...	Arethusa.
	Belle Etoile	8	56	Mediterranean	Emerald.
	Navarrois	16	132	Bay of Biscay	Rhine.
May	Tilset	18	64	Off the Texel ...	Drake.
	Grand Napoleon	16	124	Bay of Biscay ...	Helena.
	Alcide (sunk)	4	30	Off Granville ...	Surly.
	Dorado	10	43	Channel ...	Orestes.
July Sept.	Cannonière	3	61	Off Brest ...	Nonpareil.
	Maître de Danse	4	30	Channel ...	Bonne Citoyenne.
	Revancho	8	53	" ...	Eclair.
	Fortune	10	53	" ...	Pomona.
	General Ottavy	12	50	" ...	Swallow.
	Duguay Trouin	5	116	Channel ...	Unity.
	Minerva	2	60	" ...	Bustard.
	Bécassine	2	26	" ...	Bloodhound.
	Sans Peur	3	39	Mediterranean	Minorca.
	Intrépide	6	47	" ...	Sparrowhawk.
Oct.	Messalena	6	38	Off Dantzig ...	Prometheus.
	Fantôme	20	174	West Indies ...	Melampus.
	Henri	14	57	East Indies ...	Clorinde.
	San Joseph	14	68	Channel ...	Rhine.
Nov.	Indomptable	18	120	" ...	Owen Glendower.
	Sans Souci	10	55	" ...	Brisels.
	Comtesse Moutalevet	14	57	" ...	Rhine.
	Téméraire	10	35	" ...	Fawn.
	Vengeur	16	78	" ...	Revenge.
	Hirondelle	4	30	" ...	Niobe.
	Edouarde	14	90	" ...	Sybille.
	Somnambule	18	56	" ...	Apelles.
	Comtesse d'Hambourg	14	51	" ...	Calliope.
	Loup Garou	16	100	" ...	Orestes.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Nov.	Surcouf	14	56	H.M.S. Donegal.
Dec.	Jeune Louise	14	35	Quebec.
	Venus	14	67	Curacoa.
	Charles	22	195	Amelia.
	Barbier de Seville	16	94	Phipps.
	Diane... ..	4	28	Cracker.
	Milan... ..	14	80	Endymion.
	General d'Orseum	14	69	Lightning.
	Glaneuse	14	85	Northumberland.
	Renard	6	24	Quebec.
	Caroline	1	42	Saracen.
	Mameluke	16	45	Rosario.
	Aventurière	14	50	Royalist.
	Héros du Nord	12	44	Bellona.

Total for 1810 :—67 vessels, carrying 405 guns, 2558 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1811.

Jan.	Chasseur	16	36	H. M.S. Pandora.
	César... ..	4	59	Blossom.
	Aimable Flore	14	91	Princess Charlotte.
Feb.	Brocanteur	16	52	Rhine.
	Victoire	16	68	Zephyr.
March	Furet... ..	14	86	Hawke.
	Mouche	12	60	East Indies	Hesper.
	Confiance	2	30	"	Blanche.
	Loup Marin	6	64	Channel	Niobe.
	Vigilant	14	50	Nymphé.
	Volocifère	14	57	Desirée.
April	Cupidon	14	82	Amazon.
	Ambuscado	10	63	Persian.
	Auguste	18	126	Emerald.
	Dubordieu	14	92	Mediterranean	Pomona.
June	Créole	14	50	Channel	Surveillante.
	Héros... ..	6	40	Pheasant.
Aug.	Fougère	10	50	Plover.
	Sacripan	5	28	Earnest.
	Raffeur	2	25	Off Granville	Derwent.
Sep.	Intrépide	2	58	Off Corsica	Euryalus.
Oct.	Adèle... ..	2	35	West Indies	Emulous.
	Espoir	16	50	Channel	Rollo.
	Belle Genoise	2	37	Swallow.
	Milan... ..	16	52	Naiad.
Nov.	Olympia	10	78	Quebec.
	Hirondelle	6	36	Ranger.
	Grande Diable	4	28	"
	Requin	16	58	Naiad.
	Victorieux	4	40	Mediterranean	Redwing.
Dec.	Comte de Regnaud *	14	85	Rover.
	King of Rome	10	47	Weasel.
	Courageuse	14	70	Channel	Rhine.
	Heureuse Etoile	4	40	North Sea	Censor.

* Formerly H.M.S. *Vinigo*.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
Dec.	Anacreon *	3	37	Channel ...	Princess of Wales (cutter).
	Le Brave	16	60	" ...	H.M.S. Desirée.
	Rodeu	14	60	" ...	Royalist.

Total for 1811:—37 vessels, carrying 374 guns, 2158 men.

* Formerly H.M. Cutter Carrier.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1812.

Jan.	Lugger (sunk)	18	120	Mediterranean	H.M.S. Thracian.
	Syrène	6	61	"	Guadaloupe.
Feb.	Furet	14	56	Channel ...	Royalist.
	Edouard	14	128	" ...	Apollo.
March	Gazelle	14	91	Off St. Malo ...	Leonidas.
April	Invincible	2	33	Coast of Spain	Sparrowhawk.
	Vera	18	180	Off Grenada ...	Richmond.
May	Cerf	5	31	Off Calais ...	Phipps.
	Decide	2	40	Mediterranean	Volontaire.
June	Petit Jean	8	60	Channel ...	Persian.
	Jean Bart	5	106	Mediterranean	Blossom.
July	Comtesse d'Emeriau	11	110	"	Badger.
	Martinet	2	51	"	Martinet.
July	Espadon	3	45	Off St. Malo ...	Rota.
	A lugger (sunk)	1	47	Cuxhaven ...	Pincher.
Aug.	Pauline	3	31	Channel ...	Flamer.
	Courageux	2	24	St. Malo ...	Sandwich.
Sept.	Incomparable	14	53	" ...	Hind.
	Tulina	2	19	Channel ...	Helicon.
Oct.	Comète	2	45	Mediterranean	Salsette.
	Agile *	14	61	Channel ...	Sybillé.
Nov.	Schooner (sunk)	8	60	Mediterranean	Redwing.
	Eole	5	60	Off Heligoland	Osprey and Britomart.
Dec.	Ville de Caen †	16	75	Off St. Malo ...	Sealark.
	Brave... ..	4	22	North Sea ...	Levret.
Dec.	Intrépide	3	40	Mediterranean	Termagant.
	Brave... ..	5	112	"	Nautilus.
Dec.	Leonore	10	80	"	Dotterel.
	Petit Poucet... ..	4	33	"	Briseis.
Dec.	Pilotin	4	31	"	Clio.
	D'Hervilly	4	30	"	Aquilon.
Dec.	Victoire	3	35	"	Bacchante.
	Formica	2	25	"	Crocus.
Dec.	Mercuré	16	70	Channel ...	Salsette.

Total for 1812:—34 vessels, carrying 244 guns, 2085 men.

* Commanded by an Englishman, by name Black.

† A very stubborn fight, the *Sealark* losing seven killed and twenty-one wounded; the privateer, fifteen killed, including her captain, and sixteen wounded.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1813.

April	Sans Souci	14	120	Coast of Spain	H.M.S. Briton.
	Brestois	10	109	Bay of Biscay...	Sybillé.
May	Ravisseur	11	51	North Sea ...	Apellea.
	Argus	4	85	Mediterranean	Furieuse.

Date of Capture	Name of Prize.	Guns	Men.	Place of Capture.	Name of Vessel making Prize.
May	Miquellonnaise ...	20	135	Off St. Malo ...	H.M.S. Unicorn.
	Louise ...	2	21	Channel ...	Viper.
	Leonide ...	3	40	Mediterranean	Nautilus.
	Diligente ...	5	45	"	Cephalus.
	Fortune ...	3	31	"	Alcèmène.
June	Invincible ...	16	86	"	Mutine.
	Phoenix ...	6	75	Menelaus.
Aug.	Impératrice ...	16	140	Hotspar.
	Petite Louise ...	4	45	Mediterranean	Bristol.
	Alcinous ...	2	32	Bacchante.
	Jeune Thetis... ..	10	76	Mediterranean	Cephalus.
	Aigle ...	7	59	Alcèmène.
	Petit Chasseur ...	4	45	Armada.
Neptune ...	16	65	Thunder.	

Total for 1813:—18 vessels, carrying 153 guns, 1260 men.

FRENCH PRIVATEERS CAPTURED IN 1814.

Jan.	Flibustier	23	160	Off St. Jean de Luz	H.M.S. Telegraph.
	Subtile	8	72	Channel ...	Seaborse.
	Speculateur	14	70	"	Reindeer.
Feb.	Audacieux	3	40	"	Imperiense.
	Revenant	14	70	Helicon.
	Charlemagne	8	93	Mediterranean	Swiftsure.
	Guerrier	4	60	Syallow.
	Aventure	2	28	Badger.
	Prospère	5	60	Mediterranean	Andromache.
March	Inconnu	15	109	Channel ...	Sylla.
	Emile... ..	14	42	"	Thracian.
	Jason... ..	14	86	"	Venerable.
April	Ville de l'Orient ...	14	97	"	Pyramus.
	Heureux	1	25	"	Castor.
	Minuit	1	21	"	"
	Comète	14	65	Ajax.

Total for 1814:—16 vessels, carrying 154 guns, 1058 men.

APPENDIX XIX.

RECAPITULATION SHOWING NUMBER OF FRENCH PRIVATEERS
CAPTURED IN THE WARS 1793—1815.

Date.	Ships.	Guns.	Men.
1793	44	412	3188
1794	9	142	1170
1795	23	305	2610
1796	41	326	2413
1797	134	1247	9141
1798	136	1377	9991
1799	104	861	5625
1800	65	661	4766
1801	37	478	2593
1803	33	264	1955
1804	53	358	3563
1805	39	404	2964
1806	33	333	2595
1807	33	368	2913
1808	49	436	2939
1809	28	299	1565
1810	67	405	2558
1811	37	374	2158
1812	34	244	2085
1813	18	153	1260
1814	16	154	1058
	1031	9400	69,147

N.B.—In the same period the Board of Admiralty issued 10,605 Letters of Marque to British vessels; that is to say, that we had ten privateers scouring the seas for every privateer of the enemy we succeeded in capturing!!

APPENDIX XX.

SHOWING THE MERCHANT MARINE OF THE WORLD
IN THE YEAR 1886-87.

Steamers.	Tonnage.	Sailing-vessels.	Tonnage.
8547	10,403,958	42,515	12,571,384

APPENDIX XXI.

SHOWING THE RELATIVE MARITIME POSITIONS OF THE
CHIEF POWERS IN 1886-87.

	Country.	No. of Steamers.	Tonnage.		Country.	No. of Sailing- vessels.	Tonnage.
1	Great Britain	4906	6,543,615	1	Great Britain	14,581	4,654,214
2	France . . .	468	743,660	2	United States	6,142	2,060,258
3	Germany . .	529	601,973	3	Norway . .	3,813	1,373,512
4	United States	379	506,668	4	Germany . .	2,328	849,869
				5	Italy . . .	2,776	825,455
				6	Russia . . .	2,157	469,098
				7	Sweden . .	1,960	403,887
				8	France . .	2,138	386,631

APPENDIX XXII.
 ROLL OF ENGLISH MERCHANT-VESSELS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH DURING THE WAR
 1793 TO 1815.

	January	February	March	April	May	June	July	August	September	October	November	December	Total
1793	..	39	33	33	23	33	65	18	13	35	34	20	352
1794	11	45	9	57	84	58	35	91	65	43	92	54	644
1795	21	129	33	92	50	30	62	57	57	45	47	14	640
1796	11	23	17	79	60	66	31	21	61	37	47	36	489
1797	84	72	112	58	83	106	118	89	77	49	44	57	949
1798	64	75	78	64	81	65	43	32	42	45	47	52	698
1799	87	41	83	73	66	41	62	52	49	44	59	73	780
1800	91	58	68	78	58	35	53	44	38	26	89	61	666
1801	59	34	111	47	36	25	36	14	17	7	31	12	399
1803	5	19	42	43	29	26	25	33	292
1804	37	58	38	70	45	37	65	23	26	18	50	30	387
1805	35	42	96	51	33	36	37	24	64	45	17	67	607
1806	69	103	53	45	46	26	49	24	29	27	29	19	519
1807	50	53	87	50	35	31	33	19	26	57	40	77	589
1808	52	25	60	67	55	36	33	23	28	23	30	37	469
1809	43	41	..	28	73	30	30	54	53	61	48	49	571
1810	62	..	60	68	24	20	59	33	24	51	69	64	619
1811	81	39	49	31	33	35	21	29	53	23	37	89	470
1812	42	51	45	53	56	37	24	26	33	31	44	33	475
1813	33	37	20	21	22	19	31	25	37	13	50	63	371
1814	27	38	50	30	145
												Total	10,871

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